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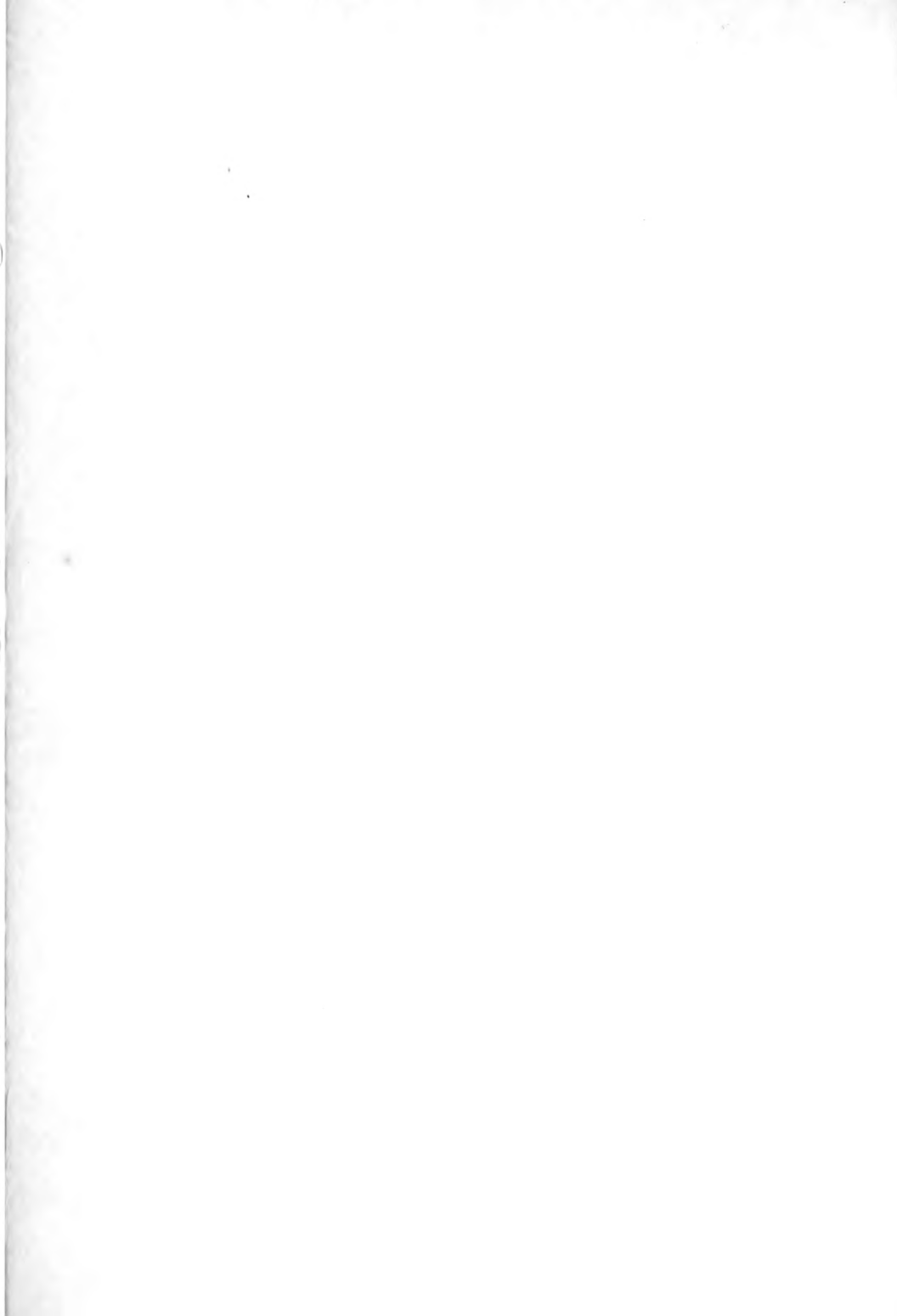


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WALLACE MARSHALL
Author



MRS. WALLACE MARSHALL



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Editor

A HISTORY OF
THE MARSHALL AND RELATED
FAMILIES



BY WALLACE MARSHALL
EDITED BY FANNIE SPAITS MERWIN

1922

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TO THE MEMORY
of
WILLIAM COLE

The ancestor of every Marshall
Named in this Book
(except two)

Who gave seven years service to his country in the
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

This Book is Dedicated
By the Author

CONTENTS

	Page
Preface	2
Chapter I	
The Marshall and related families	9
Chapter II	
John Marshall, AI	17
Chapter III	
William Marshall, AII	20
Chapter IV	
Hannah Marshall, AIII No. 1.....	28
Chapter V	
John Marshall, AIII No. 2.....	37
Chapter VI	
Eleanor Marshall, AIII No. 3.....	58
Chapter VII	
William Marshall, AIII No. 4.....	68
Chapter VIII	
Robert Marshall, AIII No. 5.....	82
Chapter IX	
Mayflower descendants	168
Chapter X	
James Marshall, AIII No. 6.....	198
Chapter XI	
Elizabeth Marshall, AIII No. 7.....	205
Chapter XII	
Freeman Marshall, AII No. 8.....	209
Chapter XIII	
Benjamin Marshall, AII No. 9.....	241
Chapter XIV	
Sarah Marshall, AIII No. 10.....	247
Chapter XV	
Seth Smith Marshall, AIII No. 11.....	272
Chapter XVI	
Conclusion	284
Appendix	
Verses and Honor Roll.....	298
Photographs	321

EXPLANATIONS OF THE CHARTS AND FOR A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING OF SUBJECTS IN THE HISTORY

IN THE CHARTS—

AI means John Marshall, the first generation, the Roman figure standing for the number of the generation to which the person belonged.

BV means Jane Sampson, fifth generation of the S. H. Marshall branch of the family, only.

AIII No. 6 means in the third generation, the sixth in that generation column on the Charts.

In the History, the type in which the name of any person, after which there is generation and column numbers, is different, as follows:

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AII

Type as above for first and second generations.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIII No. 3

Type as above for third generation.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIV No. 3

Type as above for fourth generation.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AV No. 3

Type as above for fifth generation.

P R E F A C E

FOR many years, as opportunity afforded, I have accumulated vital statistics, and all possible information concerning my relatives. I have always had a curiosity to know where we came from physically, as well as "whither we are going" spiritually. Since my childhood I have sought association with my relatives whenever within my reach. There were several angles to the origin of our immediate family that have always claimed my interest. Some twelve years ago I began to assemble the records for a family chart. After some work was accomplished and data gathered, the press of business affairs caused its suspension for the time. During a trip down east last October, I for the first time heard of my mother's ancestors, which reawakened my lively interest.

After the death of my father in November, I determined to put in record form the history of the family in its several branches. I had outlined a personal reminiscence of each member of whom I had remembrance. I believe I have met more members of the various branches than any other member of the family, living or dead. After spending several weeks in preparation, for good and sufficient reasons I have determined to write a general outline of the original families down to my immediate family, and write extensively of our branch only. Where others have furnished manuscript, their names will be subjoined.

I shall divide the record into four parts:

First: Charts of the first Marshall, 1740, and his descendants;

Second: Chart of the first Sampson and his descendants;

Third: History of the Marshalls;

Fourth: History of the Sampsons (Wrights);
with personal reminiscence of the Marshall families.

As the years go by, interest becomes more lively in descendants of revolutionary war soldiers, in Mayflower descendants, and in time the same will include civil war and world war descendants.

I have for several years frequently been asked by members of the family in several states for the proof that they were eligible to membership in such societies. There are no authoritative records published, nor even collected, up to this time.

My cherished purpose is to provide a complete and correct record from the beginning, as far as they may be traced, to the pres-

ent time, for the use of those of my generation, and many more hereafter, that regard "blood as thicker than water." That some, with an exaggerated ego, will be disappointed, is to be expected.

When we review the past three hundred years with a broad vision, consider the sturdy, indomitable wills of our forefathers, their industry under trying conditions, their lack of advantages and comforts, and yet remember that they made and preserved this country for us, our right to pride in their achievements no sane or just man could deny.

As to anything written in this record, it is written with neither envy, jealousy nor malice. It is written from authentic sources, or from personal impressions, with a happy good will to all.

WALLACE MARSHALL,

LaFayette, Indiana.

February 4, 1922.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARSHALL AND RELATED FAMILIES

Honor Thy Father and Mother

Regardless of any mental reservation I may have as to any other, I heartily approve the fifth commandment, and believe a liberal construction of the text would have it include other worthy ancestors in the admonition. There are nearly, if not quite, as many millions of human beings who worship only their ancestors as there are of those who practice the Christian religion. While in no sense an ancestor worshiper, I can but believe that we of this great free country of America should do homage to those ancestors whose sturdy industry and self-denial gave to us the grandest country on the face of the earth for our habitation.

That the Marshalls and related families described in these pages have done their full share in this wonderful development, there is no doubt. In the year 1620 some of our ancestors landed at Plymouth Rock and established the first permanent colony in Massachusetts Bay; in the seventeen hundreds many others landed in the new world, to carve from the wilderness a home for freedom of action and religion; and our own fathers and mothers, whose trials and hardships are proverbial, perfected the beneficent results of which we are the recipients. Whether we have lands or riches, or whether we are poor in purse, we are rich in opportunity and inheritance of the manifold blessings of a free country. As they landed from the high seas, with axes in one hand to clear the wilderness, and rifles in the other to protect themselves from savages, the exigency of eternal vigilance always necessary to protect from ambush, they had a vision, and that was to carve a home out of the wilderness, free from oppression and religious persecution, for themselves and their offspring. As this history will disclose, for more than two centuries they were pioneers, starting from the east and progressing toward the west, always in the vanguard, until the whole broad land was not only subjugated but also free from foreign control, and filled from coast to coast with happy, peaceful homes. Do they deserve that their descendants do them honor? With a spirit of inherited pride, in a work of joy, and with what

little ability I possess, I propose to do them honor by bringing their names and achievements to the attention of their descendants, that they may not lie in oblivion, forgotten and unremembered.

Members of the Marshall and related families have done their work well. Among them much the larger number have been tillers of the soil, which for two centuries of this record was almost exclusively the industry of the country, and is today, in the writer's opinion, the most honorable occupation of human endeavor.

If some of the young folks of the present generation look upon the likenesses of these pioneers with amusement because of the quaint attire of the women, and the whiskers of the men, let them remember that these were the salt of the earth; that the whiskers were not only the fashion of the day, but were regarded as the insignia of manhood. The comfortable frocks of the women covered their bodies from their necks to their heels, but they were often the covering of angels of mercy and saints of the order of the faithful heart. True, it was easy then to distinguish between a twelve-year-old girl and a thirty-year-old spinster, and a man knew, when he approached a feminine figure, whether she was a schoolgirl or grandmother. In this year of 1921, with its paucity of covering for women above and below, and its generosity in powder and rouge, a mere man is often puzzled.

The hardships of these pioneer people are almost inconceivable to our generation, and yet they were, no doubt, as a rule much more content with their lot in life than most of us. Our old people and their traditions disclose that they were a happy people; the family members were always closely associated; visiting one with the other was continuous. They had time to live, and time to enjoy themselves. Greed for money and often the insatiable desire for pleasure were things unknown to them. A twenty-mile journey was an event for preparation and planning, and resulted in a day or two of unalloyed pleasure. This journey was always made in primitive fashion with horses and often oxen. There were no railroads, telegraph nor telephone, let alone automobiles, for rapid transit.

This history discloses but few of its subjects in public life, but nowhere does it reveal anything but the most intense patriotism. As the early stages of the country pass they are found in all the occupations of life, as laborers, farmers, miners, tradesmen, manufacturers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and professors, each in his element doing well the things his situation requires.

Many times the question has been asked, whether this Marshall

or that Marshall was of our family. More often has this occurred as to Chief Justice John Marshall and Vice-President Marshall. It is well that this matter be explained and settled for all time. The Congressional Library at Washington (where a copy of this history will be deposited) and the Washington City Library contain several histories and family charts of the Marshalls, each of them reverting back to the early stages of the country. In general there are three lines there given. There are two more lines, but no histories of them have been found. John Marshall is from what may be termed the "Virginia Marshalls." While our family came from that state to Ohio, yet they were originally from Pennsylvania. Diligent search through that record revealed no connection of that family with ours. Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall is of the Marshall family of Kentucky, which may be termed (based upon their history) the "Democrat, Presbyterian Marshalls." Their ancestors were Presbyterian preachers; their history claims one of their preachers was the first Marshall to graduate from a university in this country (if true, there have been plenty since of other families). The descendants are largely lawyers and preachers, and to the man Democrats since Thomas Jefferson's time. I have met many of them. In politics they are very partisan.

I have been approached as a Marshall by another of that line, who said all Marshalls were related, and the only test of relationship was, "Are you a Democrat?" Nix, nit, vamoose. I am not; neither are any of our race that I have found, except one, and he was born in Virginia while Jefferson's candle burned high. There is no indication that this family of Marshalls is connected with ours.

There is another line of Marshalls, of whom William Marshall, an Irishman, who emigrated to New York from Scotland early in the eighteenth century, was the head. There are three volumes in the history of his family and I have found them from New York to California. They are no relation of ours.

In central western Pennsylvania there is a two-volume history of another separate line of which I have heard, but which I have not seen. Western Pennsylvania is full of Marshalls. Since our first known Marshall ancestry was of Pennsylvania they may be of our family. Of the other three lines I am fully persuaded we are no relation, except distantly, and that in England, from where all apparently emigrated. Notwithstanding our opposite political affiliations, we all have the highest regard for Thomas R. Marshall, ex-Governor of the State of Indiana and ex-Vice-President of the

United States. He acquitted himself with the greatest honor in both positions. I have not met him personally, but have followed his political career from news publications, with more than ordinary interest because his name was Marshall. Aside from his purely political speeches, all of his speeches, talks and sayings are commandingly pointed, refreshingly frank, and delightfully entertaining.

Many of my friends are friends of Mr. Marshall and his gifted wife. All who know them give them unstinted praise. Without self-sought notoriety or personal egotism he seems to more truly fill the title of the "Great Commoner" than Bryan.

To the nation-wide and age-old honor given the memory of Chief Justice John Marshall, nothing we can say will add luster. We can all be glad, however, that two men of our name have reached such high positions in the nation's history as have John and Thomas R. Marshall. May our children and descendants remember them as guides to their conduct and ambitions.

As time passed and the branches of the family went their several ways, it seems strange many of them became so absorbed in their personal lives that they neglected to teach or inform their children of the trials of their ancestors, or even the location of many of the main branches. My natural interest in history has for many years led me to seek information from our older relatives. My father and uncles were pestered with questions, until I had all I could get. They could give me names and sometimes locations. After my father's death it was thought he was the last of his generation. Since that time I have located ten of his first cousins still living, and I have conversed with six of the ten. I am quite sure that those ten are all of that generation that are yet living.

After months of diligent work I have found all the descendants. That others may realize the pleasure it has given me, I reproduce a few letters I have received:

"Wapello, Iowa, March 5, 1909.

Wallace Marshall,

LaFayette, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 3rd received. In reply will say I am one of the descendants of William Marshall, my grandfather being Smith Marshall. Now if you will tell me just what information you want I will be pleased to give you all I can find out. If you care to come and make us a visit will take you around to see all your relatives. I tell you there are lots of them.

The first township west of Wapello was called Marshall Township after my grandfather. * * *

Yours truly,

G. S. Marshall."

I found this man's name in Dun's commercial reports, along with many other Marshalls, to whom I wrote, searching for the family.

"Clinton, Ill., Feb. 14, 1921.

Mr. Marshall:

I am a grandson of Sarah Marshall and Dr. Samuel Phares, he being a veterinary surgeon. Grandmother died over forty years ago. Grandfather about twenty-five, I think. They were the parents of thirteen children, two sets of twins, and all of them are gone except three—one in Montana, one in Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. Margaret Mattix of Lanes, Ill. I think possibly you could get more information from her than any one. I am sending you the address of a Mrs. Merwin, who is related to the Marshall family, and if you do not get all the information you need, possibly my sister, Mrs. Cackley, of Clinton, can help you, but think this is all I know.

Yours very truly,

John A. Phares."

My father had told me his Aunt Sarah had married Dr. Samuel Phares and moved to Clinton, Illinois. A letter to the postmaster brought the name of John A. Phares. The statement that a Mrs. Merwin was related to the Marshall family promptly meant a letter to her, with the following result:

"Manito, Ill., Feb. 20, 1921.

Dear Mr. Marshall:

Your letter of February 17th received and read with much interest. The Freeman Marshall of whom you have no trace was my grandfather, the one Marshall of them all with whose family I am acquainted. * * * His father, as you probably know, was William and their home was in Ohio. My grandfather's brothers and sisters and their descendants in a general way are well remembered by my mother. My mother was born in Greene County, Ohio, * * *. So I think the counties of Greene and Miami were probably the homes of the family. Freeman—son of William—married Elizabeth Rakestraw in Ohio. They moved to Indiana, near Williamsport, Warren County, in the year 1836; moved to Illinois in 1844; he died in Havana, Ill., in 1893 at the age of 86. * * * My mother is living, very active and bright, although somewhat deaf at the age of eighty-six and one-half. Your father was her own cousin, so you and I are cousins second remove. I am delighted to meet you. I was lecturing in an institute in

Clinton a few years, and saw the sign "Phares" in electrics over the door of a garage. I remembered the name, and inquired within. I was directed to Mrs. Thomas Cackley, who was the granddaughter of the Aunt Sade I had heard my mother speak of so often. We enjoyed meeting exceedingly, and she even found a facial resemblance to her grandmother, which perhaps was not quite all fancy, for my mother is all Marshall and I look a little like her. I am a school teacher who lectures a bit in institutes in the summer. If chance should bring me happily within week-end distance of your town, I shall find you, and I trust that your genealogical pilgrimage may some day bring you within reach of Manito and we shall have the pleasure of meeting you and talking over the big Marshall tribe. There is a tradition in my mother's family that we are descendants from Lafayette. Ever get a hint of that in your research? Also I have wondered if the Vice-President may not have been one of our Indiana Marshalls. So glad you wrote and hope you may find a little help in what I am sending.

Yours sincerely,

Fannie Spaits Merwin."

The results from this letter will be recorded under the caption "Freeman Marshall."

"Hebron, Nebraska, Feb. 21, 1921.

Mr. Wallace Marshall,
LaFayette, Ind.

Kind Sir:

Mother is overjoyed to once more hear of a relative by the name of Marshall. Her mother's name was Sarah Marshall and father's was Samuel C. Phares. He was a veterinary surgeon. To this couple were born thirteen children, and they all lived to be grandparents, only three of whom are living: Samuel M. Phares, of Hedgerville, Montana; Mrs. Eddie Harrison, of Marshfield, Oregon, and my dear mother, Mrs. Margaret Mattix, of Lanes, Ill. Your letter to mother was forwarded to Hebron from Lanes, Ill., as mother is spending the winter with us. She has her home in Lanes and several of her children are near her. All seven of them are married. I, like you, am trying to keep in touch with all the relatives. Mother remembers having an uncle by the name of Freeman Marshall, but doesn't know what became of him. She doesn't remember of any of them living in Iowa. Please let us know where they live in Iowa, as it might not be hard to find them from here, as some of our people drive from Illinois here in cars. Mother says she remembers there was a Benjamin, but she supposed they were all in Ohio. * * * Also, who are

the relatives in Ohio? Have you a family in LaFayette?
* * * Would be glad to hear from you or see you at any
time.

Mrs. C. C. Willmore,
for
Mrs. Margaret Mattix,
Lanes, Ill."

There was much more in this letter, also an enclosure giving the whole record of the Phares family.

The above are samples of many letters received in answer to our inquiries for information and records. At this point I wish to record my grateful appreciation of the uniform courtesy and consideration which I have received from the many whom I visited personally, and for the promptness and cordial good-will expressed by those with whom I have corresponded in furtherance of this work. I hope each will find sufficient reward in the matter this book contains.

In reviewing the labors of our ancestors, I wonder how many of our generation realize the grandeur of the work they performed? Do they appreciate that this is not only the largest republic on earth at this time, but has the grandest contiguous territory, has the largest homogeneous single language population of any government, of any kind, that has ever existed upon the face of the earth? Do they realize that the privileges, the freedom of action, their doing what they please or going where they please, without thought of restraint, is something unknown in any other country?

Do they realize the difference between travel here and in Europe? Here a traveler may take a train from any place at any time and travel a thousand miles in twenty-four hours. In Europe, he must spend from three days to three weeks in securing permits, passports, official signatures, and often the cost in fees in the course of this preparation is greater than the entire fare in America. The journey begun, the traveler consumes five times the number of hours in travel that the same journey would require here, and he is stopped at the border of every little nation, delayed, and circumscribed in every possible way.

When the little independent nations of this country laid aside their personal ambitions and joined in the United States of America, they not only assured their own security, but organized a nation different in spirit and system from anything else in the world. The crisis came in the war of secession. Had the Union been allowed to begin disintegration, doubtless both North and South

America would have been today organized on the petty state plan of the old world, and both continents would have been subject to mandates by tyrants of Europe.

I would warn our people to be on watch to preserve our inheritance. In all innocence of trouble we are letting professional agitators insidiously undermine our stability. Class hatred and class privilege taught by unbalanced faddists, parlor bolshevists and such, will do the work to destroy the grand civilization of our time unless the principles our fathers established are maintained. Europe is fast starting downward to the dark ages. America, totally and distinctly different in government, in thought, in education, and ambition, while now lulled in happy satisfaction, must awake to her peril or she, too, will take the downward course. Let every descendant of the Marshalls and the Mayflower heroes hold fast that which has proved to be good and true, and firmly oppose any innovations in our government or entangling alliances, or dipping into the cesspool of European politics, is my solemn injunction.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN MARSHALL

AI

The first Marshall of our family of whom we find any record was born in eastern Pennsylvania about 1740, as it is supposed, in or near Chester County. He is said to have been a Quaker, and either he, or his forebears, likely were William Penn colonists.

As the record states that his son was born in Chester County we may assume that county to be the original location of the Marshalls. Further information is that he moved to Frederick County, Maryland, after the revolutionary war. There were at least two sons in his family, and doubtless more. For lack of time and opportunity I have made no investigations of old records at these two points. If I should not be permitted to do so, I hope some future member will amplify this early record.

Of his business or occupation we have no record. I have the statement of one of my uncles, and my father, when they were very old men, that it had always been understood their forefathers were farmers; as they well remembered their grandfather, son of John Marshall, it may be, with safety, so considered.

Religious affiliation, character and type of manhood are subjects of especial interest in reviewing the life of an individual or family. Therefore they shall receive attention throughout this work. We are informed that John Marshall was a Quaker. Of him personally that is all we know. May we not be correct in assuming that he had the Quaker traits of character? Some of us remember these traits, observed while living in a Quaker community, long years ago, and we know that many Quaker characteristics in a subtle manner, appeared in a few of the descendants of John Marshall. Also, may not the Quaker attitude explain no record of the Marshalls in the Revolution or other early wars?

In reading of the blue laws which were in the statutes of the colonies, we find that a Quaker was not considered a fit person to live. In some colonies if one was discovered, the law provided he should leave the colony within twenty-four hours or suffer death. This law was enacted by men professing to be Christians. To the writer's mind it is analogous to the Christian times of the Spanish

Inquisition. What kind of an outlaw was our Quaker ancestor that supposed Christians would have put him to death had they known his faith? What do some of our present Christians think at this time of their brothers of that time? If that was God's truth two hundred years ago, why isn't it truth today? Ignorance, you say.

If the ecclesiastics of today were given unlimited power for a few years, who could answer for their use of it? Ignorance, superstition, intolerance, injustice, have not departed from the earth. The quiet, non-resisting, moral and patient Quaker was murdered in the name of Christianity!

History, indeed, helps to throw light upon some of the insanities of 1921!

Well, Grandpa, some of us, your descendants, find ourselves in a rather embarrassing position. We cannot think evil of you, and when we come to write of our other grandpas who held it their bounden duty to physically chastise you as a heretic, and considered you not only as an abomination before the Lord but unfit to live, how can we praise them without offending you? They were Presbyterians. It might relieve our dilemma somewhat if we were sure they were United Presbyterians. That would give some excuse. If perchance some of them did fulfill the law they made, and are held in the neutral place called Purgatory, to satisfy you we will let them remain a few hundred years longer before we pay for a High Mass to secure their release; and, our Quaker Grandpa, we cannot help but speculate as to the reception accorded you, of the meek and modest faith, when received in the other world, as compared to our other ancestors of such confident demeanor. It draws a chuckle, if we imagine that reception to correspond with Mark Twain's "Bar Keep and Talmage." There is this to be said in your favor, by us who would do honor to both branches of our ancestors, that history shows the complete reversal of their attitude, and yours remains the same. The world pities their narrow views and shortcomings, while no apology has ever been necessary for the followers of your faith.

We find this first Marshall, like his descendants, going westward. To those of the agricultural country of Ohio, Indiana and the West, it needs no drawing on the imagination to find a motive actuating John, first, and William, second, to move. In the clay hills of that part of Pennsylvania and Maryland, from which they came, there is ample reason open to the eye of anyone passing through the country, even in the year of grace 1921. Plant some

of our prairie farmers over there today, and, like the old fellows of revolutionary days, they would take the chance of scalping and the tomahawk rather than climb the hills.

While the lips that would know are all sealed, and I have no means of proving it, I am of the opinion that John Marshall had several sons, and likely brothers also, and that they have descendants all over the land. I was much interested in that idea until I had progressed part way into the record of William, his son. When I get what is necessary for that record it will be ample satisfaction for my curiosity. We shall always, however, be interested in knowing more of John Marshall's ancestors.

CHAPTER III

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AII

Well, Great-Grandsire William, it was a long way by foot power from Chester County, Pennsylvania, near Delaware Bay, to the plat back in the timber, close to the hillside near Cairo, Louisa County, Iowa, where you found a resting place forever. On August 7, 1770, you were born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and passed away near Cairo, Iowa, on March 20, 1861. You used nearly ninety-one years in that journey. For about fifteen years you were growing from a child, in what is now the old State of Pennsylvania. From the scenes of your youth, which you never forgot in nearly a century, you turned your face to the endless West.

The first stage of the journey, taken in the company of your father, John Marshall AI, and an older brother, and, we suspect, several others, ended in Frederick County, Maryland, near the Potomac River. At the time of your arrival in Maryland, history had been made for the locality. The revolutionary war was over, but the result of the war was visible on every hand. Your youth prevented you from participation in that conflict. From the patriotism of your descendants we may fondly imagine your desire, with your youthful vigor, to do a soldier's share, and your being prevented by age and parental control. What effect the Quaker faith of your father had, both upon himself and his sons in connection with that war, we of this day have no knowledge. We can, however, make deductions of that religious force, in other ways. In reading the history of other families in that section of the country during the last half of the eighteenth century, we invariably find them in conflict with the Indians, and some of them either killed or taken prisoner. Nothing of this kind appears in the history of traditions of your family. We think it safe to assume the Quaker attitude responsible for both conditions.

Your young manhood was undoubtedly passed in the environment of the Potomac.

Next we hear of your marriage to Elizabeth Cole on December 29, 1792, in Frederick County, Virginia. That was another stage in your journey westward, although only some twenty or

thirty miles. Whether you had changed your residence from Maryland to Virginia before marriage, or whether you had many times crossed the river in a canoe to go a-courting, we are uninformed. After marriage, however, we find you living in Frederick County, Virginia, and rearing a large family there; in fact, all but one of your children was born there. Here you resided until 1815, or twenty-three years. The Indians, civilization and settlements were moving westward, and it seems you were following the trail, for your next stage was a longer one, reaching to Greene County, Ohio. There you settled again, with a large family of young folks. You were not the first Marshall, however, in Greene County. The county was organized in 1801, and a Marshall was one of the organizers of the county. That is not all. In going over the records in the Court House at Xenia, covering the period from 1801 on, I found many more Marshalls that were not of our immediate family than of those that were. All of them carried the typical Marshall names—John, Robert, Jesse, Daniel, William, James and so on, which convinced me, my dear great-grandfather, that you followed others of your family when you came to Greene County. Whether they were uncles or brothers we know not, but they surely were relatives.

We have no information of any impress you made by living some forty-five years in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. We are confident, however, that such impress was made. The record of Greene County, Ohio, for one hundred years would be incomplete, indeed, if from it were eliminated everything of which you or yours was the originator. There is at this time, and always has been, much to your credit, and, to my knowledge, nothing to your detriment.

In Greene County William Marshall passed thirty-four years. From many sources I learn he was a sturdy character. He and his wife, Elizabeth Cole, were very religious. They were Methodists in membership. He had not followed his father as a Quaker, although there were in his immediate neighborhood Quaker churches, which were there after his time, to my knowledge. A grand-daughter more than eighty years old, with whose family he lived in Ohio and in Iowa until his death, and who knew them well, is authority for the high Christian character of this pioneer couple.

When William Marshall and wife arrived in Ohio they had eleven children, born in Frederick County, Virginia, and one later born in Ohio. The following is a copy of their record taken from

his Bible in the possession of one of his granddaughters in Columbus Junction, Iowa, by the writer. The writing is in the hand of Smith Marshall, the youngest boy, and is a beautiful script, as perfect as a lithographed copy book.

William Marshall Bible Record

John Marshall started for Ills. April 24th, 1838.

Benjamin Marshall started for Iowa, Sept. 25th, 1845.

William and S. S. Marshall and families started for Iowa, April 8th, 1849.

William Marshall Sr. was born Aug. 7th, 1770.

Elizabeth Cole was born Feb. 25th, 1774.

Hannah, daughter of William and Elizabeth Marshall was born January 24th, 1793.

John Marshall was born January 24th, 1795.

Eleanor Marshall was born January 13th, 1797.

William Marshall was born January 10th, 1799.

James Marshall was born
Robert Marshall was born } twins June 6th, 1801.

Elizabeth Marshall was born December 6th, 1803. Died Sept. 11, 1846.

Freeman Marshall was born May 6th, 1806.

Benjamin Marshall was born
Sarah Marshall was born } twins Sept. 16th, 1809.

Seth Smith Marshall was born Oct. 27th, 1813.

Maryann Marshall was born Feb. 4th, 1816.

These large families in the early days were managed somewhat after the old Virginia plantation style. Each family and each plantation, from an economic point, was a closed community. They, from necessity, had to provide their needs. Factories in this country were practically unknown, so a big family had to supply everything by their labor. That condition, no doubt, accounts for William Marshall, Jr., being a cabinet-maker, James being a shoe-maker, Robert a blacksmith, and others farmers. I am sure of the above trades only, but have no doubt the women's work was likewise ordered into dairying, weaving, sewing, etc., with each member of the family fitting in the right place to completely support life. All their children grew up and married in Greene County. William Marshall's home place was located a short distance north of Selma, just beyond the creek, where the road from Pitchin crosses it.

As the years wore on, the clearings were made, the stumps pulled out, and the sod all broken. The Indians had gone from the country. The call of the West began on the sons and ended with the parents, as May and the fishing rod calls first the boy and finally the dad. First Freeman, the fifth son, in 1836 started the exodus by going to Indiana. In 1838 John, the eldest, moved over-land to Iowa.

In 1845 Benjamin followed John, and then you, William, started the fourth and last stage of your long journey. It was on August 8, 1849, that you and great-grandmother and your youngest son, Seth Smith, with his wife, Jane Van Brant Marshall, and their family, together with your grandson, Daniel H. Marshall, and his wife Nancy, left Greene County for Cincinnati. There your party took a packet line boat down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, Missouri; there you changed to another boat and steamed up the Mississippi to Burlington, Iowa; and there you were met by your boys. You were even then an old man of 79 years, great-grandmother was 75. No, I do not believe for a moment that that long, hard trip was undertaken by either of you on account of the call of the wild, or to try to better your financial condition. It had been years since either of you had seen your two older sons, and that mother and father love craved above everything on earth the sight, the loving touch, the smiles of your sons, who, to you, were still your little children. Your sons and daughters in Ohio, all but one, had died or moved away. Your hearts were sore and lonely, and to reach your boys in the far West was heaven. Cannot those of us who have sons and daughters, absent for years, appreciate that meeting on the banks of the river in the springtime of 1849.

Of the forty-mile trip, through the then raw country to Cairo, made with a big covered wagon in which the women and children rode, while the ten men of the party walked; of the unalloyed joy with which the hardships were endured, we have heard from one of the party, whose lips are not yet sealed. The last stage was over. The Indians were still there. You had kept abreast with the march of civilization. For that age, you saw much of the country.

In the month of February, 1921, I left the public road about one mile northwest of the little detached village of Cairo, Iowa, scrambled through the brush, down and up the sides of a ravine, to high ground—to what was sixty years ago, no doubt, a prominent burying ground. Within a short time I found a rather large

flat slab of carved marble, broken diagonally across. In well preserved letters it contained this inscription:

William Marshall Sr.
departed this life
March 20th, 1861, in the 91st year of his age.
Elizabeth, wife of
William Marshall,
Died June 15th, 1852, in the 79th year of her age.

As I stood over your graves, William and Elizabeth, contemplating and speculating on your long journey from the east to the west, and the long span of years you passed on earth, my thought was, how fine it would be, sometime, somewhere, without hurry, without care, to meet you and hear from your own lips the knowledge we seek, and can never know on earth.

Requiescat in pace.

WILLIAM COLE

Revolutionary Soldier for Seven Years

When we began the writing of this history, the first maternal ancestor of whom we had knowledge was Elizabeth Cole, wife of William Marshall, Sr.

We have endeavored to gather all available information accompanied, whenever possible, by interesting detail, of the life of this couple (our great-grandparents), and their descendants.

In the course of this research we were delighted to find, both by tradition and by family record, information concerning the father and mother of Elizabeth Cole.

Her father was William Cole. He lived in Frederick County, Virginia. Diligent search has failed to disclose the place of his birth, marriage or death. The last public record of him was found to be in Frederick County, Virginia, in 1802.

Official war records in Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va., given in full near the close of this book, establish for all time the fact that he gave his service for seven long years, to help establish this free country for you and hundreds of millions of others of the children of men.

In the mountain country of Old Virginia this child was reared to manhood. Judging by the almost unvarying characteristics of his descendants, we can imagine that he was strong, dark, with a constitution of iron, and muscles of steel. Courage, he must have had, determined, he must have been, and resourcefulness in the pioneer lad of spirit, may be as much presupposed as light and air.

No doubt he helped to provide food for his father's table with his gun, and certainly he helped to protect his father's family, and later his own, from the attacks of marauding Indians.

We may imagine his fellowship and association with his companion, Daniel Morgan; his elation at the personal conflicts and exploits that history records of Morgan for several years before the Declaration of Independence; the call to arms, and Morgan raising a regiment; William Cole leaving his wife and child and hurrying to "James Carters" and enlisting in one of the companies to go with his hero, Col. Daniel Morgan, to fight for independence; the long rifle he carried with its flintlock, and the battles in which he fought for the three long years.

And again, we may picture the young wife and mother, Nellie Cole, staying at their cabin home, working in their fields, caring for a few animals, and producing in primitive fashion the food necessary for herself and child; and each day, waiting, waiting, and praying for her husband's safety and return.

Finally sickness overcame the young soldier and he was furloughed home for two months. As soon as health was restored he rejoined his regiment and later went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

This was the darkest period of the war. The American forces were without money, without shelter, without food, without clothing. Victims of indifference and even treachery at home, their difficulties were multiplied until hope was almost gone. But this staunch young patriot hastened to count one with Washington's immortal legion.

His enlistment expired and his wife and child and home claimed him. The outlook was dark, freedom was still doubtful. Once more he must choose between the needs of home and the needs of country. Once more, at Winchester, he enlisted in General Daniel Morgan's Regiment, not for one year, not for three years, but **for the war**. Once more he was with his old comrades of the three different regiments in which he had served at different times. Once more he endured the hardships that history records of those long, long years until he was finally discharged in 1783. The last shot had been fired, and the Stars and Stripes were afloat over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

He was free now to return to his wife and child from whom he had been separated for seven years.

His child was Elizabeth Cole who lived to mother the eleven children of William Marshall, whose dust mingles with that of her

husband on the hill at Cairo, Iowa. Unless some of her descendants show their appreciation of their pioneer ancestors soon, hers will be an unmarked grave, just as that of her hero father is unknown today.

In writing the pages of this history, describing the lives of the descendants of this man, William Cole, we have been happy to record again and again the struggle from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to influence, from dependence to service. This upward climb has not been achieved except through patience, perseverance, fortitude and native ability. These qualities are inherited, not acquired.

Think of the strength of purpose it must have required in those days of revolutionary struggle to make a record of heroism seven years long.

I have no doubt, the blood of this soldier crossed with the Quaker firmness of purpose, gives the Marshall descendants their stamina.

NELLIE FREEMAN COLE

Nellie Freeman Cole, wife of William Cole, was born in Wales in 1748. She was married to William Cole in Frederick County, Virginia, sometime before 1774. She came to Greene County, Ohio, about the year 1824 to live with her daughter, Elizabeth Cole Marshall. Though there is no record of the fact, it is probable that she came after the death of her husband, which probably occurred about this time.

She died in 1830, at the home of her daughter and was buried in South Charleston, Ohio.

Freeman is a common name among our people, as will be seen on the chart. No doubt the first "Freeman," son of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, was named for his grandmother, Nellie Freeman Cole.

All of the information concerning Nellie Cole and the source from which it was obtained is related in following chapters.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

By Harry O. Weaver

William Marshall, the father of the Marshall brothers, came to Louisa County, Iowa, with his son Seth, following the trail blazed by his eldest son, John and Benjamin, in the western country. He and his wife made their principal home with their youngest son, Seth, on a beautiful 160 acres of land, although he visited very frequently with his son John as well as Benjamin.

He is buried in what is known as "Slaughter Cemetery," one of the earliest cemeteries in the county.

When he came to Iowa he beheld a country sparsely settled. The trail of the Fox and Sacs were yet in evidence. He was sheltered in his son John's log house with clapboard roof, warmed by the earliest type of a fireplace with sticks and clay chimney. This early house was located upon one of the most beautiful tracts of land there was in the west. Located beside an everflowing spring, surrounded by natural groves of plum trees, wild crab trees, and grape vines. A portion of the land had been cultivated for several years. Soon his other sons took possession of other lands equally as beautiful.

He was a man of the kindest disposition. Usually wore a broad brimmed hat, and was very much the Quaker in his manner and disposition.

He and his wife assisted all of his sons in their improving and providing themselves with homes, such as they were in those early days.

The very oldest settlers remember him as "Uncle Billy Marshall." He must have been something of a reader, as one of his great grandsons has in his possession the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin with his autograph in it.

It was said also that he was a man of good conversation; kept up with the topics of the times, and delighted in his home in the West.

Unfortunately, many years before he died, he became absolutely blind. He did not complain. His good disposition remained with him, and he never allowed any one to do anything for him that he could do himself. He was courageous, and had a wonderful constitution.

CHAPTER IV

HANNAH MARSHALL

AIII No. 1

Among the foothills of the north and south branch mountains in the northern County of Virginia, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, on the 21st day of June, 1793, was born the first of the third generation of the line of John Marshall.

Hannah Marshall, first child of William Marshall and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on that day.

Only last October, I passed within view of those mountains. The variated colors of the foliage on the slopes, with every color of the rainbow, was a sight most beautiful to behold.

While it was a new country in those early days, yet the scenes of Hannah's youth must have included the same glorious views which it has been my privilege to see.

My information has been that William Marshall and family moved from Virginia to Ohio in about 1815. From the records in the Court House at Xenia, I found that Hannah Marshall married John Townsley, January 16, 1812.

It is a subject for speculation, but not susceptible of proof, when the family arrived in Ohio. If my grandfather was fourteen years old as reported, when they came, then Hannah preceded the others by three or more years.

She may have come there to other relatives, as I am convinced many were there before William.

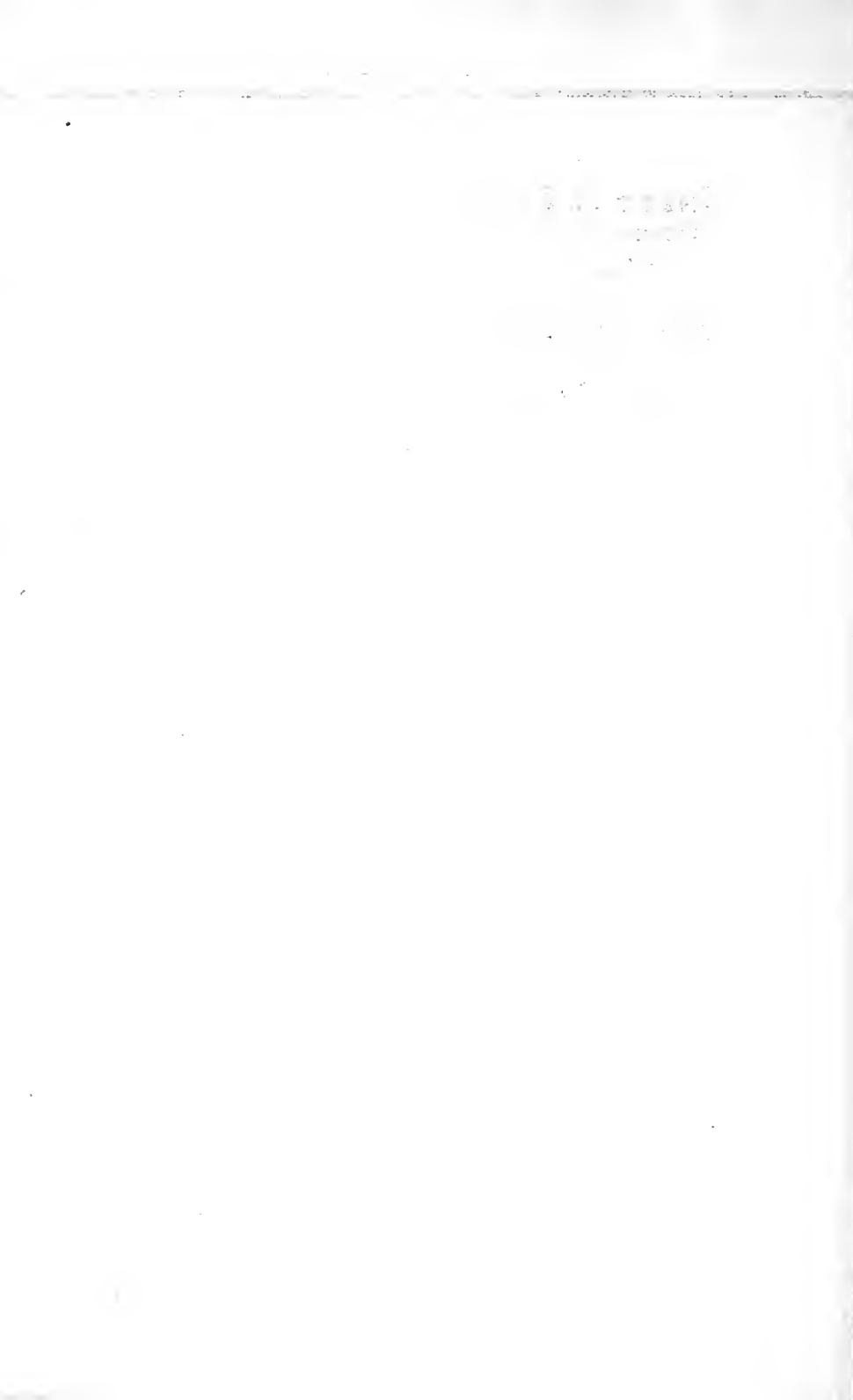
If she did not, then there is an error as to the time William arrived with his family in Ohio.

All of her married life except some four years, at the close of it, was passed in Green County, Ohio.

She was the mother of eight children as will be seen from the chart.

Reader, of my generation (the fifth), had you ever heard of her? I had not, except my father's notes stated, "she had married a Townsley and always lived in Ohio."

I had trouble in getting her record; several letters of inquiry failed to disclose who her family was. I had as little information of



her sister Eleanor, so made a special trip to Ohio to investigate.

Having arrived at Cedarville, the old home locality, I was still at sea. I searched two cemeteries, but could not find her grave. At Xenia, I found the marriage record. And much to my delight, I learned from Jennie Townsley (Spahr), that Hannah Marshall was her grandmother. Jennie Townsley had been my playmate from my earliest recollection until I was seven or eight years old, one of the loveliest playmates a boy ever had.

It was then clear to me why in my youth in Ohio Jim Townsley's family and ours were always such close associates.

In my yearly visits to the old home of my father, I usually called upon some of the Townsley family because I had always known them, but had no definite knowledge of our relationship. I believe that to be true also of all my family.

I have kept in touch with James Townsley's family all these years, and at this late date, am glad indeed to positively know of my relationship to those fine women I have always admired.

As I muse of the catching of tadpoles in the little stream near their house, of the hornet's nest in a tree in the barn lot, that we clubbed; and how we would run with a hornet after us, there comes a longing for the days of youth, with its pleasure unalloyed.

Right here I fancy some one repeating the hackeyed phrase, "one is only as old as one thinks." Just so, but the real "think" is exactly the age of the person thinking. No one yet has found the fountain of perpetual youth, neither a way to compel nature to walk backwards. To some of us practical, hard-headed sinners of three score years of experience, much quiet amusement is enjoyed, at observing people trying to conceal their honorable years, in presenting a "Front" that deceives nobody, not even themselves. Year by year, nature performs her work, and while we may muse of the activities of youth, and wish their return, our greatest pleasures are in the thoughts of the past; and happy is he who can say with me, "I have no regrets."

Let me return to Aunt Hannah. As I unfolded the record of her life, I found her descendants widely separated. While my first premise was that she had always lived in Ohio, I found that her husband had died, and she then made her home with her daughter, Julia Wade, wife of John Wade, then living in Green County, Ohio.

In 1861, John Wade and family moved to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, and settled on the Wea Plains. Aunt Hannah came with them.

After one or two years they moved to Benton County, and then

to Pine Village, Warren County, where Hannah Marshall Townsley died on July 5, 1866 or 1867.

She was buried in the Carbondale Cemetery. I visited this cemetery but could not locate her grave. Vandals have broken and actually removed parts of head stones, hers among others.

From her granddaughter, Mrs. Olive Wade Fenton, and others, I learned of her personality.

She was a large woman, of strong character; she was quite religious; for some time before her death she was crippled, having broken her hip by a fall.

Some of our ultra-fashionable ladies of today smoke cigarettes, and doubtless think they are pioneering. They are not. Aunt Hannah and most others of her day, smoked a pipe. Many times she would hunt and hunt for her pipe, and finally find it in—her mouth.

From those who remember her, I gather that she was well worthy the lasting remembrance of her descendants.

JAMES TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 1

James Townsley, my Uncle Daniel H. Marshall, my grandmother and my father with their families, all lived within a radius of a quarter of a mile, from my earliest remembrance until I was some seven or eight years of age. We were all daily associates.

All the men and boys in those days had nicknames. James Townsley was called "Britches," father was called "Somp," and I was called "Dorsey."

Not only in childhood, but always in after years, until his death in 1907, Jim Townsley treated me with fine consideration, and to me he seemed as dear as my uncles.

He was a man of force, a strong character; he was blunt and short of speech, but withal pleasant. He had much dry wit for entertainment, and a successful man.

James Townsley married Clarisa Harper, daughter of Elijah Harper and sister to Nancy Marshall (Daniel's wife), who died about 1868.

A few years later he married Hester Barber. All of his children were by his first wife.

He lived on his farm about three and one-half miles east of Cedarville most of his life. In his later years he retired and lived in Cedarville, where he died on August 18, 1907.

JOHN TOWNSLEY

AV No. 1

John Townsley was the oldest son of James. He was a typical farmer. He always lived on his farm adjoining that of his father. He was a man of pleasant address. I had not seen him for several years when I saw him in 1915. I was surprised to see his black hair and mustache had become gray, and that he had become of heavy build. He was a successful farmer, and the kind of man with whom one enjoys long, companionable visits.

He married Malinda Kershner in 1871. They had four children; (see chart).

John died at the early age of sixty-three years, on September 20, 1916.

ELIZABETH TOWNSLEY (OWENS)

AV No. 2

Elizabeth, James' oldest daughter, married John Owens. I do not remember Mr. Owens.

For a number of years after his death, Lizzie lived in Cedarville, where I met her many times. She was a large, fine looking woman of very strong character.

She had two children, Lulu M. Owens (deceased) and Minnie Owens. Elizabeth died August 25, 1913.

Minnie Owens was a mighty nice looking girl. When a young woman, she lived with her mother in Cedarville, and taught school for ten years.

She was married to Ira C. Davis in 1900. They have two very interesting children, Mary Eloise, and John Alfred Davis. I said Minnie was a nice looking girl. Twenty years later, she is a finely developed, splendid looking woman, of much intellectual force. She is ambitious; she longs to take wings and fly to "higher things." I hope in some manner, some day, she may, to her full satisfaction.

DELILA TOWNSLEY (SPAHR)

AV No. 3

Delila Townsley was six years older than I, and was one of the big girls, in our early associations.

She was different from her sisters; she had dark hair and eyes, and was a beautiful girl. She also had an "air" and carried it with her to later years.

She was married in 1875 to Jacob Spahr. They have always been well to do, and have lived on one of the best farms in that country, about half way between Cedarville and Jamestown.

Two children were born to them, Frank Mason Spahr, now deceased, and James Leroy Spahr.

Delila's mannerisms, methods of living, and appearance in later years, remind me of the same class of people I have observed in southern Kentucky and in Tennessee.

EMMA TOWNSLEY (HARPER)

AV No. 4

Emma is the same age my brother George would have been if living. In every way she is a Townsley; she is large, finely proportioned, of splendid appearance, and affable disposition. A womanly character, of sympathy and affection for her family and friends. She has proved her interest in her relatives by going to much trouble to get the facts about her own branch of the family, for this publication.

My memory of her, from youth, until the present, has always been one of pleasure.

She was married in 1875, to Newton Harper, of Xenia. She lived in Xenia for some years, then moved to Dayton, Ohio, where she now resides.

She has two children, Eva Harper (Ensley), of Dayton, and James Harper, not yet married, who makes his home with his mother.

I have not met her daughter since she was a child, but James has something about him to attract, and make one feel, here is a man with a great big heart. Jimmie, I wish you well.

JENNIE TOWNSLEY (SPAHR)

AV No. 5

"The Rose of Sharon."

Jennie Townsley was the youngest of James Townley's daughters, near my own age, and my playmate in youth.

She was fair complexioned, light hair, smooth features, a beautiful girl. With the added years came a natural development of physical charms, together with intellectual qualities, happy disposition, and pleasant surroundings, that produced a lovely woman.

In 1880 she married Osmon A. Spahr, of Xenia, Ohio, and has resided there since.

They have one son, Fred Leon Spahr.

Her home in Xenia is a fine example of the finest type of urban homes, fully reflecting the refinement and the character of its occupant. From the time one steps inside her door, until he leaves, he is made to feel an affection for this tastefully, neatly dressed woman, with kindly manners, all in harmony with her surroundings. She always has a wonderful flower garden, and her lawn is filled with shrubbery from every clime, and she speaks of them by their botanical names. She has the only Rose of Sharon Tree I have ever seen, and it suggests a fitting name for her.

Among her flowers, and their artistic settings, she seems a happy, satisfied, American woman, in an ideal home.

My hair has gone white, but never in memory has there been aught but pleasant thoughts, when the subject was Jennie.

ROBERT TOWNSLEY

AV No. 6

Robert, son of James, was born on the old home place, June 4, 1864.

He married Effie McMillan, and has one son Fred Townsley. He was just a small child when we moved from the old home neighborhood. I have met him a few times, but from the fact of his indifference, I have never been acquainted with him, and have nothing to record.

FRANK TOWNSLEY

AV No. 7

Frank is the youngest of James Townsley's family. He was born May 4, 1867.

His mother died either that year, or the next. I can well remember being told of her death, while we lived in Clark County.

In all my visits to Ohio, I have never met Frank more than two or three times, and know but little of him. He lives on the old home farm.

In 1888 he was married to Effie Fields. I do not remember meeting her. They have four children. (See chart.)

It is said of Frank that he is a very successful business man, owning several hundred acres of fine farms, near Cedarville. As a financial success, he may be a fit subject for an extended sketch in this book.

However, it requires other virtues in addition to that, to seriously attract my attention.

WILLIAM TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 2

William, son of Hannah Marshall Townsley, died in Sidney, Ohio. He was married twice. By the first wife there were two daughters. One, Hannah Townsley, died without issue. The other, Mary Jane Townsley, married Dee Walker.

She has a son now living, who is a minister of the United Brethren Church.

By William's second wife, he had two daughters. Mrs. Caroline Russell, and Lulu Townsley, now married, and both live in Sidney, Ohio.

GEORGE TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 3

George Townsley, now deceased, married a Miss Baldwin, at Selma, Ohio. Her brother lived at Oxford, Indiana, whose son is Thomas Baldwin, now living at Oxford.

George Townsley moved to Kansas. Three children survive, one of whom is George Townsley, of Cherokee, Kansas.

SMITH TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 4.

Smith Townsley died in youth, from an accident, in being thrown from a horse.

ROBERT TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 5

Robert Townsley, son of Hannah, was the first Marshall I have found to enter the war for his country.

Whether he was married in Ohio or Indiana, I have not been able to learn. He was brought from the front, wounded, to his home, about a mile from Oxford, Indiana.

The old home was pointed out to me a few days ago, by William Wade, who saw him there, with a large hole clear through his leg, while Dr. Sleeper, father of Joe Sleeper, now of Oxford, was swiping it out with a silk handkerchief wrapped about a stick. His wound healed and in a few months he went back to his regiment and stayed until the close of the war.

Sometime after the close of the war, he with his family, went further west, and I have not succeeded in locating him.

CAROLINE TOWNSLEY

AIV No. 6

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She married a man by the name of Fox. I have no further record.

JULIA TOWNSLEY (WADE)

AIV No. 7.

Julia, the daughter of Hannah Marshall Townsley, was born in Ohio, September 1, 1828.

She died in Pine Village at the age of forty-three, in 1871. At the time of her death, my father and Uncle William, both lived within about ten miles of Pine Village. She was their first cousin. Their aunt had died at the same place, only four years before. I do not believe they knew Julia lived at Pine Village.

I am sure none of us children ever heard of a relative so close as first cousin to father, living at that place. In fact, I never knew it, until within the present month.

(Since writing the above, I have learned that Uncle William attended his Aunt Hannah's funeral, so they were known to be there by the older people.)

Julia Townsley married John Wade, in Ohio. They lived in Ohio until 1861 or 1862. When they moved to the Wea Plains, in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, Julia's mother, Hannah, came with them. As previously stated, they finally settled at Pine Village.

Julia Wade had seven children. Six of them are still living. Isaac Wade was the oldest of her family. I knew Isaac Wade for forty years. He was living in the city of LaFayette when we came to the State in 1871.

Somehow, I had understood that he was related by marriage to our Uncle William's wife, Aunt Lucy. When I put the question to Edgar Marshall, nine years older than myself, nine years longer in the State than myself, and who also had known Isaac Wade most of his life, he stated that he thought that Isaac Wade was distantly connected by marriage to his mother.

So that the discovery I made, a month ago, that Isaac Wade was just as much Marshall as we are, was a great surprise to us.

Isaac Wade was a well educated man. He first married Clara Benjamin, a finely educated woman of LaFayette. He was Principal, and she a teacher in the Linwood School for many years, before Linwood was annexed to the city of LaFayette. His first wife died many years ago.

Later, he married Frances E. Royal. He had two children by his first wife, and two by his second. (See chart.)

Isaac Wade for forty years devoted his full time to the Temperance Cause. He made speeches, and delivered lectures, all over a wide territory. He with others, like himself, pioneering in the cause of temperance, were primarily the force that resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment.

He died some five years ago, without living to see the culmination of his efforts.

He was a pleasant, even tempered, affable gentleman. While our relations were pleasant all those years, I did not take the personal interest in his welfare that I should have done, had I known his blood contained the same amount of Marshall that mine does. It is very clear to me now, why upon every occasion when I met Jim Townsley, the first question he would always ask, was "How is Ike Wade?" The explanation is Isaac Wade was his nephew.

Isaac Wade was a soldier in the Civil War. He belonged to the G. A. R. and always took part in their activities. He was justly proud of his services to his country and so am I for him.

Only a few days ago I had the privilege of meeting, for the first time, his sister, Mrs. Olive Wade Fenton, of Pine Village. She is a very high minded and intelligent Christian woman, wholly wrapped up in a motherly interest in her family.

Her son, a Professor of Music, from boyhood, had passed away, in January of this year, leaving an aching void in her heart.

She is an attractive woman, with a sympathetic nature.

The other Wade children, with the exception of William, who resides at Pine Village, are located at Danbury, Nebraska. The chart will disclose most of the names of this family. No doubt, some are omitted, but they were beyond my reach.

In closing this chapter of the record of Hannah Marshall, I must say, I am satisfied. At first, I did not think it possible to give more than the fact that she was William Marshall's oldest daughter. It has required time and expense. However, the information given to other members of the family provides me with a full reward.

CHAPTER V

JOHN MARSHALL

AIII No. 2

By H. O. Weaver, Wapello, Iowa

John Marshall, Born in Virginia, June 24, 1795; died in Marshall Township, Louisa County, Iowa, September 17, 1880.

He came to Greene County, Ohio, and married Nancy Hays, the quaint ceremony being performed by the Rev. James B. Finley, one of the early Methodist itinerant ministers of the frontier. Nancy Hays, with two other sisters, a father and mother, were early pioneer settlers on the Little Miami River of Greene County.

Nancy Hays was born November 28, 1799, and died September 1, 1885.

John Marshall left Greene County, Ohio, in 1838, and with his family, came as far west as Princeton, Illinois. The same year he came to Louisa County,—one year after the Keokuk Reservation was opened for settlers. He selected and purchased a tract of land from one William Rogers. He returned to his family in Illinois, farmed during the summer season of 1838, and in the spring of 1839 he settled on the land so purchased, which remained his homestead until his death. He was one of the very earliest settlers in the Keokuk Reservation. Eight years before Iowa became a state he owned a section of land on which he made his home. One-third of it was beautiful prairie land; the remaining part was heavy timber.

He was a man of about five feet, eight inches in height; active; energetic; industrious; a man of very kind disposition. His home became the stopping place for early travelers on the main roads that led from Burlington, Iowa, the early point of settlement to Iowa City, then the capital of the Territory. His was the home of the needy, and he never refused a meritorious request for help. He reared as many children from other families as he did of his own. He was known throughout the country as "Uncle John."

He improved his prairie lands, and early maintained the first mills in the county.

He had a great interest in his children and in his grandchildren, and was loved by all of them.

His home was located before Louisa County was properly organized and the township where he located was named Marshall Township because of the Marshall settlement. He had a great interest in live stock and was always surrounded by good horses, cattle and hogs. Before the railroads had entered Iowa he shipped horses, using the Mississippi River as a means of transportation, both to St. Paul and to St. Louis.

On one corner of his farm his eldest son, James H. Marshall, laid out and platted the village of Cairo.

His was a homelike place. He cultivated two large orchards. He loved the soil, the grasses and trees that it produced. He was naturally inclined to the life of a farmer and pioneer. His cribs and bins were always filled in the fall, as well as his smoke-house. He always laid up an abundant supply of meat, and always had a store of food at his home. He had great faith in humanity and trusted his friends without note or bond. He never was so happy as when seated by his old fireplace with an old fashioned pipe, visiting with his children or old friends. His cellar was always filled with vegetables, apples, and cider barrels, and as was usual in those days, he always had a demijohn of whiskey but never used it to excess. He was of a mild, gentle nature. Everybody liked to visit his home, and everybody loved him.

In politics, he was a Democrat. He never affiliated with any church. He was patriotic and loved the progress of State affairs,—a striking example of the early pioneer who made the Great West.

For many years John Marshall and family lived in the log house with puncheon floor and clapboard roof—in fact, until his children reached man and womanhood. Continuing with the progress and development, the old log house was replaced on the very spot with a new structure, a two-story, ten room house. One of these rooms acted as Postoffice for the neighborhood, as he was one of the first Postmasters in the County. His house became headquarters for the community. The early preachers made it headquarters and expounded their faith and at times converted this house into a place of worship. Nancy Marshall and her daughters were devout Methodists, and although Uncle John, as before stated, never joined any church, he was one of them and dearly loved by all who were sheltered by his roof.

This house was built with lumber cut from his own land and by his own saw mill which stood for many years in sight of the house. It was sawed from the choicest of black walnut. Frame, siding, doors, windows, wainscoting, the book cases, and a sort of a cupboard which were built on each side of the fireplace, were all made by hand and

from this wood. Tables and chairs,—in fact, all their furniture was made from the native wood by a neighboring carpenter by the name of Frank Griswold from Connecticut, who with his family settled near the Marshalls. Griswold was an accomplished workman and was two years building this house.

Two immense barns were built about the same time. They too, were built largely of walnut. One of these was used for working horses and granaries. It was provided with a driveway, and above could be seen hanging long green tobacco for his own use. In this barn was also the cider press. In the fall the writer has seen here the store room filled with cider barrels. He had cultivated two large orchards of the choicest fruit. The orchards were protected by fences of willows on the north and west. This peculiar willow he had brought from Ohio as a small bundle of sprouts. Every four or five years these fences were cut and placed in shelter as kindling wood for the old fire-place. This carefully prepared wood was always in place when he retired.

The workshop and smokehouse combined, stood east of the main house. This was surrounded by bearing fruit trees and underneath their branches were beehives carefully guarded from the winter wind. Beside these stood the old shaving horse and cooperage tools; home-made barrels, with staves from oak and hoops from native hickory. His brother Benjamin being a cooper, did much repair work on the storage barrels and kegs which awaited the fall harvest. This little house had cured tons of meat. The hangers were securely fastened to the frame, and out of season one would find the carefully prepared seasoned gambrels which gave much evidence of their age and usage.

He was a careful, painstaking man; a diligent and systematic farmer of the old type. Unselfish himself, he was free to overlook faults in others. He never overlooked the feelings of others, as the following incident will illustrate. The writer while a small boy of eight years journeyed with his father and grandfather to the county seat for the purpose of paying taxes. When we reached our destination, grandfather led us into a restaurant and when seated, in came a waiter and placed at each of our plates a large schooner of beer. Grandfather viewed my surprise and then said, "My boy, taste it if you like, but don't drink it unless you want it." One sip was all I wanted, and it was many years before I forgot its insipid taste. But his thoughtfulness made an impression on me and gave me a lasting remembrance of his unselfishness.

Bluebirds, martins and wrens found a home in his door yard in carefully prepared houses, and the feeding of quail and prairie chickens

was as much of a duty in severe winters as the caring for the domestic fowls.

John Marshall's fields were cultivated with much skill and husbandry. The seeds were planted and the harvests cared for in his usual painstaking manner, and the lands that fell to his lot were made more productive for the next generation.

He and his wife lived to celebrate their sixtieth anniversary of marriage.

(In February, 1921, I visited all about Cairo. There were only parts of the foundations of John Marshall's homestead remaining. The town of Cairo, laid out by James H. Marshall, had the appearance of an old, old, town, no doubt, because when the railroads came they left the town to one side and other places sprung up to attract the settlers. * * * *

* * * *

At this time there are many of the Marshall descendants of John and the others living about old Cairo. To them and those who have moved away, no doubt it is home, just as Montmorenci is home for me, although I have been away from there for thirty-five years. The balance of this chapter on John Marshall's family is furnished by Mrs. Henrietta Salmon (nee Weaver) granddaughter of John Marshall and Nancy Hays. (The Author.)

EMILY MARSHALL

AIV No. 8.

By Henrietta Salmon

Emily Marshall was the eldest daughter of John and Nancy Hays Marshall, born in Greene County, Ohio, on February 22, 1818. She married John Sellers in Ohio.

Soon after her father went to Iowa, they followed. She and her husband purchased a farm near the old Marshall homestead and lived there the greater part of their lives, rearing a large family.

When the Civil War was declared, Emily's husband, John Sellers and two sons, Newton and Chauncey, left their pleasant surroundings and went to war for their country.

The business of the farm was carried on in their absence. None ever heard a word of regret from the wife and mother that she had to give up a part of her household for the benefit of her country.

They lived to return after a few years, but during all that time the picture of the struggles in that conflict were ever present in her mind.

Emily and John Sellers were the parents of nine children as follows:

NANCY SELLERS

AV No. 24

Nancy, eldest daughter of Emily and John Sellers, married Axom Lamb. Their home is in Clarion, Iowa. They had one daughter Lena Lamb, AVI No. 38. Axom Lamb served in the Civil War. He died in October 1921, and is buried at Clarion, Iowa.

IRENE SELLERS

AV No. 25

Irene was the second daughter of Emily Marshall and John Sellers.

She married Stephen McKinley, Home, Morning Sun, Iowa.

They have two children as follows: Albert McKinley, AVI No. 39, who married Nellie Butler, and Emma McKinley AVI No. 40 who married Will Thompson. To them were born six children as follows: Martha Thompson AVII No. 14, Hallie Thompson AVII No. 15, Bernice Thompson AVII No. 16, Sarah Thompson AVII No. 17, Stephen Thompson AVII No. 18, and Susan Thompson AVII No. 19.

NEWTON SELLERS

AV No. 26

Newton Sellers was the third child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers. He married Margaret Skinner. Their home is in Redfield, Iowa.

They had two children—Morris Sellers AVI No. 4, and Mary Sellers AVI No. 42.

Newton Sellers was a soldier in the Civil War

WILLIAM SELLERS

AV No. 27

William Sellers was the fourth child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers. He married Nancy Brown. Home, Cairo, Iowa.

They have one child Elsie Sellers AVI No. 43, who married Henry Wagg. They are the parents of eight children whose names we failed to obtain.

CHAUNCEY SELLERS

AV No. 28

Chauncey Sellers was the fifth child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers. He married Mary Carson. Home, Redfield, Iowa. He was a soldier in the Civil War. They have five children as follows: Homer Sellers AVI No. 44, Lee Sellers AVI No. 45, Minnie Sellers AVI No. 46, Loretta Sellers AVI No. 47 and Earl Sellers AVI No. 48.

EVAN SELLERS

AV No. 29

Evan Sellers was the sixth child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers. He has two children, Blanch Sellers AVI No. 49 and Gladys Sellers AVI No. 50. Their home is in Washington, Iowa.

JOHN SELLERS

AV No. 30

John Sellers was the seventh child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers Sr. He married Nellie Gould. Home, Iowa City, Iowa.

They have six children as follows:—Wayne Sellers AVI No. 51, Bernice Sellers AVI No. 52, Herbert Sellers AVI No. 53, Glen Sellers AVI No. 54, Eleanor Sellers AVI No. 55, and Emily Sellers AVI No. 56.

ELLEN SELLERS

AV No. 31

Ellen Sellers was the eighth child of Emily Marshall and John Sellers.

She married John Carson. Their home is Greenfield, Iowa. They were the parents of two children—Maud Carson AVI No. 57, and Irene Carson AVI No. 58.

BLANCH SELLERS

AV No. 32

Blanch Sellers, youngest child of Emily and John Sellers, (deceased).

JAMES H. MARSHALL

AIV No. 12

James H. Marshall was the fifth child of John Marshall and Nancy Hays. (There were three died in infancy). He was born in Ohio.

He married Nancy Sellers, the daughter of Warren Sellers. He commenced life as a farmer and lived in the neighborhood of John Marshall his father, until he was past middle age.

By this marriage he had three children all living within a few miles of the old homestead, as follows:—Alvah Marshall AV No. 33, who married Eliza McCoy and have one daughter Myrtle Marshall AVI No. 59. Home, Cairo, Iowa; Lloyd Marshall, AV No. 34, who married Minnie Ireton, home Cairo, Iowa; Laura Marshall AV No. 35, who married, first, David Brown. From this marriage there were four children—Lloyd Brown, AVI No. 60, Leroy Brown, AVI, No. 61, and Glen Brown AVI No. 62, and Pearl Brown, AVI No. 63. Her second marriage was to John S WyKert, with one child, Henry WyKert, AVI No. 64.

James H. Marshall's second wife was Catherine Browder. He died in the early eighties at the home of his father, and was buried at the Fulton Cemetery.

James H. Marshall was about five feet, nine inches tall, and was one of the most lovable of men. He had a natural instinct for mechanics and he together with his father, originally constructed one of the first corn plows in the state, known as the "Gopher Plow," which he manufactured in great quantities at his father's home in a building which he had constructed for that purpose.

He became familiar with steam engines, saw-mills, and grist mills, and his ingenuity added greatly in the work of progress and development in this county. He was a man of very kind disposition, was a great friend of the boys; took an interest in what they were doing, and encouraged their likings and pursuits. He laid out the village of Cairo.

He was kind hearted and generous to a fault.

MARY ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AIV No. 13

Mary (Polly) Elizabeth Marshall was the sixth child of John and Nancy Hays Marshall. She was born April 30, 1829, in Greene County, Ohio. Came to Iowa with her parents in 1839 and was married to Erastus Weaver in 1848.

Erastus Weaver, one spring morning, left his home and his wife with four small girls, and enlisted in the service of his country. He was absent in the Civil War for nearly four years. The work of caring for the family on a farm depended upon the energy and stability of the mother, and, during all that time there probably never was a week but what this family expected a letter from the father, or tidings that some ill befell him.

She endured all the hardships of that time, caring for her family as best she could.

The winter of '63 in Iowa was a severe one, but her father and neighbors saw that she did not want for comforts of life, and her strong will was always in evidence during all those years of worry and trouble.

Emily, Mary (or Polly, as she was called) and Eleanor, were all women of high character; industrious, and always showed a deep loyalty to their parents. In many ways their natures were the same. They lived to make a pleasant and comfortable home for their families and their homes were homes for their neighbors and their children. They came to the west banks of the Mississippi River when they were mere children. They learned to love the beauties of the prairies of the West and were soon schooled into the ways of the making of a State which fixed a sturdiness in their character that ever remained with them. In their older age they delighted to tell the stories of the early hardships of pioneer life but it had a sweetness for them. They became schooled in the ways of what would appear as hardships today, but all of their discouragements were forgotten by their interest in their families. When they first started in life, they began in small houses, a few cramped rooms, where they reared their children, yet they were always happy. They lived for the love of their families and the advancement which they could make in the world. They strove that their children should be better provided for with education and happiness than they had been, and were willing to sacrifice their own enjoyment to that end.

Their habits were much the same. They made their weekly visits with one another. The distress of sickness of one family was the distress of all. Their homes were similarly arranged. Instinctively, they always had near their homes a beautiful garden which contained all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Along the vine covered fence the hollyhocks grew, and somewhere in each yard would be found the honeysuckle, jessamine, lilac and petunia. If one of these sisters had a special flower or shrub it was soon found in the gardens of the other sisters, and while their husbands were busy in the fields or at

their work, their wives were busy rearing their children and educating them to the beauties of nature and usefulness. They earnestly watched the covered wagons and the great movement of emigration that finally settled the West. In their advanced years they delighted in wandering about the prairies and would tell of the many things that happened in the various localities when they were young. They planned for the future and delight of their families.

ELIZABETH WEAVER

AV No. 36

Elizabeth Weaver is the daughter of Mary Marshall and Erastus Weaver. She was born near Cairo, Iowa.

She married Reese Sellers. They have three children as follows: Frank Sellers AVI No. 65, who married Maud Murray, and they have four children, Mary Sellers AVII No. 21, William Sellers AVII No. 22, Murray Sellers AVII No. 23, and Charles Sellers AVII No. 24, George Sellers AVI No. 66, second son of Elizabeth, married Vera Marshall to whom was born Max Sellers AVII No 25, Leona Sellers AVI No. 67, third child of Elizabeth married Arthur Newhirter, and they have two children, Elizabeth Newhirter AVII No. 26, and Harold Newhirter AVII No. 27. Elizabeth Weaver's home is at Cairo, Iowa.

EMILY FRANCES WEAVER

AV No. 37

Emily is the second daughter of Mary E. Marshall and Erastus Weaver. She married Dr. Wm. H. Darrow, and their home is Columbus Junction, Iowa.

Dr. Darrow was a soldier in the Civil War. He was Assistant Surgeon, 5th Iowa Volunteers, with rank of Captain.

They had one son John Darrow AVI No. 68, who married Effie Klatz, to whom were born two children, Helen Darrow AVII No. 28 and William Darrow AVII No 29.

LUCY M. WEAVER

AV No. 38

Lucy the third daughter of Mary E. Marshall and Erastus Weaver, married E. S. Briggs. Their home is Wapello, Iowa.

To them were born two children—Weaver Briggs AVI No. 69, of Cairo, who married Ethel Marshall, to whom were born Hilton Briggs

AVII No. 30, Alice Briggs AVII No. 31, Robert Briggs AVII No. 32, and James Briggs AVII No. 33.

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. BRIGGS

AVI No. 70

Captain Charles W. Briggs, second son of Lucy Weaver Briggs, graduated from the Iowa State University, class of 1911, from Harvard Law in 1913. Began the practice of law under the firm name of Weaver & Briggs, Wapello, Iowa. Was twice elected States Attorney of Louisa County. Resigned his office and entered first training camp at Fort Snelling. Promoted to Captain and was assigned to the 352nd Regiment, 88th Division. Was one of the training officers at Camp Dodge. Left with his Division and served in France during the World's War. Was mustered out in August, 1919. He entered the law firm of Clapp & McCartney, 1408 Merchants National Bank Building, St. Paul, Minnesota, his present address.

CLARA J. WEAVER

AV No. 39.

* Clara J. Weaver is the fourth child of Mary E. Marshall and Erastus Weaver. She was born in Iowa, and married Dr. C. B. Allen. Their home is in Chicago.

They are the parents of three children as follows: Harry D. Allen AVI No. 71 who was in the World's War, and served in France with a Regiment of Engineers. He was mustered out in June 1919. He is manager of the Fidelity Insurance Company of Kansas City, Missouri. William S. Allen AVI No. 72 who married Gladys Bonner. They have one child, Charlotte Virginia Allen, AVII No. 34. Lottie Allen, AVI No. 73, who married Miles T. Babb and lives in Chicago.

HARRY OTIS WEAVER

AV No. 40.

(By Mrs. Henrietta Salmon)

From the early settlement of the Marshall family in Iowa until the 80's, it was the saying of Nancy Marshall, John Marshall's wife, that she kept all of her children within the sound of her own dinner horn, and especially was this true during the stirring times of the Civil War.

Mary Elizabeth Marshall, the second daughter of John and Nancy Marshall, when a girl of eighteen years married Erastus Weaver, a young man who had settled in Louisa County in 1846, the year Iowa became a state. Mr. Weaver was a native of Rhode Island, although his boyhood days had been spent in Vermont. He enlisted in the Civil War in the spring of 1862, leaving his wife and four small girls on a farm which he owned within one-half mile of the John Marshall homestead. During his absence for three and one-half years they were cared for by Mrs. Weaver's father and brothers. One of the brothers, Robert, soon joined the same regiment. Early in the spring of 1865, at the close of the war, Erastus Weaver returned to his home, and on April 20, 1866, the subject of this sketch was born, being the only boy in a family of nine children.

The boyhood days of Harry O. Weaver were spent on the farm and at the village school of Cairo near his grandfather's old home. He, together with other grandchildren, spent much time at the old homestead, and delighted to hear his grandfather tell the stories of his early pioneer life in Virginia and Ohio. His stories were full of interest, and his manner and sturdy character made a great impression on the minds of his boys about him.

John Marshall's death occurred some years before Harry began his career as a school teacher and entered the University at Iowa City where he took the collegiate and law courses, graduating in the year 1892-3. But he did not forget the many interesting hours spent with his grandfather, as will be shown hereafter.

He was married October 6, 1896, to Alma A. Neuse.

He has one child, William O. Weaver, AVI No. 74.

Harry Otis Weaver began the practice of law in Wapello, Iowa, when he returned from college, and is at present one of the leaders of the bar in southeastern Iowa. He has one of the best equipped libraries in the state.

Being an active and energetic Republican, his friends sent him to the Legislature from Louisa County for three successive terms, where he was very active in the revision of the code of 1907. He was the youngest member of the assembly.

He has for ten years represented his party as committeeman from the First Congressional District of Iowa, and was elected three times State Chairman and managed successfully the McKinley-Shaw campaigns. He was appointed Internal Revenue Collector for Iowa by President Roosevelt and held the position for eleven years, serving two years under President Wilson. During the campaign for President in

1920 he took charge of the state organization for Governor Lowden and carried every Congressional District for him. He was made Chairman of the Iowa delegation at Chicago, and was reluctant to see his old college friend go down in defeat.

Mr. Weaver's activities have not been confined to law and politics. After twenty years of active practice of his profession, he purchased an estate within two miles of Wapello, with a beautiful frontage on the Iowa River. He controls and operates this farm, known at "Uppermill," and he with his cattle partner, John Garden, owns the largest herd of pure bred cattle in the state. He says "the instinct for soil production and cattle is inherited," and he spends every spare moment on this farm, to his delight and satisfaction.

The successful operation of this breeding establishment is well told by a leading article which appeared in the Breeders Gazette of Chicago, date of March 3, 1921:

"The name of the Iowa farm resulted from the location of a mill in the early days which was known for many miles around as 'The Upper Mill.' The adjacent land, owned in connection with the mill, was the Upper Mill farm. H. O. Weaver, senior member of the firm, acquired several hundred acres of land, including this farm, and it was appropriate and natural to continue the name 'Uppermill Farm.'

Mr. Weaver is an attorney prominent in his profession. He has had an active connection with Iowa politics, but first of all he was a lawyer. I say first of all; that was his chosen profession, but back of that he inherited or acquired in his youth a love for the outdoors, for the hills and wooded streams, for grassy slopes and the soil. This, perhaps unconsciously on his part, inclined him to invest on a rather large scale in Iowa land, and stock the land, which is known as Uppermill Farm. In making the farm a going enterprise there came a question as to the kind of live stock which he should adopt. Pure breeds were early decided upon, with a preference for shorthorns. When Mr. Weaver first became an owner of shorthorns he was not a skilled judge of Shorthorn individuality. Few men are skilled judges at that stage. Long before the development of skill as to animal form and merit there has been developed the desire to possess better representatives of the chosen breed. But Mr. Weaver made creditable selections. The type varied, and there was a miscellaneous representation of bloodlines, but the Shorthorns were of the useful kind, and served admirably the purpose for which they were selected. Mr. Weaver had much pride in the start which he made; not that he felt that he had satisfied his ambitions, but these first selections furnished

the foundation; a sort of stepping-stone from which he could the more easily reach higher levels.

From my first acquaintance with the Uppermill Farm operations I have felt that this was an interesting illustration of the hold that farm environment has upon men of all professions. For years Mr. Weaver had given the closest study to law, a knowledge of which is not acquired in a day, nor mastered in a decade. He was an earnest student and fond of his profession. He saw great possibilities unfolding before him; possibilities that he has never under-rated. He built up a large practice. In the Hawkeye State he has become a force in his profession but through all these years—years of advancement—there has come to him in the law office, in the court, and wherever his professional duties called him, the beckoning appeal of the farm; the woodland and the prairie and the kine that feed upon it; an appeal which he might have resisted but did not. Other men in equally inviting and as lucrative pursuits have heeded this same call, and turned their attention in mature life to the farm, and found greater enjoyment and profit than in the enterprises and professions to which they have given many of their best years. So that when the acres in Uppermill Farm were increased, and pure bred cattle were included as an essential farm investment, the combination was given the same thought and persistent effort that had been applied to the owner's profession.

For a number of years the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association has had the benefit of Mr. Weaver's training and judgment as a director, and at present he is president of the association. He has served as director of the Iowa State Board of Agriculture for a number of terms. He has interested himself in the reclamation of Iowa lands, aiding in the framing of workable laws for this purpose, which have resulted in the ultimate reclamation of approximately 200,000 acres that had previously had little or no value, from a production standpoint."

Mr. Weaver has given much time in the last ten years to the reclamation of the lands along the Iowa and Mississippi rivers. He has acted as attorney for these large drainage districts, converting low and overflow lands into the richest lands to be found. This is accomplished by means of levees and pumping plants, following the example of Holland in this respect.

In addition to his busy life, he has found time to answer "the inherent part of his disposition," "the call of the Wild," and to many who know him best, this is where he is most interesting. On the banks of the Iowa River at Uppermill he has maintained a Hunting Lodge,

and nearby is found splendid quail and duck shooting. When opportunity permits, here is where Mr. Weaver is truly at home. He has always been a great student of nature and is happy with the companionship of the native forest and surrounding flora. In this Hunting Lodge, or "shack" as he calls it, will be found many interesting things of historic value. He has a wonderful knowledge of woodlore and Indian history and traditions, as this collection indicates. One of his decorations stands out most prominent. On the ceiling of this Lodge in front of the large old fashioned fireplace hangs the old "tar bucket" which his grandfather brought to Iowa in 1838, tied to the coupling pole of the linch-pin wagon, long since forgotten. Here will also be found his grandfather's grain sickle with deer horn handle; also a froe that has been in the Marshall family for three-quarters of a century. Many other relics and tokens of pioneer days are found here, and Mr. Weaver's special delight is in giving their story to friends that they might learn something of the character of John Marshall and his good wife, Nancy.

At Mr. Weaver's home in Wapello will be found the old clock that stood on his grandfather's mantle for sixty years. He has also some very rare old books of Marshall tradition which he has preserved. The autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, contains the name of William Marshall in 1834. Also a "History of King Philip's War," owned by John Marshall and bought of his father, William Marshall, in 1837 for sixty-two and one-half cents.

At the home of Mrs. Lucy Briggs, his sister, will be found a beautiful specimen of home spun coverlid, woven by Elizabeth Cole Marshall and brought by her from Ohio in 1849.

Another sister, Mrs. Darrow, is in possession of a small, highly decorated sugar bowl, for many years used by William Marshall and his wife.

For many years Mr. Weaver has been one of the prominent citizens of the state. His counsels are sought by his many friends, whether it be law or friendly advice or employment. His early career in politics brought him in close relation with the prominent men of Iowa in the past twenty-five years, and perhaps he is acquainted personally with as many people in his state as any other resident.

During the late war he gave almost his entire time to the work of organization. He was chairman of the Red Cross of his county. His patriotism called forth his greatest efforts, and it is needless to say it was well done.

For many years he has refused to enter politics for himself. He is content to live among his old neighbors and friends, and his law books, and to give such time as is possible to his agricultural interests.

HENRIETTA WEAVER

AV No. 41.

When Henrietta sent me the information of the balance of her family, she forgot (?) to say anything of herself, so the author will have to supply that deficiency.

Henrietta Weaver was the youngest child of Mary Elizabeth Marshall and Erastus Weaver. She was born in Cairo, Iowa, some time in the nineteenth century. I do not have the date. She was married in 1893 to G. A. Salmon. Their home was in Columbus Junction, Iowa. Mr. Salmon died in 1919. They had no children, so Henrietta is left alone.

In February of 1921 I visited for a couple of hours in Columbus Junction. At that time I was not aware that there was a host of Marshall descendants living in Columbus Junction. I had the pleasure of meeting only two or three of them on that trip.

After I came home I got in communication with Mrs. Salmon, and for the past ten months have enjoyed a most delightful correspondence with her. She at once became interested in my work and has furnished me all the information of her grandfather's family contained in this chapter, excepting that credited to Harry O. Weaver.

I have speculated quite a little as to the appearance and character of this woman, and I have her pictured as one with unlimited energy. My first communication from her stated that she was visiting at her brother's home at Wapello when my letter came to his office, asking for information of his activities to use in this work; and that her brother was away from home, and she knew him so well,—that he would not say anything of himself. Therefore, she had taken it upon herself to give me a sketch of his life, and enclosed a sketch of Harry O. Weaver, just preceding this subject.

After reading that sketch, the reader will appreciate the versatility of Henrietta.

From the many letters that have passed between us, I gather that she is a woman interested in every activity of her community. She has a full part in the Chautauqua meetings, and in the Church affairs; is a member of the Methodist Church, and takes a great interest in picnics, county fairs, and all the social activities of her town and neighborhood. She is extremely proud of the success of her brother

and other relatives in their chosen occupations. She drops everything and goes to distant points, as far as Chicago, immediately on hearing of sickness of her sisters or their families. She visits the old home place in Cairo, and lives her life over again as a young girl, finding great enjoyment in the environments of the old home. At Cairo she goes to the old Church with her cousins, plays the organ, and sings the old songs again, after many, many, years.

Her sister, Elizabeth, lives in their old home at Cairo.

The town is an old place off of the railroad, and has not kept up with the times like Columbus Junction. However, it is home again to her, and the memories of her young days fill her mind with fondest recollections.

Many touching incidents she has written me of her excursions, but she has always admonished me that they were not for the book. To keep faith with her, I shall not repeat them, but any one of us may place our mind on a backward plane, and imagine the scenes of our youth.

Evidently, since she has been left alone, she is not satisfied to remain stationary at one point, but is impelled to keep going. At present she is in California with relatives of her husband, where she is getting new experiences and finding pleasure in life.

Visiting the extreme west is a pleasure, Henrietta, but come to the east and leisurely survey the route your grandfather took from Virginia to Iowa, and you will receive the surprise of your life.

I am looking forward with pleasure to the time when I can meet you.

JOHN SMITH MARSHALL

AIV No. 14.

John Smith Marshall was the second son of John and Nancy Hays Marshall. He was born in Ohio, on December 25, 1831. He moved with his father to Louisa County, Iowa, in 1838.

He married Ruth Smith. They lived on a farm in Marshall Township for a number of years. They then moved to Columbus Junction, where his family grew up, and while there was a dealer in all kinds of stock and produce.

He was a man of excellent qualities and pleasant disposition. A smile was always on his face, no matter what troubles there might be brooding.

Early in the '90's he moved to Colorado with his family, settling near Gunnison of that state. Here he pursued the work of farming. He died in 1918, at the age of 87 years.

They were the parents of five children.

HOWARD MARSHALL

AV No. 42.

Howard Marshall is the first son of John Smith and Ruth Smith Marshall. He married Emma Fath.

He has two daughters, Laveta Marshall, AVI No. 75, and Ruth Marshall, AVI No. 76. Their home is Gunnison, Colorado.

JESSE MARSHALL

AV No. 43.

Jesse Marshall is the second son of John Smith Marshall and Ruth Smith. He was born in Iowa.

He married Louise Smeltzer. Their home is in Des Moines, Iowa. We have no further information.

FRANK MARSHALL

AV No. 44.

Frank Marshall is the third son of John Smith Marshall and Ruth Smith. He was born in Iowa.

He married Alice Trian. They live at Gunnison, Colorado. They were the parents of three children, as follows: Alice Marshall, AVI No. 77; Dorothy Marshall, AVI No. 78 and Donald Marshall, AVI No. 79.

MINNIE MARSHALL

AV No. 45.

Minnie Marshall was the fourth child of John Smith Marshall and Ruth Marshall. He was born in Iowa.

She married Theo Davis. Their home is at Gunnison, Colorado. They have one son, John Marshall Davis, AVI No. 80.

John Marshall Davis was a soldier in the World War. He enlisted at Gunnison, Colorado, which is his present address.

ANNIE MARSHALL

AV No. 46.

Annie Marshall was the fifth and youngest child of John Smith Marshall and Ruth Smith. She was born in Iowa, and moved with her parents to Gunnison, Colorado.

She married John Downey. They have four children, as follows. Helen Downey, AVI No. 81; Cecil Downey, AVI No. 82; Thorne

Downey, AVI No. 83; John Marshall Downey, AVI No. 84.

We should like to have given more information of this Marshall family, but are unable to do so.

ELEANOR MARSHALL

AIV No. 15.

Eleanor Marshall was the fifth daughter and eighth child of John and Nancy Hays Marshall. She was born February 9th, 1834, in Ohio.

She married Newton Sellers in Iowa. Mr. Sellers died when 36 years of age, leaving Eleanor with a family of six children, which she reared with tender care, adhering at all times to what she thought was the spirit of truth and upbuilding of character. She was a woman of sturdy nature, deeply set in her way of thinking, which was usually right, and which she impressed on all those about her.

The writer has never known three characters of greater worth to any community; whose natures and dispositions were more for righteousness in all things and the earnest endeavor on their parts to impress love and kindness on their children and upon those with whom they were associated, than Emily, Mary and Eleanor Marshall.

They early joined the Methodist Church, and were close adherents of that faith as long as they lived. Emily lived to be 73. Mary lived to be 69, and Eleanor lived to be 78 years of age.

All were buried in Fulton cemetery, by the side of their father and mother, a mile distant from where they spent many happy days at the old Marshall homestead.

Eleanor and Newton Sellers were the parents of six children, as follows:

OSCAR SELLERS

AV No. 47.

Oscar Sellers was the oldest child of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers. He was born in Cairo, Iowa.

He married Ellen Buffington. Their home is at Cairo. They are the parents of five children, as follows: Robert Sellers, AVI No. 85; Flossie Sellers, AVI No. 86, who married N. Turgeon; Talma Sellers, AVI No. 87, who married Henry McCoy; June Sellers, AVI No. 88, who married Clarence Young; and Cecil Sellers, AVI No. 89.

EDWARD SELLERS

AV No. 48.

Edward Sellers was the second child of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers.

He married Mary Buffington. They had one daughter, Deliah Eleanor Sellers, AVI No. 90.

ROBERT SELLERS

AV No. 49.

Robert Sellers was the third son of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers.

WILLIAM SELLERS

AV No. 50.

William Sellers was the fourth son of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers.

NANCY A. SELLERS

AV No. 51.

Nancy A. Sellers was the fifth child and only daughter of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers. She was born in Louisa County, Iowa.

She married Joseph Miller. They have one son, Floyd Miller. AVI No. 91.

The author of this book had the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Miller at her home in Cairo, in February of 1921. I was very hospitably received, and spent some time talking of the host of relatives in that neighborhood.

Three times, when on that trip, I found some of our relatives that were duplicates of the Marshalls in the east. I had with me a photograph of Alfred Marshall, of Columbus, Ohio. Floyd Miller and Alfred, as shown in the photograph, appeared to be the same person. The resemblance was very striking. There were two other similar cases—that of Harry Heyl, of Peoria, who very much resembled Jesse M. Marshall, of Springfield, when of his age. The third was Mrs. Fannie Spaits Merwin, of Manito, Illinois, whose appearance is so much like my older sister, Emma, now deceased, that when I first saw her, I was very much impressed with the resemblance.

Mrs. Miller has the Bible record of John Marshall's family. She also furnished me pictures of John Marshall and his wife. I spent two or three hours with Mrs. Miller and Elizabeth Weaver Sellers, in Cairo. It was on a Sunday, and there was a host of relatives present. I could not begin to remember the names of all of them. All of this group, however, were the same class of people as descendants in Indiana or Ohio.

I was treated cordially by all of them, and am pleased to extend to them my cordial good will.

(The Author.)

JAMES GRANT SELLERS, deceased.

AV No. 52.

James Grant Sellers was the sixth and youngest child of Eleanor Marshall and Newton Sellers.

He married Mary J. Smyth. They had four children, as follows: Bessie Sellers, AVI No. 92, who married Marion Smith; Bertha Sellers, AVI No. 93, who married John Rensberger; J. Sellers, AVI No. 94, and Charles Sellers, AVI No. 95.

ROBERT L. MARSHALL

AIV No. 16.

Robert L. Marshall was the ninth and youngest child of John Marshall and Nancy Hays. He was born in Ohio, on November 8, 1837.

He was married in Iowa to Mary Smith, after the Civil War. His wife was sister of the wife of John S. Marshall.

He enlisted in Company C, 10th Regiment of Iowa Volunteers, February 2, 1864. He was discharged for disability, February 9, 1865, at Davenport, Iowa.

They reared a family of three boys and one girl.

He moved from Marshall Township to Columbus Junction, where he lived ten years, thence going to Colorado to join his brother, John, where the sons soon followed.

He died in the year of 1917, and was buried in Fulton Cemetery, near Cairo.

ELMER E. MARSHALL

AV No. 53.

Elmer E. Marshall was the oldest son of Robert L. Marshall and Mary Smith. He was born in Iowa.

He married Josie Bemis. They now live at Tulsa, Oklahoma. They are the parents of three children: Lee Marshall, AVI No. 96; Robert Marshall, AVI No. 97, and Esther Marshall, AVI No. 98.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

AV No. 54.

Arthur Marshall was the second son of Robert L. Marshall and Mary Smith. He was born in Iowa, but have no record of his marriage.

IDA MARSHALL

AV No. 55.

Ida Marshall was the youngest child of Robert L. Marshall and Mary Smith.

In closing the chapter of John Marshall, the author takes this opportunity of stating to the family in other parts of the country that John Marshall and his descendants have been a wonderful force in the eastern part of Iowa. From the long list of his descendants, as given by Mrs. Salmon, it will be seen that the name "Marshall" will remain in Iowa for many years to come.

The writer visited John Marshall's old neighborhood in the month of February, when, of course, the country presented its worst appearance.

He conversed with a number of citizens who were not related to the Marshalls, but who had lived among them all of their lives. Invariably they pronounced the old folks as being splendid, upright people. There was not a criticism offered on the older people, but all commended them as good citizens in their time.

That part of Iowa reminded me very much of our prairie country here, and the near timber, about thirty-five years ago. The people there have not understood the value of improved roads, neither have they the school facilities that we have in the older settled country.

One thing impressed me in regard to their roads. I did not see a foot of gravel road in any of my travels in that neighborhood, yet the roads were fairly good at that time. Twenty minutes' rain, however, would lay a person up with an automobile. The engineers of the country have practiced the one essential for making good roads—they have graded up every road and thoroughly drained it, so that in a short time after a rain the roads become passable, and do not get full of chuck holes, as there used to be in our country before gravel roads were universal.

I was limited in time, and I am sorry I did not get to see Harry O. Weaver's stock farm. I called at his office early in the morning, or about seven o'clock, and found him there. We became busily engaged in conversation at once. It was but a few minutes, however, until his clients began to come in, and in a short time the office was nearly full, and he was compelled to take up his business matters.

Wherever I went Mr. Weaver was spoken of as a leading man in that part of the state.

I shall always remember the hurried trip that I made among the scenes of my great-grandfather and mother and their three sons.

I am sure that many of the Marshall descendants will be glad to know of all these people.

CHAPTER VI

ELEANOR MARSHALL

AIII No. 3

Eleanor Marshall was the second daughter, and third child of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall. She was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on January 13, 1797. She was married to William White in Greene County, Ohio, on December 29, 1816. William White lived but a few years after marriage, and the second time she was married to Robert Laing. She died in 1881, and is buried in the Selma Cemetery at Selma, Ohio.

When Eleanor was about 18 years of age she came with her parents over the mountains and through the wilderness to Greene County, Ohio.

The name "Eleanor" is frequently noted in the Marshall family. When I began this history, I had no recollection of ever hearing of her. The first I heard of her was from Mrs. Rebecca Spaits, of Manito, Illinois, of whom she was an aunt. I again heard of her from her neice, Mrs. Henry Allen, in Iowa. They both remembered that Eleanor had married twice, the first husband's name being White, and the other Laing. They both recalled that she had a son by Mr. White, who was a minister. They called her "Nellie." From her father's Bible record, given in Chapter III, I find her full name and date of birth. All the record we have of her grandmother is that her name was Nellie Cole. I am quite sure that her name was really Eleanor, the granddaughter being named for her.

William Marshall's first daughter was named Hannah, and his first son's name was John. John was doubtless named for William's father, John, and, if we knew the truth, we would probably find that Hannah was the name of his mother. The next son, William, Jr., was no doubt named for his grandfather, William Cole. Their son, Freeman, was evidently named for his grandmother, Nellie Freeman Cole. In those days, as well as at present, the first children were nearly always named after other members of the family.

Eleanor was about 18 years of age when they moved from Virginia to Ohio.

At the time of writing this chapter, I have gathered all the information possible of the whole family. I have expended much time and labor in seeking information of Eleanor's grandparents. I have just paid out good money for a new automobile. I would willingly trade the machine and walk for a while if I could talk with Eleanor when of that age, and be able to record the knowledge she had of her grandparents, William and Nellie Cole and John Marshall. But, alas! Their history will never be known. After visiting Illinois and Iowa, I lacked information of Eleanor and her sister, Hannah Marshall Townsley. Not being able to obtain any facts by correspondence, I made a trip to Ohio especially for that purpose. I succeeded admirably in the case of Hannah, by reason of splendid co-operation by her descendants. I left there assured that I should also have the record and history of Eleanor. After waiting several weeks, and urging with several letters, I could wait no longer to proceed with the family charts. I could only place in the charts her name at the proper place, and proceed to finish the charts.

In October of 1921, on my return from the east, I stopped in Springfield, and then went to the old Marshall neighborhood at Selma, seeking the burial place of Nellie Cole. In the immediate neighborhood I stopped at the residence of John Nelson, and there met Eleanor's granddaughter, Laura White Nelson. I explained to her the lack of information I had of her grandmother's descendants. She promised to get me some information. A few weeks later I received a letter from away out in Idaho from Mrs. Margaret Miller, a granddaughter of Eleanor Marshall, giving me the record of herself and her family. Further correspondence gave me much more information, so that the original chapter of Eleanor Marshall, which had been completed, was discarded, and I am able to give a record of most of the family.

We are indebted to Mrs. Miller for practically all the following information: "My grandmother's name was Eleanor, but she was known far and wide as 'Aunt Nellie Laing.' She never had but two children, my mother, Julia White, and John White, who was a minister. When Grandfather White died, grandmother went back to live with her mother, and lived there until she married grandfather Laing. My mother, Julia White, lived most of her girlhood days with Aunt Sara Harper, who, I think, was your grandmother. (Correct—Author.) After grandmother married again, mother and Uncle John went to the farm and lived with them until they were both married.

My father bought the old Marshall farm from grandmother's father, and I lived on the old farm all my girlhood days. Grandmother's father moved to Cairo, Louisa County, Iowa, with his son, Bennie, as grandmother always called him.

Grandmother was a great cook and fine housekeeper, and all her neighbors loved her, and called her "Aunt Nellie Laing." When they wanted something good to eat, they always knew where to go to get it.

She lived with my mother after grandfather died, and after my mother died she lived with her grandchildren. She died at Elizabeth Anderson's at the ripe old age of 86.

She, like Aunt Hannah Townsley, loved her pipe. Many times I have seen them smoke together.

Julia Wade, Aunt Hannah's daughter, was a grand, good woman. I have been there with my mother many times."

While Eleanor Marshall had but two children, this history will disclose that she has many descendants.

Once in a while, in conversing with people on this subject, I have been asked if it would not be better not to find too much about our ancestors. My reply has always been that I was not afraid but that I should be proud of every one of them. Of all the people in this whole large family whom I have addressed for information, every one has promptly responded, excepting Ohio descendants of Eleanor Marshall. Some of them have absolutely ignored my communications. I have wondered whether they were not of a suspicious nature, and thought they were of superior clay. If they do, they are mistaken. They have their equals and superiors in education, social standing, and wealth among the Marshall descendants all over this land, and none of them can lay claim to be of higher character, kindlier disposition, or of more patriotic record than their ancestors, William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, while the Revolutionary War record of our ancestor, William Cole, is sufficient to make every descendant of the whole Marshall family honor him for all time to come.

Mrs. Miller, who is now 77 years of age, and who has lived in far-off Idaho since 1883, remembers well all of these old people, and rejoices in her memory of their splendid character. This woman, who has a heart of gold, shining with affection for her family, even with her trembling hand sends to me her splendid grandmother's record, which younger people refused to give me. To her the author presents his humble gratitude that this history contains the record of Eleanor Marshall, along with her other ten

brothers and sisters, all of whom have left nothing but what is a credit to them.

JOHN WHITE

AIV No. 17

John White was the first child of Eleanor Marshall and William White. He was born near Selma, Ohio, on October 10, 1817.

He was married on October 27, 1837, to Nancy Tindall. He died April 21, 1851. He is buried in the Blocksom Cemetery, near Selma, Ohio.

John White was a local preacher. He was a great character. There are many incidents connected with his life that would have been of great interest to his descendants, as well as others of the Marshall family. He was a man of quick wit and quick action, as illustrated by the following incident: At one time he was preaching a sermon in an old church in his neighborhood. It was in the warm summer time. There was no pulpit, and, to see over his congregation, he was standing on a chair, talking in his forceful way, with many active gestures, when the chair collapsed and let him fall to the floor. He rose up, picked up the chair and threw it out of the window, exclaiming at the same time, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He then proceeded with the sermon as though nothing had occurred.

I was promised other incidents of John White, but the promise was not fulfilled, much to my disappointment.

He died at 37 years of age, and left a wife and five children. His wife's brother, then a bachelor, took the wife and children to live with him. They lived with him until they were grown.

SARA ELLEN WHITE

AV No. 56

Sara Ellen White was the oldest child of John and Nancy White. She married Alfred Miller.

She died early in life, and left two children, Lizzie Miller, AVI, and Charles Miller, AVI. Lizzie Miller is still living, and married. She lives in Bentonville, Arkansas, and has no children. Charles died at about 38 years of age, was married and left three children. We do not have their names.

LAURA WHITE

AV No. 57

Laura White was the second child of John and Nancy White. She married John Nelson.

The Nelsons live about a mile and a half from Selma, in the old neighborhood. The writer visited them in the fall of 1921. They live in a nice home, in a splendid agricultural country, and have always been farmers. Mrs. Nelson is a kindly woman, now well advanced in years.

They have three children, as follows: Robert Nelson, AVI, oldest son of John and Laura Nelson. He married Margaret Finney. They live in South Charleston, Ohio. They have five children, as follows: Pauline Nelson, A VII; Robert Carl Nelson, AVII; Dorothy Nelson, AVII; Hazel Nelson, AVII, and Betty Nelson, AVII. Homer Nelson, AVI, second son of John and Laura White Nelson, married Mary Clements. They have one child, Warren Nelson, AVII. George Nelson, AVI, is the youngest son of John and Laura Nelson. He married Ruth Garlough. They have no children.

ROBERT WHITE

AV No. 58

Robert White was the third child of John and Nancy White. At the age of 18 years he enlisted in the 10th Ohio Battery in the Civil War. He served four years, and obtained an honorable discharge. After coming out of the war, he moved to Iowa, and married Mary Stubbs.

He died at Bradshaw, Nebraska, leaving his wife and four children, as follows: Roscoe White, AVI; Ray White, AVI; Jessie White, AVI, and Pearl White, AVI.

WILLIAM WHITE

AV No. 59

William White was the fourth child of John and Nancy White. He moved to Iowa and married Kate Towlman.

He died early in life, at about 40 years of age, leaving six children. Kate Towlman White, we are advised, lives at Indianola, Iowa.

We can give no further information of his children.

ANNA WHITE

AV No. 60

Anna White was the fifth child of John and Nancy White. She was not married, and died at her mother's home when 35 years of age.

It is understood that Uncle John White was a great preacher in his day. He was also a dry goods merchant. Eleanor Marshall, his mother, was very proud of her son.

JULIA WHITE

AIV No. 18

Julia A. White was the second child of Eleanor Marshall and William White. She was born near Selma, Ohio, —, and married, on November 21, 1839, Charles Tindall. She is buried by the side of her mother in the Methodist Cemetery at Selma, Ohio.

They were the parents of ten children. Three died in infancy, and seven lived to be grown and married.

ELIZABETH TINDALL

AV

Elizabeth Tindall was the eldest daughter of Julia and Charles Tindall. She married John Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson is now past 81 years of age, and resides in Springfield, Ohio, with two of her children, her husband having passed away some years ago.

They were the parents of seven children. The oldest son died young.

Clair Anderson, AVI, was the second child of Elizabeth and John Anderson. She married Frank Cory. She died a few years ago, leaving a family of six children, as follows: Una Zell Cory, AVII, who married Fred W. Williamson. They have three children: Marie Anderson Williamson, AVIII; Francis Jean Williamson, AVIII, and Clarence Frederick Williamson, AVIII. Esther Cory, AVII, is unmarried. M. Carl Cory, AVII, married Leah Jenkins. John Wilbur Cory is unmarried, and Mary Lucile Cory, AVII. Jessie Anderson, AVI, daughter of Elizabeth and John Anderson, married Robert Cory. They are the parents of six children, as follows: Bessie A. Cory, AVII, who married Wilson Hanna, has two children; Robert Cory Hanna, AVIII, and Gladys Jean Hanna, AVIII. Helen Cory, AVII, married A. Leonard Flatter. They have four children: Mary Leah Flatter, AVIII; Virgil Cory Flatter, AVIII; Phyllis Flatter, AVIII; Joseph Flatter, AVIII; and Francis M. Cory, AVII, who married Wayne Flatter. They have one child, Samuel Wayne Flatter, AVIII. Mildred J. Cory, AVII, married Rev. Ernest Foster. They have one child, Charlotte Foster, AVIII. Robert Howard Cory, AVII, is unmarried.

Julia Anderson, AVI, daughter of Elizabeth and John Anderson, married Walter Furgeson. They have three children: David Lawrence Ferguson, AVII, who married Mary Anderson; Warren Ferguson, AVII, unmarried, and Bruce Ferguson, unmarried. Nellie Anderson, AVI, the daughter of Elizabeth and John Anderson, married Harvey Collins. They have four children, as follows: Eugene Collins, AVII; Frederick Collins, AVII; John Harvey Collins, AVII, and Mary Eleanor Collins, AVII. They live at Xenia, Ohio. Cora Anderson, AVI, the daughter of Elizabeth and John Anderson, is unmarried and resides with her mother in Springfield, Ohio. Frederick Anderson, AVI, the youngest son of Elizabeth and John Anderson, married Christel Rackard, now deceased. They have one child, Elizabeth R. Anderson, AVII.

NANCY TINDALL

AV

Nancy Tindall was the second daughter of Julia White and Charles Tindall. She married John Harrison. They were the parents of three children, as follows: Charles Harrison, AVI, deceased; William Harrison, AVI, had two children. Mrs. Grace Harrison, of Glendale, California, and two children are the only descendants of this family.

MARGARET A. TINDALL

AV No. 61

Margaret A. Tindall was the third child of Julia White and Charles Tindall. She married Thomas P. Miller in Ohio; in 1883 they moved to Idaho. Mr. Miller died some years ago, and Mrs. Miller lives with her son, Col. Amos J. Miller, at Caldwell, Idaho.

Mrs. Miller was brought up in the old Marshall neighborhood near Selma, on her great-grandfather Marshall's old farm, where she married Thomas P. Miller. She writes me that if my mother were still living, she could tell me about Thomas P. Miller; that when they were both young, they were very warm friends. She states she had often heard him speak of mother as being a very fine girl. She also remembers my grandmother, "Aunt Sara Harper," as she calls her, and refers to the fact that her mother lived with her.

I have had several letters from Mrs. Miller, all of which were filled with interesting remarks and records.

She was the mother of eight children; three died in infancy, and five lived to be grown. Her children are widely scattered now. All of them are well situated, and Mrs. Miller is extremely proud of her family.

Again I wish to thank her for her courtesy in answering my communications, and for the time she has spent in gathering records for me.

She apologizes for her writing, stating that her age makes her nervous. Notwithstanding that, she writes a smoother hand than I ever have in my life.

Her people are well-to-do, and I should judge from her communications that she is thoroughly enjoying the later years of her life. I hope there will be many yet for her, free from care and suffering.

The record of her children follows: Mary Anna, AVI No. 99, her oldest daughter, married Frank Buell, who is now deceased. She lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and has six children. The oldest, Bessie Buell, AVII No. 35, married Lawrel Haws, who is engaged in the general merchandise trade. They have one child 2 years of age. Mary Anna's second son, Ralph Buell, AVII No. 36, and the third son, Lester Buell, AVII No. 37, live in Milwaukee, and are with Henry Ford. The fourth son, Ted Buell, AVII No. 38, resides in Milwaukee, and is paymaster for a company. Ruth Buell, AVII No. 39 is at home with her mother, who is comfortable; Franklin Buell, AVII No. 40, is at home in high school. Julia Miller, AVI No. 100, the second daughter of Margaret, married Frank Woodard. They had two children, Cora Woodard, AVII No. 41, and Ralph Woodard, AVII No. 42. Julia died when her youngest child was one year old. Amos J. Miller, AVI No. 101, is the only son of Margaret and Thomas P. Miller. He is a retired farmer, owns his farm and has it rented. He moved to Caldwell, Idaho, to educate his children. He is now operating the Caldwell Sales Company. He is an auctioneer, has an office, yards, and a sales ring, with a covered sale pavillion, and conducts farm and live stock sales, and pure bred stock sales.

He married Virginia Howell. They are the parents of six children. His oldest son, Fred Miller, AVII No. 43, married Beulah Nicol. They have two children, Margir Miller, AVIII, and Robert Miller, AVIII. Ruth Miller, AVII No. 44, married Glen Evans, and lives in Ontario, Oregon. Rachael Miller, AVII No. 45, their third child, married Albert Paulson. They are farmers on their own farm, and have two children, Virginia Paulson, AVIII,

and Pauline Paulson, AVIII, and live at Caldwell, Idaho. Mary Miller, AVII No. 46, the fourth child of Amos Miller, married James Hawks. Mr. Hawks is a minister, and they live in Spokane, Washington. Lucy Miller, AVII No. 47, fifth child of Amos Miller, is in college in Caldwell. Helen Miller, AVII No. 48, is in high school in Caldwell. Stella Miller, AVI No. 102, the third child of Margaret and Thomas Miller, married S. F. Woodard, who was formerly the husband of her older sister. Mr. Woodard is a druggist, and lives at Gannett, Idaho. They have three children as follows: Florence Woodard, AVII No. 49, Sarah Woodard, AVII No. 50, and Arta Woodard, AVII No. 51. Lucy Miller, youngest child of Margaret and Thomas P. Miller, died at 13 years of age.

WILLIAM TINDALL

AV

William Tindall was the fourth child of Julia and Charles Tindall. He was born in Ohio, in the old Marshall neighborhood, and moved to Bradshaw, Nebraska. He has been a farmer, and owns a good farm, the youngest son being on the farm.

He married Selena Hatswell. They were the parents of eight children, as follows: Louis M. Tindall, AVI, who married Margaret Willows. They have two children, Marshall Tindall, AVII, and Frank Tindall, AVII, and live at Kindersley, Sask., Canada. Fred Tindall, AVI, married Lillian Brumsay. They have no children and live at Milestone, Sask., Canada. William Tindall, AVI, married Blanche Merkel and has two children. Thelma Tindall, AVII, and Louise Tindall, AVII, and lives at Kindersley, Sask., Canada. Royal Tindall, AVI, is unmarried and lives at Kindersley, Sask., Canada. Franklin Tindall, AVI, lives at Bradshaw, Nebraska. Lucy Tindall, AVI, married Albert Holmes. They have four children, Margaret Holmes, AVII; Helen Holmes, AVII; Bernice Holmes, AVII, and Harlan Holmes, AVII. The family lives at Kindersley, Sask., Canada. Margir Tindall, AVI, is living at Bradshaw, Nebraska.

THOMAS TINDALL

AV

Thomas Tindall is the fifth child of Julia White and Charles Tindall. He was born in the old Marshall neighborhood, near Selma, Ohio, and has always lived in Ohio. At present he is at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

He married, first, Flora McFarland, and, second, Minnie Mound. There are no children by the second marriage. By the first marriage, there are three children, as follows: Charles W. Tindall, AVI, who married Essie Bridgeman. They have two children, Thelma E. Tindall, AVII, and Margaret E. Tindall, AVII. Their home is in Xenia, Ohio. Nellie Tindall, AVI, married S. C. Powell. They live in Cincinnati, Ohio. Florence Tindall, AVI, is unmarried. Florence lives with Elizabeth Anderson, in Springfield, who took her when she was 5 years of age.

JOHN TINDALL

AV

John Tindall was the sixth child of Julia White and Charles Tindall. He was married, and had one child, of which we have no record.

He was a merchant, and died at about 42 years of age.

FRED TINDALL

AV

Fred Tindall was the seventh and youngest child of Julia White and Charles Tindall. He was born on the old farm, near Selma, Ohio, and died in 1919.

He was married twice, first to Mary Keyes and, second, to Martha Vottice. They were the parents of three boys: Paul H. Tindall, AVI, who married Eva Hudson. They have no children. Paul H. Tindall is in the banking business at Springfield, Ohio. Louis Tindall, AVI, married Ednoh Hopping. They have two children, Ralph Tindall, AVII, and Gretchen Tindall, AVII. Mr. Tindall is in the banking business at Cedarville, Ohio. Elton Tindall, AVI, married Greta Bronson. They live at Selma, Ohio, where Mr. Tindall is in the merchandise business. Elton Tindall was in the World War.

In closing the chapter of Eleanor Marshall, the author regrets that there are a few blank spaces. I have held open the closing of this chapter to the very last one in the whole book, and have recorded all the information I could get, after working on it for almost a year.

CHAPTER VII

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIII No. 4

(By Emma W. Wilson)

Our grandfather, William Marshall, Jr., was born January 10th, 1799, in Frederick County, Virginia. He was of English descent, a man of fine mind with ideals far ahead of his generation.

He married Catherine Huffman March 22nd, 1821. He carried on a prosperous country store in a village in Clark County, Ohio, called Cortsville, named for his partner Robert Cort, a native of England.

Twice yearly he went by stage to Philadelphia to purchase merchandise. He dealt extensively in wool which was sent to an Eastern market. Produce was gathered throughout the country from the farmers and fortnightly hauled in covered wagons to Cincinnati to be exchanged for store goods.

Upon one of these trips to the City, Robert Cort met an English-woman visiting there, a nurse, with two of Harriet Beecher Stowe's daughters; they drove to Cortsville and were entertained in Grandfather's home until the return trip to Cincinnati in two weeks.

Grandfather also conducted the Post Office for that section. He died of fever January 1st, 1842, aged forty-three years.

CATHERINE HUFFMAN MARSHALL

Grandmother Catherine Huffman Marshall, born October 11th, 1801, was a true Christian woman, noted for her kindly disposition, respected and loved by all who knew her.

She was left a widow early in life with eight children, two having died in infancy. She reared them to useful manhood and womanhood.

The untimely death of her husband robbed his family of a devoted father, whose aspirations for his children could not be realized.

Grandmother died May 2nd, 1867.

The great event for the grandchildren was the yearly vacation visit to grandmother's farm. The house was surrounded by huge locust trees, with the wonderful spring nearby, the spring-branch lined with sweet flag and mint.

ANN ELIZA MARSHALL

AIV No. 19.

Ann Eliza Marshall, the oldest daughter of William and Catherine Marshall, born March 7th, 1822, married William Storry, a Virginian, who died when his little daughter Kate was nine weeks old.

She later in 1846, married William Mills, whose father in 1827 was one of the pioneer settlers of Greene County, Ohio.

It was through Judge Mills's influence and financial aid that Antioch College was established in Yellow Springs, Ohio. This was the first college in the land to give equal educational advantages to both sexes, with the honor of having Horace Mann, the famous Eastern Educator, as first President.

Capt. Mills was Quartermaster during the Civil War, stationed at Nashville, Tennessee. After the war, he was in Government employ for several years in the south.

His wife died July 10th, 1864, leaving five motherless children to the care of their half sister, Kate Storry, who devoted her young life to them.

DELILA PETERSON MARSHALL

AIV No. 20.

Our mother, Delila Peterson Marshall, second daughter of William and Catherine Marshall, married Joseph E. Wilson, a Virginian, in 1845.

With her sister, Ann Eliza, she for several months attended a seminary in Springfield, Ohio, taught by two charming eastern women.

She assisted in her father's store and post office, and after his death taught school.

She was a devoted, unselfish mother, a lover of flowers and birds, and in fact, of all nature.

It is to her remarkable memory and her diary kept through many years that I am indebted for these reminiscences.

She died August 19th, 1915, in Yellow Springs, Ohio, aged ninety-two years, leaving a family of four children.

MARY ANN MARSHALL

AIV No. 21.

Mary Ann Marshall, daughter of William and Catherine Marshall, was born June 9th, 1825. She was the third daughter.

She was the wit and life of the family.

She married Samuel Stewart, of Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The second edition of Pennsylvania Genealogies, by Prof. Egle, who for many years was State Librarian of the state of Pennsylvania, contains on page 645 a complete history of the Stewart family, under the head of "Stewart of Drumore." Mr. Samuel Stewart's family is found recorded on page 663, bottom of page, where his children are listed. Cyrus McCormick, of Chicago, caused Prof. Egle to compile this second edition, and it is quite complete, and will be found in the leading libraries of the country.

In his early life Mr. Stewart was in partnership with his brother Elder, in Yellow Springs, during the days when Antioch College was in its prime, and when Horace Mann was its President. Mr. Stewart later purchased an extensive stock farm, on the line of Logan and Hardin County, Ohio, and engaged extensively in stock farming. He was well known in the section of the country where he resided. He, at one time, was Commissioner of Hardin County.

Mary Marshall Stewart was quite beyond the ordinary woman. She had a most brilliant memory. One of her characteristics was the love and devotion to her family that was most marked.

She died in July of 1890. She was an invalid during the last eight years of her life, but was most patient through it all, and, notwithstanding the fact that she was confined to her room during all that time, she never lost interest in the affairs of life, and made an effort to keep in close touch with them.

She was the mother of six children, which follow:

MARSHALL STEWART

AV No. 72.

Marshall Stewart was the first child of Mary Ann Marshall and Samuel Stewart. He was born in 1850.

He married Olive Stephenson.

ELLA MAY STEWART

AV No. 73.

Ella May Stewart was the second child of Mary Ann Mashall and Samuel Stewart. She was born in 1852.

She married Isaac W. Lewis.

Harold Lewis, AVI, son of Ella May Stewart, served in the World War.

CHASE STEWART

AV No. 74.

Chase Stewart was the third child of Mary Ann Marshall and Samuel Stewart. He was born in Yellow Springs, Ohio, on October 26th, 1856.

He attended Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, from which institution he received a degree, and then graduated in the Arts Course of Chicago University with the class of 1880. Adopting law as his profession, he attended the National Law School, at Washington, D. C., graduating therefrom in 1882. He located at Springfield, Ohio, in 1883, and has continued the practice of law in that city up to the present time and in the State and Federal courts.

In addition to the few facts furnished us by Mrs. Emma Wilson, of Chase Stewart, the author knows him to be one of the forceful men of the state of Ohio, and desires to record more of his history.

Chase Stewart is responsible for this whole book, and everything therein. I have no doubt that he will repudiate the responsibility, since he is a very cautious man. Indeed, I would hesitate to ask him to bear the responsibility for the expression of a good many opinions contained herein, for I judge, with his critical and conservative nature, he would eliminate about three-fourths of them.

Be that as it may, I called at his office a number of years ago, in Springfield. While there, he showed me a typewritten record of William Marshall's (his grandfather's) family. With it was also a record and considerable history of the Peterson family, of whom both he and I are descendants. That was probably fifteen years from the present time—1922. That information, he told me, had been gathered by his mother and Delila Peterson Wilson, his aunt. I had never met his mother, but I had met, 'way back in 1878, his Aunt Delila Wilson. I met her several times later. She was a most remarkable woman. Her memory was prodigious. She was a charming conversationalist. At the age of 90-odd years, and two years before her death, her remarkable memory was still as bright as ever. From Chase, and other sources, I learn that his mother was of a like forcefulness.

I asked Chase for a copy of that record, which he promised to send me. Like all other bachelors, he was so busy that he failed to do so.

A year or so later I called, while in Springfield, at his office again. After some conversation, he asked me how long I would be in the city. I replied that it all depended on himself. "How is that?" he asked. I stated the incident of the Marshall record he possessed, and that he had forgotten to send me a copy; that I was there in his office,

and did not intend to move until I possessed it. It was quite evident that he did not want me about his office, for he immediately went to his rooms, and got the papers for me. From that basis, in 1909, I started that which has finally culminated in this book. So, Mr. Stewart, if you do not like anything contained herein, just blame it on yourself.

Chase Stewart has never married. Whether 'way back in his student days, at the period in which most men mate, he loved and lost and has since cherished an ideal; or whether he was so much in love with his chosen profession and too much engrossed in preparing himself for his life work, and thereafter too busy to permit himself to seriously think of the fair sex, I have no knowledge.

From heredity on the Marshall side, he would have married once, and possibly again, so I believe his cautiousness comes from the Stewart part of him, as in that family I know of others that have refrained from entangling alliances, and devoted their whole lives to the interests of others.

Chase Stewart has inherited from his parents a strong character, and much ability. I have no doubt, had I been intimately acquainted with him, that his life has furnished many thrilling incidents that would be of interest to his many relatives, closely and distantly related. We can only write of his public record.

His first public office was that of Prosecuting Attorney of Clark County, to which he was elected in the fall of 1888. Three years later he was elected for the second term, serving six years in all, in that office. While holding the position of Prosecuting Attorney, he was elected President of the Prosecuting Attorneys' Association of the State of Ohio. Mr. Stewart was one of the leaders in the organization of the Ohio League of Republican Clubs, and held the position of Treasurer. In the early '90's this League was quite active and potent in all state party affairs. He was always a Republican, and became one of the leading Republicans of the state. In the fall of 1895 he was elected as a member of the Ohio General Assembly, and, as a Republican, at once took a prominent part in the councils of his party. He served on several of the important committees, and was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was recognized as the leader of the Republican party of the House. He was re-elected to his seat in 1897, and returned to the Legislature, with the reputation of a thorough and earnest worker, and a redoubtable antagonist in debate. He was always fearless and outspoken, and his intense earnestness, cool head, and ripe judgment carried his party safely through many a shoal, and these same qualities, together with his untiring energy and devotion,

have won for him success in his profession. He has many times been urged to seek other political honors, but has always declined to be a candidate. He is one of the leading Attorneys of the Springfield Bar, which is composed of men of high professional ability. He is another one of the William Marshall descendants who has reached an eminent position in the practice of law.

I have visited a number of them, and the only objection I have to calling on them has been that they are too busy. Probably the experience they get in utilizing every minute of their time in pleading for others will come handy some time in the future in persuading Peter to let them see the other side of the Gates.

All right, you Stewarts, Heyls, Haywoods, Weavers, Briggses, Corys, Powells, and other lawyers of the family—should you get turned back at Peter's Gate, come along and cross over the bridge that I will try to build over the chasm.

Mr. Stewart takes part in public affairs at all times. In the political campaigns he delivers speeches all over the state, for the Republican party, because he believes that the country is best served through its principles. He has a wide practice in his profession throughout the State and Federal Courts.

Chase Stewart belongs to the Methodist Church. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and the Masonic Fraternity, a member of the Springfield Chamber of Commerce, the Lagonda Club, the Country Club, and Men's Literary Club. He has visited many foreign lands, and his travel lectures are most delightful and instructive.

As this is the first time in writing this History that I have had a lawyer as a subject, I desire to make a few observations on this profession. When I was a young man on the farm, I thought a lawyer didn't do anything but have a good time. I apprehend that that is the view of a great many of our farmer relatives at this time. After forty years of experience in business affairs, for the most part I have found that I needed a lawyer. Instead of getting one into trouble, as a great many people think, their principal business is getting them out of it. I have employed lawyers for individual cases, and I have employed them by the year; have been in various Courts, local and Federal. With that experience I have found that a good lawyer is not only one of the business men in any vocation, but, if a trial lawyer, he works more hours, and expends more energy in his profession than any other class with whom I have come in contact. When anyone—farmer or business man—has need of a lawyer, he has need of a good one. I never was really defeated but twice in law-suits; once because of an incompetent lawyer, an experience that cost a good deal

of money; the other time when I acted as my own Attorney in a case before a Justice of the Peace, when my case was thrown out of court without trial. Since this History shows a clear record for all the family, possibly they have wisely employed the able Attorneys in the family to keep them out of jail.

MARY STEWART

AV No. 75.

(By Emma W. Wilson)

Mary Stewart was the fourth child of Mary Ann Marshall and Samuel Stewart. She was born in 1861.

She married Charles B. Cory.

ELIZABETH STEWART

AV No. 76.

Elizabeth Stewart was the fifth child of Mary Ann Marshall and Samuel Stewart. She was born in 1863.

She married Joseph Y. Boone.

CATHERINE STEWART

Catherine Stewart was the sixth child of Mary Ann Marshall and Samuel Stewart. She was born in 1871.

ROBERT F. MARSHALL

AIV No. 22.

Robert F. Marshall, eldest son of William and Catherine Huffman Marshall, was born at Selma, Clark County, Ohio, on July 27th, 1827, and died at the home of his son, William, in Dayton, Ohio, on January 6th, 1913.

His father, William Marshall, died at the age of forty-two, and left a large family, and his widow, locally and lovingly known as "Aunt Katy," whose piety and philanthropy in the community was proverbial.

Thus to Robert at fifteen years came the burden of helping his mother and two older sisters support and rear the younger children. Having no opportunity for higher education, Robert was a great reader and became well informed, possessing a clear, logical mind and a remarkably retentive memory.

He inherited a religious nature and developed a high sense of honor, patience and modesty. Accuracy, kindness, generosity, and courage were his dominant traits of character.

On June 2nd, 1853, Robert married Agnes Elder, oldest daughter of Thomas Elder and Margery Anderson, of Scotch-Irish and Scotch descent, a young woman of strong character and quick intuitive perceptions, who remained his faithful help-meet throughout the fifty-seven years of their wedded life.

To this union seven children were born, Kate, May, William C., Thomas Elder, Robert, Winifred and Agnes, in the order named, all reaching maturity except Agnes, who lived but three days.

At an early day, Robert, with his young wife and baby daughter, Kate, moved to Illinois, locating on "the prairies" of McLean County, where he acquired large land holdings which he abandoned when the Civil War began, throughout which struggle he had charge of a Federal wagon-train. He was captured by Confederate cavalry, but by a feat of remarkable daring and agility he escaped and resumed his command.

During the later years of his life, Robert suffered greatly from Arthritis Deformans and other ailments, being, for more than a year preceding his death, confined to his bed, helpless as a little child. In all his afflictions no word of complaint escaped his lips, but with sublime patience and fortitude he awaited the summons to join his loved ones gone before.

His death was beautiful. He announced the time of his going twelve hours before, and as the stated hour approached he lay in full possession of all his mental faculties. With wide open eyes, apparently fixed upon the dawning vista of a future world, he whispered the words his mother uttered on her death-bed, "All is bright, no sorrow, no darkness, no gloom," and ceased to breathe.

The children of Robert F. and Agnes E. Marshall, for the privilege of such parents, surely owe to the Giver of all good a lasting debt of gratitude.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

KATE MARSHALL

AV. No. 78

Kate taught in the public schools for several years, and was much beloved by her pupils. She died from tuberculosis at her father's home near Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1895, aged forty-one years.

MAY MARSHALL

AV No. 79

May married John A. Bradfute, a most worthy young man, lived a few useful happy years thereafter, dying from hemorrhage in

1894, aged thirty-eight years, leaving her devoted husband, daughter Kate, aged eight, and Cornelia, the baby girl for whom she gave her life.

Kate and May were earnest Christian women such as the world can ill afford to lose.

WILLIAM C. MARSHALL

AV No. 80

William C. is a physician of Springfield, Ohio. He married L. Scherer, and to them have come two sons, Robert F. and William C.

THOMAS ELDER MARSHALL

AV No. 81

Thomas Elder is a physician of Sheridan, Wyoming. He married Florence Seward of Urbana, Ohio, and they have one son, Thomas Elder, Jr.

ROBERT MARSHALL

AV No. 82

Robert married Bernardina Ohmer, of Dayton, Ohio. He is in business in Washington, D. C.

WINFRED MARSHALL

AV No. 83

Winfred married Carrie Johnson, of Yellow Springs, Ohio. He makes his home in Ocean Springs, Miss.

AMOS HUFFMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 23

Amos Huffman Marshall, second son of William and Catherine Marshall, born October 15, 1829, sailed for California in 1853, from New York. He, with five friends, landed on the Isthmus of Panama at Aspinwall, now called Colon. They reached the terminus of the railroad, about twenty miles up the Chagres River, then were poled by natives in flat-boats twenty miles farther. Instead of going mule-back, being scarce of funds, the five hiked over the identical ground where the Panama Canal is now located.

One of the party contracted Chagres Fever, and after taking passage on a sailing vessel at Panama, was seriously ill.

Many on board died of fever and their bodies were cast into the Pacific.

They reached San Francisco in about fifteen days, almost penniless, and endured many hardships before reaching the gold region.

Their search for the "Golden Fleece" was a failure.

After seven years, Amos came home, but soon returned to Trinity County, where he married and lived in view of Mt. Shasta until his death in 1919, his wife dying in 1917.

His three children with their families live in California.

ELIZABETH NAGLEY MARSHALL

AIV No. 24

Elizabeth Nagley Marshall, daughter of William and Catherine Marshall, born 1831, married my father's brother, Daniel P. Wilson, in 1855.

In 1859 they moved from Clark County, Ohio, to Illinois, near Lexington and endured all the hardships of pioneers.

In 1862 she and a baby daughter died of measles, and the three remaining daughters were brought to Ohio by their father and left with relatives until old enough to return to their home in Illinois.

No member of the family is now living.

CATHERINE HUFFMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 26.

Catherine Huffman Marshall, daughter of William and Catherine Marshall, born January 21, 1835, married my father's youngest brother, David P. Wilson, in 1856.

In 1860 they moved from Selma, Ohio, to McKissick's Grove, Iowa; in 1861 to Ft. Scott, Kansas, and in August of the same year by wagon train overland to Pikes Peak, Colorado, travelling in constant fear of Indians.

In November her two little children, Clara and Charles, died the same night of diphtheria, and were buried in the same coffin.

Her husband had a brilliant mind. He was at one time Representative in the Colorado Legislature. He was also the proverbial "rolling stone."

She died in Kansas City, Missouri, 1870, leaving one lovely daughter who died suddenly in Silver City, New Mexico, in 1886.

SAMUEL CLARK MARSHALL

AIV No. 28.

The youngest of the William Marshall family, Samuel Clark, born December 11, 1840, at the age of twenty enlisted in the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, and was honorably discharged after serving his country three years in the Civil War.

Later he was in Government employ in Nashville, Tennessee, where he married and lived until the death of his wife.

In 1886 he was appointed Government Agent in the Navajo Agency, Ft. Defiance, Arizona.

He died in Boston in 1894. His one son died in early manhood.

Our branch of the family had many representatives in the different wars of our country.

Our father, Joseph E. Wilson in 1864 served in West Virginia as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 154th O. N. G.

My daughter's husband, Dr Clarence S. Ramsey, was Captain and Quartermaster of the 3rd O. V. I. in the Spanish War. During the World War he offered his services, and was appointed a member of the draft examining board.

My youngest son, Harold Marshall Wilson, was in the Philippines fighting the Moros.

Jesse R. Holman, of Texas, son-in-law of my brother Frank E. Wilson, was Colonel of the 18th Engineers with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

A son, J. Marshall Wilson, was also in the Regiment.

I can remember perfectly Great-grandfather Peter Huffman, and Great-grandmother Barbara, meeting them, when a child, at their daughter's home, Catherine Marshall, our grandmother.

He was short, and fair, with bright blue eyes, wearing what was called in those days a "wampus," probably the progenitor of the present day "sweater."

Great-grandmother, also, was small in stature, and of dark complexion.

After recording the above chapter by Mrs. Emma Wilson, I noted that she has not said a word about herself or her family. I knew she had a brother, William Marshall Wilson, AV No. 74, way up in Canada, and decided to inveigle him into giving me more information of Delila Wilson's family. A letter sent to him promptly brought the following information:

“Joseph Ely Wilson and Delila Marshall were married at Selma, Ohio, December 2, 1845. After their marriage in 1845, father farmed for two years, three miles north of Yellow Springs. He then removed to Yellow Springs, where he was engaged in the lime and quarry business until the outbreak of the Civil War. In 1886, father bought lands near Greenwood, Jackson County, Missouri, where we resided from 1867 to 1870. Sister Emma being married in 1865, remained in Ohio. In 1870, the family returned to Yellow Springs, excepting brother Frank, then 21 years of age, who took a herd of young cows west to near Trinidad, Colorado, and began ranching. He was afterwards in the hardware trade in Trinidad and Pueblo, and later was Sheriff and Treasurer, for a number of years, of Comanche County, Texas, where he later ranched. He still resides in Texas.

My sister Emma was educated at Antioch College. She was a student of more than average ability. She married Charles Knott Wilson in 1865, and resided on a farm in Clark County, northwest of Yellow Springs, for twenty years. Her husband met with financial reverses, and during most of the lives of the children their mother was their main support, residing during those years mostly in Springfield. I can truthfully say that Emma was a woman of strong character and personality, a devoted, sympathetic, affectionate mother, an active, energetic, practical and efficient woman, and at heart and mind a true mother—a most worthy daughter of a most unusual mother.

You ask how I come to be way up in Alberta. I think I may say that I inherited a love of nature, and also a pioneering spirit from my ancestors on both sides. I have always been attracted to the new lands, and am now in a most wonderful country, with a great undeveloped empire to the north of us, for many hundreds of miles, that will ultimately surpass in wealth and population anything you can think of. You people of the South think of it as cold, but do you know that the coldest point in North America is in Montana, and that one thousand miles north of the United States, it is warmer than the Northwestern states? (I have lately learned that that statement is a fact. The author.)

Before leaving Yellow Springs with my parents, for Missouri, and after I returned, I was for thirteen years in the primary or model school preparatory classes, and three years in the scientific courses in Antioch College. For two years, in 1874 and '75, and '75 and '76, I was in the agricultural course of the State University at Columbus, Ohio. After my marriage, I farmed one year in Ohio, and then removed to Butler, Bates County, Missouri, where I farmed seven

years. I was then farming seven years in Freemont County, Iowa, near Randolph, and in the Nishna Botna Valley. I was then for ten years in and near Webb City, Missouri, in the lead and zinc mining, or manufacturing of mining machinery and supplies. I was Vice President and Manager of the Webb City Iron Works for a number of years. I returned to Yellow Springs in 1904, and remained there with Mother for a year, when I came to Alberta in 1906, and located the following year, with my second wife, Ruthetta Drake, of Yellow Spring, where I since have resided—farming, and breeding Short-horns and Durocs.

My eldest daughter, Mary, a graduate of the Iowa State University, married Thomas B. Powell, a graduate of Gambrier, in Ohio, and of law at the State University. He is in the law practice in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. My second daughter is also married, and resides in Cedar Rapids, her husband being connected with the Quaker Oats Co. My youngest daughter, Gertrude, was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and the Chicago Art Institute. She married Henry C. Cook, a graduate of Princeton, a chemist, and has resided at Buffalo, New York, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he has been connected with the steel industry. He is now in Buffalo, in the manufacturing business."

Following are the records of the four children of Delila Marshall and Joseph Ely Wilson:

EMMA WILSON

AV No. 68.

Emma Wilson was the first child of Joseph and Delila Wilson. She was born on September 29, 1846, Cortsville, Ohio.

She married Charles K. Wilson on November 4th, 1865. They are the parents of four children. Elizabeth Wilson, AVII No. 52, who married Clarence Crooker, and they have one son, Ernest Seymour Crooker, AVIII; Sarah Wilson, AVII No. 53, Hannah, AVII No. 54, deceased; and Rachel Wilson, AVII No. 55; Della Elizabeth Wilson, AVI No. III, who married Dr. Clarence S. Ramsey. They have one daughter, Louise Elizabeth Ramsey, AVII No. 56. Wilbur Clark Wilson, AVI No. 112, married Vera Jones, and are the parents of two children; Francis Gertrude Wilson, AVII No. 57; and Marshall Wilson, AVII No. 58. Harold Marshall Wilson, AVI No. 113, married Martha Williams, and they are the parents of two children; Emma Louise Wilson, AVII No. 59; and Raymond Marshall Wilson, AII No. 60.

FRANK E. WILSON

AV No. 69

Frank E. Wilson was the second child of Delila and Joseph Wilson. He was born at Yellow Springs, Ohio, February 13, 1849.

He married Lina Wright, November 13, 1877, at Comanche, Texas. They had six children, as follows: Kate E. Wilson, AVI No. 115, born September 1, 1878; Lucille Wilson, AVI No. 116, born January 15, 1880; Arthur Wilson, AVI No. 114, born December 23, 1883, and died July 13, 1887; Joseph Wright Wilson, AVI No. 117, born August 26, 1886; Della Wilson, AVI No. 119; and Marshall Wilson, AVI No. 118.

WILLIAM MARSHALL WILSON

AV No. 70.

William Marshall Wilson was the third child of Delila and Joseph Wilson. He was born at Yellow Springs, Ohio, February 28, 1856. He married May A. Woodard, of Pennsylvania, November 21, 1877. His second marriage was to Ruthetta Drake.

They had three daughters, as follows: Mary A. Wilson, AVI No. 120, born February 28, 1880; Lorena M. Wilson, AVI No. 121, born August 6, 1881; and Gertrude H. Wilson, AVI No. 122, born August 19, 1883.

HANNAH P. WILSON

AV No. 71

Hannah P. Wilson was the youngest child of Delila and Joseph Wilson. She was born at Yellow Springs, Ohio, September 3, 1858.

She married Edward J. Winslow, of California. To that union was born one son, Hugh B. Winslow, AVI No. 123, on December 22, 1883.

CHAPTER VIII

ROBERT MARSHALL

AIII No 5.

FATHER OF WILLIAM, DANIEL H., SOLOMON H., JESSE W., DELILA ANN, AND GEORGE MARSHALL.

Robert Marshall, son of William Marshall and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on June 6, 1801, and died September 17, 1846, about three miles from Clifton, in Greene County. Robert and James, twins, were the fifth and sixth sons of the family.

He is buried in the Blocksom Cemetery, about one mile west of Selma. I have visited his grave twice, within the past two years.

He married Sarah Huffman in Greene County, Ohio, on April 22, 1824. He came from Virginia with his parents when about fourteen years old.

The Huffmans lived south of Xenia in Greene and Clifton Counties.

For a time Robert and his wife lived south of Xenia in Greene County, where my father, S. H. Marshall, was born in 1829.

Robert Marshall was a large man physically, as were all his sons, except my father. He was a man of determination and activity. His quality of determination was fully inherited by his sons and grandsons.

He was a farmer, a dealer in live stock and a business man. At the time of his death, in addition to live stock and the farm, he was also operating a general store at Cortsville, about a mile from where Selma is at the present time.

Robert Marshall died suddenly from an attack of pneumonia, in the prime of life, leaving large interests, but considerably involved.

I remembered that Grandmother had a life estate in the home farm that was sold to Charles Stewart for certain annual payments during her life which lasted for about forty years.

His estate went to Grandmother, and finally to George and Daniel H. Marshall. Whether it was much or little, I do not know but the others received nothing.

Of his religious views or practice, I have no information. In politics, he was a whig; his memory was held high in esteem by all his children. I have often heard father talk of him, and there would

always be a wistful tenderness in his voice, as if he were speaking of a lost child.

In my youth, I remember hearing a great deal of Clinton County, where my grandmother would go to visit the Huffmans and Olgesbees. One of her sisters, Delila, married Daniel Olgesbee.

I do not remember meeting any of the Huffmans or Olgesbees until 1915. In that year I, my father and his cousin, Robert Olgesbee, of Xenia, traveled all over the old neighborhood. My father was eighty-six and his cousin, seventy-six years of age. Father easily located the old house in which he was born although he had not seen it for seventy years.

That day we visited several first cousins of Father's, the Huffmans and Olgesbees. Among them was one sister of Robert Olgesbee, a widow living with her married daughter. She is a splendid type of womanhood; tall, finely moulded, and of charming elderly appearance.

The daughter, a fine example of modern American woman, with the beauty and grace inherited and acquired from right living and right thinking, lives in a lovely country home. Much we regretted, owing to our limited time, our inability to stay and enjoy their proffered hospitality.

We visited one of Robert Olgesbee's brothers and two of the Huffmans, all of them well to do country people, with many broad acres of as fine land as Ohio contains.

In Wilmington, we found Christopher Huffman, a first cousin of father and almost of the same age. They had not met since their boyhood days.

He and his wife, a large healthy woman, had retired from the farm to a nice home in Wilmington.

I do not recall ever having witnessed a more pathetic scene than at this meeting.

Christopher Huffman had been a man of large stature and active mind. We found him on his bed, where he had been confined for many months, paralyzed from his hips down.

It would have been a dull person, indeed, not to note his joy at finding father at his bedside. After spending some two hours in which they reviewed events of their boyhood days, and their lives, it was necessary for us to leave.

The poor old fellow piteously pleaded that Father stay with him; he held his hand with both of his, until Father had to force himself free. We were compelled to leave him with the tears streaming down his face.

On the trip with my father, we visited his father's old home about three miles from Clifton and two from Cortsville. We found it exactly as father had described it from memory of over sixty years before; the rooms, the spring, the old log springhouse with its roof projecting some six feet over the spring, was leaning badly, but still standing. After taking a drink, he remarked, "That's the best water I ever drank, and it tastes just like it did seventy-five years ago."

Over along the Pennsylvania Railroad, father pointed out several hundred acres of fine land that was formerly owned by his father.

That strip of railroad formerly called the Little Miami Railroad was one of the first lines built in what was then called the West. Father worked on its construction. Robert furnished ties and timbers for it. It is now a double track trunk line.

From what I saw, and what I heard on this trip, authoritatively let me assure the members of the family connected with the Huffman side of it, both those of my generation and those who come later who know nothing of their Huffman Ancestors, that they were men among men of whom they may well be proud.

Sarah Huffman Marshall

Sarah Huffman Marshall was the daughter of Daniel Huffman and Rosanna Peterson Huffman.

She was born in Hardy County, Virginia, now West Virginia, on January 3, 1890. She departed this life on December 17, 1893, at the age of eighty-four years, near Clifton, Greene County, Ohio, and is buried in the Cedarville Cemetery, by the side of her son, Daniel Huffman Marshall.

Grandmother

Rich indeed, is the early memory of every person which has impressed upon it the likeness of "Grandmother."

Though the time of its existence may be short, or extend to three score years and ten, always will it remain, and dear to the secret heart is the memory.

While resting in the quiet wakeful darkness, that page of earliest youthful memories ever comes forth as a spirit from another land, to calm, to soothe, and to cheer a tired brain.

Can there be found in all the words that we have known, a meaning sufficient to describe the tenderness, the sympathy, and the love sublime, of Grandmother's smile, or of the cadence of song that was Grandmother's voice: or has there ever been made a cradle or crib, with down so soft, and cover so comfortable and warm, as Grandmother's lap and arms?

Can we intuitively discern between the kiss of a friend, the long kiss of a lover, the short kiss of a relative, and the kiss of love, Grandmother's kiss?

Can we remember when little children, hand in hand, in our little bare feet, fairly flying over the field to Grandmother's; were ever anybodies' cakes as good as Grandmother's cakes; and from somewhere, before time to go home, there would come a stick of candy, twisted red and white, sweeter than any that has ever since been made?

It is near three score years, but I see her yet, sitting in the cool rear porch of the old farm home, and near by, the old fashioned well, with its "old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket." I remember Grandmother's home, as if it were but yesterday.

From youth, the years passed on, and with them my visits, from necessity, became less and less. On every return, however, it was ever the same; the quiet, tender, considerate, interested, sympathetic and loving Grandmother of my youth. Her whole life for the thirty years that I knew her, was but a benediction.

At my earliest recollection, next to mother, grandmother was the whole world, past, present and future, to me. With others wherever the God of love rules, it is the same today.

Some time after Robert Marshall's death, she married Elijah Harper and we always knew her as Grandmother Harper.

He died in 1867, and for twenty-six years she lived a widow. For many years she lived on the old place near Cedarville, her son George being with her most of the time.

For several years before her death, she made her home with her only daughter Delila Stewart, at whose home she passed away.

She was married when but fifteen years and two months of age. She always had good health. I cannot remember her being sick. A few years before her death, her mind became feeble. While in that condition when I would call upon her, she would not know me; when told who I was, she would say, "Why, yes, Wallace, how is Somp?" (my father) and then pass back to blankness. Very, very pathetic. She was always so quiet, gentle and kindly in her manner, that I cannot think of her as other than that.

Her ancestors on her maternal side were Swiss-German, her grandfather having been born in Switzerland. She was called Virginia Dutch. She would often jabber in German to us children for our amusement.

Since William Marshall, Jr., AIII No. 4, and Robert Marshall, my grandfather, both married Huffmans, it is of interest to two of the

eleven families of that generation that I write of the Petersons and Huffmans.

Sarah Huffman Marshall was the daughter of Daniel Huffman and Rosanna Peterson Huffman, both of whom were born in Virginia in 1778.

Daniel Huffman and Rosanna Peterson were married on May 28, 1800. Rosanna died in December, 1846, and Daniel in 1848 in Clinton County, Ohio, and are buried in the Peterson Family Cemetery in that County.

Barbara Peterson, sister of Rosanna, married Peter Huffman, brother of Daniel. They were born in Virginia. Barbara and Peter Huffman are buried in the Selma Cemetery at Selma, Ohio.

Their daughter Catherine married William Marshall, Jr., so these two families are doubly related.

John Martin Peterson was born in Switzerland May 20, 1730, and emigrated to America with his parents July 23, 1736. He was the father of Rosanna and Barbara Peterson, also Elizabeth Peterson who married Garret Boots and John Peterson, who married Mary Harper, and Jacob Peterson, who married a sister of Mary Harper, and Joseph Peterson.

The home of the Petersons was in Hardy, County, Virginia, where John Martin Peterson died in 1820.

John Martin's father was "Hans Jacob Peterson," born in Barenveil County, Switzerland, on January 7, 1706, and married Sarah Mohlerin on August 13, 1728. He emigrated to America in 1736 after procuring the necessary passport which is in the possession of the Peterson family of Wilmington, Ohio, and reads as follows:

"The Burgomaster and Council of the city of Basle testify herewith that in our city and this region of the country, there is no contagious disease raging, but by the Grace of God we enjoy a pure air free from all infections, and we therefore manfully request that our former citizen Hans Jacob Peterson, together with his family, consisting of his wife and four children intend to travel, first by water to Rotterdam, and per ship to the Island of Pennsylvania, be permitted to pass and repass all places safely and without hindrance. Such favors we are ready promptly to return according to our government custom. Given under the printed smaller seal of our city the 23rd day of April, 1736."

With his family he arrived at Philadelphia. After living in Pennsylvania for some years he went with his family to Augusta County, Virginia, that being a frontier settlement where the settlers were much exposed to Indian raids, which were frequent.

His second son, John Martin Peterson, our ancestor, with others, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and was six months with them west of the Ohio River in the Muskingum, Siota and Miami Valleys.

After many hardships, he succeeded in making his escape and worked his way through North Carolina to his home.

At another time, three of Hans Jacob's daughters were captured by the Indians. One was a captive six years, another for fourteen years.

The Petersons mostly moved to Clinton and Greene counties, Ohio. It is claimed that John Martin when a prisoner was the first white man to travel over these counties, which later became the home of most of his descendants.

The histories of Clinton and Greene Counties in the State Library at Columbus give a lengthy account of the Peterson family.

I have almost a complete record of the Peterson family. While looking up Martin Peterson's record I found his grandson, Solomon, had moved from Ohio to Montgomery County, Indiana.

Some twenty years ago, a Mr. Charles Peterson was civil engineer instructor in Purdue University and worked in my office during vacation.

His father had been a County Commissioner in Montgomery County with whom I had done considerable business. They were fine men.

When I found that Solomon had moved to Montgomery County, I addressed a letter to the brother of Charles, inquiring if he knew who his ancestors were.

A reply gave his record just as I had it back to John Martin Peterson who was his and my great-great-grandfather. So Charles Peterson, my friend of twenty-five years ago (deceased 1905) was also my relative though neither suspected it.

In the notes of the Peterson family that I have possessed for several years, there was a Revolutionary War Record of three years assigned to John Martin. I have taken careful pains to investigate that statement and am fully convinced from legal documents and records that it is a mistake.

The Petersons, both of Ohio and Indiana are of the best and foremost people of their localities.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIV No. 29

(By Belle Carver and Morton M. Marshall)

William Marshall was the first child of Robert and Sarah Huffman Marshall. He was born in Greene County, Ohio, January 19, 1825, on his mother's sixteenth birthday. He died at Greencastle, Indiana, August 30, 1912. He was married to Lucy E. Dimmitt February 17, 1846, in Chillicothe, Ohio. To them nine children were born, six of whom are living. In 1861 he with his wife and six children moved to Indiana, leaving an indebtedness there of twelve hundred dollars (\$1200.00) bearing 10 per cent interest. He and the eldest son Robert travelled in a covered wagon drawn by two horses with a two-year-old colt following, the trip requiring weeks of time over almost impassable roads. The wife and younger children travelled by train. They rented a farm on the Wea Plains, near LaFayette, later removing to a larger farm in the vicinity of Montmorenci.

Shortly after the close of the Civil War, with the assistance of the family, he was able to return to Ohio and settle in full all indebtedness, with a surplus remaining. This surplus enabled him to make a payment on an eighty-acre farm at Montmorenci, to which he moved, thereby giving the family better school and church advantages. For years he was a trustee of the Methodist Church of that place. He was also a trustee of the cemetery company and one of its incorporators. Later he sold the farm and moved to Pulaski County.

Two years later he returned to Tippecanoe County, to the farm owned by his son Robert, on Slim Prairie. Robert at that time was left alone by the recent death of his wife.

In 1890, no longer able to do farm work, he moved to Otterbein, Benton County, living there until 1903, when he purchased a good home in Greencastle that he might be near his son, Morton M. Marshall, and daughter, Belle M. Carver, of that place. After the death of his wife in 1909, he spent the remaining years of his life in the home of Mrs. Carver.

William Marshall was a fine type of manhood, well proportioned, weighing two hundred pounds and of great strength and endurance, quiet, unassuming and home loving. Not being subject to draft in the Civil War, he nevertheless contributed generously to the cause in every way possible. His children were taught by precept and example that honesty was the best policy and to do right for right's sake.

He was a splendid singer of church music. In his last hours he said the happiest hours of his life were when he was surrounded by his children singing the beautiful old hymns.

He was a life-long Republican, never an office-seeker, or office-

LUCY E. MARSHALL

Lucy Dimmitt Marshall, the wife of William Marshall, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, August 2, 1826. Died at Greencastle, Indiana, September 25, 1909. She was the daughter of Robert and Eleanor Dimmitt. She had one sister, Ellen D. Smith. Her father died in New Orleans when she was four years of age; two years later the mother married Isaac S. Wade and six children were born to them. She died in Springfield, Mo., about 1883.

Lucy Dimmitt was a woman of fine personality, characterized by high ideals, making great sacrifices for her home and children, especially during the earlier years. She was originally a member of the Presbyterian church, but in the absence of that church the entire family joined the Methodist church, in which she worked as long as age and strength permitted. Her best work was done with children, having charge of the primary department of the Sunday school for a series of years. She was generous and charitable almost beyond her means to those in need. A woman of strong convictions, fearless and outspoken, she made enemies as well as lasting friends.

Her quick, nervous temperament was in direct contrast to the methodical ways of her husband, but each was the complement of the other, and only the children could appreciate the respective worth of both parents. Of their five sons, William Marshall, Jr., and Roswell Smith Marshall died in infancy.

Of the eight grandchildren, all the six grandsons served in the World War.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIV No. 29

(By Belle Carver and Morton M. Marshall)

William Marshall

He was a splendid singer of church music. In his last hours he said the happiest hours of his life were when he was surrounded by his children singing the beautiful old hymns.

He was a life-long Republican, never an office-seeker, or office-holder, but a supporter of all public and civic improvements.

Humanity was made richer by the life of William Marshall. The last years of his life were passed in rest and comfort and he looked forward to his death with confidence and faith.

ROBERT D. MARSHALL

AV No. 95

Robert D. Marshall, eldest son of William and Lucy Marshall, was born January 1st, 1847. In politics he was a Republican, but with him the church held first place. He was a tireless worker in both the Sunday school and church of the Methodist Church. He was a progressive man along all lines, and a successful farmer.

Being the eldest son, he was the mainstay of the entire family as long as he lived. He was of fine physique, generous, affable and kind. He possessed many friends in all walks of life. Married Miss Emma Waldrip, of Attica, February 22, 1877. She died four years later with the birth of a child. The next year he purchased a 190-acre farm on Slim Prairie, built a good house and established a home which he maintained until the time of his death, November 29, 1885.

FLORENCE McGINITIE

AV No. 96

Florence N. was the eldest daughter of William and Lucy Marshall, born in Ohio, November 23, 1848. She was a dainty little woman, tireless her devotion to the brothers and sisters and later to her own family.

She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, cheery and hopeful always.

She married Thomas McGinitie in Kansas City, Missouri, October 26, 1881, living for a number of years in Chicago and Pullman, where their two sons, William Marshall and Edward D., were born, later going to Seattle, Washington.

Both sons are prosperous business men; both are married.

Marshall has two daughters, Caroline and Lucy.

Florence's husband died three years ago at Seattle, Washington. She owns a comfortable home in that city, but at present is living in Grandview, Washington, that she may be near her son Edward. Both sons served in the war.

JAMES EDGAR MARSHALL

AV No. 97

(By the Author)

James Edgar is the second son of William and Lucy Marshall. He was born in 1851 in Greene County, Ohio. He is another great-grandson of William Marshall, Sr., and Elizabeth Cole, who has made his mark in the world and will always hold it.

Note that middle name "Edgar." It is just a little different from "Edward." It is not so common. Neither was it intended to be. There is an exclusiveness about it.

It was a part of the training of all of his family, even as was their religion, to call him "Edgar," and never under any circumstances, aggravating or otherwise, to abbreviate it to the plebeian "Ed." I never heard any member of his family call him anything but "Edgar," and never heard anybody else call him any name but "Ed." So I must say that James Edgar has always been accorded a little more family respect than most boys, or even men, receive.

He was born between Cedarville and Jamestown, and the James in his name may have been for the first part of the town's name.

When I was a boy and lived near there, it was called "Jimtown." It is a certainty, however, that J. E. has never been called "Jim."

By his family he is "Edgar," by the neighborhood and neighbors he is "Ed," and in print he is and will be known as J. E. Marshall.

He was only about ten years old when his family left Ohio and came to Indiana.

Some five years ago, I was all over that old second bottom of the Little Miami River, along the old Federal Pike between Cedarville and Jamestown, and took particular note of the lay of the land, of its quality, and its products. In view of James Edgar's subsequent discriminating attachment for good land, I am convinced that had he been a few years older when he left there, he would never have come without having a section or two of that land tied to him.

When his family came to Indiana in 1861, they rented a farm near Wear Creek and well to the east end of the famous Wea Plains, where they resided for some two years before moving to the Montmorenci neighborhood.

James Edgar, a boy of twelve, and Robert, his brother, four years older, must have been at that age sturdy characters. More than twenty years after they had left that neighborhood, I made the acquaintance, in a business way, of every resident on the Plains, and it was remarkable the number of times I was asked about Robert and Edgar Marshall.

About eight years after they had moved from the Wea, or, to be exact, about 10 o'clock on the night of January 2, 1871, on the Pine Village road, just beyond Indian Creek, and one and one-half miles south of Montmorenci, there climbed out of a big wagon my father, my mother and their seven children, and we were at my Uncle William's home.

That was the first time I had ever seen James E. or any of his family. The next day we proceeded to our own one-room log cabin, as related further on in this history. From that night to this night it is nearing fifty-one years. For the first seventeen years I lived within one to one and one-half miles, and since that time within eight miles, of J. E. Marshall.

It was for that reason, when I requested Belle and Mort, his brother and sister, to give me a sketch of the family, I told them to omit J. E., as I knew him better than they did and could relate all the mean things he had ever done.

At that time, in 1871, J. E. was twenty years of age, and was working with his father and Robert on the farm, south of Montmorenci.

He had attended the township schools in Ohio, and in the winter months in Indiana, until that time. That with fifteen years' attendance at Sunday School finished his early education.

His father and mother were consistent, strict Methodists, and from a child he had been brought up in the straight and narrow way, according to the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal denomination.

In 1872, his father bought a farm adjoining the village of Montmorenci, and Edgar and Robert took charge of the large farm the family had been renting.

For the next six years they farmed and transacted **business** together. Whether they were partners or each handled his own affairs I never knew. At any rate, they lived at the same place, worked together, and did business together. I have heard it said that they were very kind to themselves, in that they provided themselves with two meals each night (breakfast and supper). They saved the daylight for work all right, and any playing was done after sundown.

From what follows, it will be shown that Ed is a successful man. At this point however, I wish to revert to his brother Robert as I knew him. Physically he was a man six feet or more in height, straight as an arrow, not heavy nor light, but built like an athlete.

He was a man of commanding appearance, and attracted attention wherever he went. Self assurance and confidence in himself so radiated that others instantly had confidence in him. He had humor and a pleasant countenance. All with all, I think he was the most affable and gracious Marshall that I have ever known.

His personality and demeanor were but the visible part of him. For the other part he was a spinning dynamo of initiative, energy and character. When I write the word "character" in connection with Robert D. Marshall, I do not mean his membership in the church, the Epworth League or Sunday school, together with the Christian Graces all of which he possessed, but I mean the man with the will to do and accomplish his purpose, to place his wits in open combat against those of his competitors or opponents and take the consequences without a murmur, whether they be favorable or unfavorable; the man whose word is as good as his bond and everybody knows it.

His brother and sister modestly say, he was a successful farmer. He was all that, and in addition was an uncommonly shrewd, competent, and successful business man. He did not till the soil, sell the crops and wait for the next season as did most of the typical farmers of his day, but he was astride of his horse out and after trades in stock and other commodities, both early and late. So that his estate probably equalled as much as all the grain he ever raised would have brought at its market price, not counting anything for expense of raising it or for living.

As he and J. E. were together for six years there will be more of this further on.

I give it as my opinion, that, had Robert D. Marshall not been cut short in early manhood, this history would have recorded him as one of the most successful men, financially, of the whole Marshall Family.

Going back to the subject of this sketch. James Edgar's inheritance at twenty-one years of age consisted of a strong, healthy, vigorous body, containing a mind fairly well educated, and perfectly trained in honesty, integrity, self-respect, habits of industry and the principle that character, and not wealth makes the man.

That was all, but no young man ever received a more valuable inheritance.

With that as capital, he began farming and business on quite a large farm, considerably cut up into patches by Indian Creek, together with his brother Robert.

As Robert was four years older than he, I am inclined to think he emulated some of Robert's characteristics and profited therefrom, since later in life they both followed the same tactics with Robert the more aggressive. On those creek bottoms and the uplands, they raised corn, big corn, immense corn, and lots of it, but I never saw them selling any corn. That was farming.

When he was seen on his saddle-horse galloping off into the prairie, or down in the flat woods, stopping at some farmer's dicker-ing for a colt, a calf, a bunch of shoats or seventeen head of stock steers that were good for nothing but to eat and drink, and then seen driving them to his farm where there was plenty of water in Indian Creek and plenty of corn in the cribs to make them grow into money, that was **business**.

Many a farm lad with equal chances, then and now, with negative character, wonders how he could do it without capital. The answer is, he had capital.

He had the inheritance cited above, plus positive character. Character meant do things; keep his promises; fulfill his contracts; pay what and when he agreed, and character furnished him capital in the following manner. In those days there were not banks at every cross-road as at present. There were banks in the city, but for even an old well-to-do farmer to borrow money he nearly had to mortgage his soul in addition to his property to raise a few dollars, with nothing doing for a young fellow without landed interests.

In Montmorenci there was a merchant who loaned money, almost exclusively on mortgages. He was a keen judge of human nature. He had seen these boys grow from boys to young men and knew their character. With him their notes were good, and there never was a time when a bargain came along and J. E. wanted to take it in but that he could do it whether he had the money in his pocket or not. If he didn't have it, he knew where he could get it without fail. Positive character and stamina gave him his opportunity, and of course he made money.

The negative on-looker then and now, may have just as good an education, just as good morals, possess better social graces, have membership in the church and all its auxiliaries, but they are not

accepted as collateral at any bank of discount when lacking initiative and positive character.

In the fifty years of my memory of economical conditions in our country, there has been no more depressing, hard times for those in agricultural pursuits than the early seventies, culminating in the panic of seventy-three. And this was the time J. E. was getting on his feet in a business way. I can not recollect of wet seasons or dry seasons ruining the crops, or of hog cholera taking the last porker, but I have no doubt he met with just these things at times, as everyone else did.

I, however, have a very clear recollection of what I considered a calamity overtaking him one of those early years. To cultivate a farm of some three hundred acres, it requires a number of teams of horses. About mid-summer, when they had all their teams in the fields, there suddenly came up a heavy thunder storm. The men rushed all the teams to a large shed nearby. A stroke of lightning struck the shed, passed through and instantly killed every horse they had. My recollection is, there were eight horses. How the men escaped I have forgotten. If that would not shake the nerves and try the metal of a young beginner, I do not know what would. I remember my boyish sympathy went out more to those hard working beginners on that day than it ever did before or has since to anyone else.

For some five years James Edgar farmed as described and went after business. He also went a-courting. His family at that time was one of the prominent families of the neighborhood, socially and in the church. The Harvey Westfall family was the most prominent family socially, and in the church, and in addition likely the wealthiest family in the whole neighborhood. The Westfalls had two grown daughters and one son at that time. James Edgar gave his attentions to Jennie, the older daughter, and Mark, the Westfall son, showed **marked** preference for Edgar's sister Ellen.

Edgar and Jennie were married on February 3, 1876, and Mark and Ellen were married on November 25, 1874. Later, in 1880, I married a niece of Harvey Westfall, his sister's daughter, so that the Westfall family and the Marshall family of Indiana are pretty well tied together.

Jennie Martha Westfall was brought up at her parents' beautiful country home, two miles north of Montmorenci with all the advantages of a highly cultured family. She was well educated in the schools and with a finished musical training. Along with her social culture however, she was taught every rudiment of household

economics that was necessary in operating a large farm. So when she and Edgar were married she was not only prepared to preside gracefully over the household, but also to take her part and perform it well, in the whole scheme of life, which she has done until this day.

Ellen Marshall at the time of her marriage to Mark was the beauty of her family. That was not all. I still have a recollection that she was about the prettiest girl in the whole neighborhood. She and Mark have lived an ideal life, mostly in Oklahoma City, and have raised two boys, Paul and Leslie. All are financially successful and of the highest type of citizens. While Ellen was the beauty of the family when a girl, and it was worthy of notice at the time, it couldn't always be so.

When I saw Clara, Ellen's sister, last, some few years ago, she had been transformed into decidedly the finest looking matron of the family. She was not only of exceptionally fine appearance herself, but her daughter, Mrs. Ditmars, would favorably attract one's attention at the first glance. They live in Brooklyn, N. Y. The daughter knows her Paris and London, and hits the high spots of the Metropolitan development of New York, notwithstanding her Quaker great-great-grandfather.

I know it is a dangerous pastime to write about the looks of woman, but nay, nay, my dear ladies, the truth must prevail whether it is written or not.

Before starting to trace the life pathway of James Edgar and Jennie Martha, together, I must write more of her family because of my personal knowledge and associations with them.

Jennie's maternal grandmother was an Ohio Foster. My wife's paternal grandmother was an Ohio Foster, and they were cousins. Their common ancestor, Rev. John Foster, First, was a Revolutionary Soldier, by virtue of which my daughter is a member of the Patriotic Society, The Daughters of the American Revolution, and Jennie may be if she so desires. So the relationship to that extent is a little more scrambled.

Jennie's maternal grandfather was Samuel Shigley, a pioneer resident of Shelby Township, his large country home still stands one mile north of Montmorenci. Before he divided his estate he owned all the land on both sides of the highway for three and one-half miles from Montmorenci, north. His home was built just in the edge of the timber and his farm lands went out into the boundless Grand Prairie.

As a boy I remember him well, but that was before my life work taught me to be an expert judge of men. Only recently I have seen a fine large picture of him, and it needs but a glance at that picture to understand why he possessed all that land. Every feature of that face demonstrates ability. For two years, when eighteen and nineteen years of age, I worked on his farm for Jennie's father, and lived with the family.

Her mother was general manager of that house and all it contained, but I never knew as soft spoken, gentle, kindly, and pleasant a woman in all my life. I was only a farm hand, but was treated almost like one of the family, not only for those two years, but for the nearly forty years that she lived thereafter. All those years I thought of her as if she were mother. Jennie inherited many of her ways and characteristics, and at this time is in appearance just like her mother forty years ago.

Her father, Harvey Westfall, was the only gentleman farmer and farmer gentleman combined that I have ever known. I have heard of them, and have seen many so called. However, when you came to examine them, they were bankers, merchants or professional men appearing on the farms they owned, dressed like city men with other interests equal or paramount to the farm. Or they were farmers that worked on their farms in work clothes, had other interests and dressed themselves according to the position they happened to occupy for the moment.

Harvey Westfall had several hundred broad acres of fine farm land and he made it his sole business to manage his agricultural interests. I never knew of his having a dollar's interest in anything else whatsoever. He was a man of fine proportions, six feet or more in height and made by nature perfect in form. I do not believe that from the time I first knew him he ever had a colored shirt or pair of overalls (the common dress of the farmer of those days), to his name. Whether week day or Sunday, he always wore clothing that fit to perfection, made of the finest materials, selected with the most discriminating judgment and made by the best merchant tailors in LaFayette.

I never saw him out of the house without a white collar and a necktie. He was never over-dressed nor flashy, but always dressed like a gentleman.

He always kept a good riding horse for his farm work, and a special team of fine driving horses for the carriage on the road, only. Every day in the summer season that saddle-horse took him

to every part of the large farm, among the cattle, along the fences, over to the men in the fields, a continuous round.

Two things he always did himself. One was to salt the cattle, and the other to see that every load of feed for his cattle was placed just as he wanted, and that regardless of weather. His work horses and driving horses were always kept slick and fat, summer and winter. When 6 o'clock came, even in the long summer days, his teams and men must leave the fields.

Notwithstanding he no doubt had many provocations, the only cross words he ever spoke to me in the two years I worked for him was on an occasion when he sent me to help a neighbor thresh oats. The machine didn't stop until sundown, which was about half-past seven. When I got home, he was out of humor, and snapped, "Why didn't you stay all night?"

His broad pastures and tilled land were kept at the highest point of fertility, with all fences and buildings in perfect repair. To maintain that was his business. He had no other. A gentleman farmer.

He was not a many sided man, but a man of only two sides. One side I have described. The other side was moral force. He was a specialist in occupation and a specialist in association with humanity. He was inflexible in will-power and strength of character. At all times he was dignified in bearing and among strangers of a reserved demeanor. In his community, among his people, and with his friends, he was easy to approach and always of a friendly and sympathetic nature.

His whole life was centered in his church and the Montmorenci Sunday School. While of course he was interested in civic affairs and performed his full duties, his whole energy and life work was devoted to the Sunday School and church for the forty years that I knew him. The real good that he did to thousands of boys and men in moulding their characters, and fitting them for life, through his moral force and teachings, is incalculable. He was a model husband and father, and his children worshipped him, and he was a farmer gentleman.

I am aware this is all on the border line of the Marshall history, but two of their children are a part of the Indiana Marshall family, which gives one excuse, and the other is, I know nowhere else that I can leave in print my high appreciation of the nearly forty years of their encouraging friendship.

I will return to the subject of this sketch and try not to jump the track more than two or three times more.

After J. E. and Jennie were married, they made their home on the rented farm south of Montmorenci for about three years, where they continued farming and business.

In the fall of 1879, George Bringham, my brother-in-law, and I constructed the six-room house three-quarters of a mile north of Montmorenci, that they have occupied for forty-two years.

They have named the place "Edgewood." It is in the edge of a grove, and on the edge of the Grand Prairie, so is properly named. They started there with about one hundred acres of land. I think they now have some five hundred acres thereabouts, and considerably more than that in other places.

For many years he continued his intensive application to the farm and the stock business, always ready to take in any bargain that came along. For miles around the country in every direction everybody knew, if they had anything to sell worth the money, where to go to get it. Even yet he has a few colts and calves growing into money.

About twenty years ago he became interested in bank stocks. Since that time he has been a gentleman farmer and banker. He plays the role of each in the typical way.

He will impress one as a farmer, when talking farm and on the farm. Then when it comes to talk bank, securities, and credit, he is the proverbial banker.

He is the president of the Montmorenci State Bank; is a director of the City National Bank of LaFayette; vice-president and director in the Battle Ground State Bank, and how many others, I do not know.

For a number of years, while he is on the go most of the time, he has been taking excellent care of himself, physically, and not working his head off.

He has always saved his money and spent none of it for display. He keeps two good Ford cars.

I have heard the tale that his father-in-law opposed his marriage on account of his being poor, and that he made the declaration that he intended to be worth more than his father-in-law. I do not believe there was any truth in it, as I did not hear of it until lately, and I was surely in position to have heard of it at the time if true. They had differences of opinion, because both were strong minded men, but I never heard from either, anything of that kind. However, if he did make the statement, he has made it good.

Others remark about their living in the same old fashioned house, all these years, when they could build a castle if they wished.

I suspect they feel just as I do about my old-fashioned thirty-year-old place on Wiggins street. It just suits me, and I don't care a picayune what other people like or think, I am going to have it just that way until I am gone, in spite of anything,—except fire. Other people, who are not filled with envy, may feel the same way.

In the business world, he has many men of standing and character among his friends, and for the same qualities that attract friends, he has some first class enemies. Their aggressive interests have clashed. I have a few enemies that I am as proud of as I am of my friends.

In politics, J. E. was brought up a Republican and has always been a Republican.

In our young days, both living in the same precinct, we often disagreed. At that time, locally, he was for the man more than party. I was for the party fellow that we could elect the easiest, and didn't take the trouble to look up his pedigree too close.

In 1912, he quietly stood by the bosses while I did the kicking. Neither of us ever held a public office, never ran for one, and never wanted one. Our obituaries will save ink to that extent anyway.

Now at sixty and seventy years of age, we are both so conservative in our views, that we believe only about twenty-five per cent of the voters are qualified to vote in the country, and are ready to prove it.

Republican, Republican is our name,
Republicans till we die.
Been received in the Republican camp,
Stay on the Republican side.

And now, we will just reverse the paraphrasing and tell you what James E. has been and is, from another viewpoint—

Methodist, Methodist is my name,
Methodist till I die.
Been baptized in the Methodist church,
And will stay on the Methodist side.

That is James E. Marshall for the fifty-one years that I have known him. He has attended Sunday school and the church services all these years. At a time, many years ago, when he could not get a sufficient output for Sunday school energy at Montmorenci, he organized one down in his old neighborhood, known as "Buck-eye," of which he was general manager, superintendent and financial sponsor, for several years. Since that time, he has been active in the Montmorenci M. E. Sunday school. His greatest interest in life,

outside of business, has been cast with the church and Sunday school, for making boys and girls into good moral citizens.

He takes much interest in the Masonic Fraternity, belongs to the Blue Lodge Chapter, Knights Templars, and Scottish Rite, Thirty- two degrees, and Mystic Shrine.

He attends the meetings locally, at the State Capital, and the Tri-annual Conclave wherever held all over the country. He is seventy years of age, but in appearance, action and disposition, is not over fifty. He attends every gathering and meeting of a very active community, and enjoys and takes a part in all of it. He goes about ten times more than I do, although about ten years older.

That's all right, Ed, I have children to do my getting about, and you haven't. In appearance he is a Marshall as you will observe from his photograph printed herein.

He has plenty of humor, and is an agreeable and pleasant companion anywhere. For sixty years the name Marshall has been on the tax lists, and a familiar one in Shelby Township. When he passes, the last of the family by that name will be gone from the old neighborhood, but the name will be remembered.

He seems to have a long memory. At least, he always remembers a string of jokes he tells on me, with the greatest glee. And I have some on him. It would be a sad day when we should forget them.

Of Belle and Morton, who wrote the short history of their family, I want to add a few facts. Not many of our people have known them.

Belle has been a widow for many years. She always kept her home and brought up her boy, educated him in the grade schools, then in the university, fitting him to start in life under the most favorable circumstances.

Captain Edgar Carver shows in every characteristic his careful bringing up. A manly man, of great ability of whom his mother is justly proud.

M. Morton Marshall is a broad minded, strong character. He is well informed concerning his country, its history, and present conditions, and is the kind of business man to hold radicals and traitors in check in the time of need. He is of a friendly disposition, and the more one sees of him the more one likes him. He is well-to-do, and stands high in business, social, and political affairs in the city of Greencastle, Indiana.

Since writing the first part of this sketch, the splendid looking woman, Clara Marshall Sawyer, with her kindly disposition, love

of family and love of country, has passed away, having died in Brooklyn, New York, in December, 1921.

ELLEN J. MARSHALL

AV No. 98

Ellen J. was the second daughter of William and Lucy Marshall, born December 6, 1853, with the happy faculty of seeing the silver lining to every cloud.

She married Wm. Mark Westfall, a farmer of near Montmorenci, and the two sons, W. Paul Westfall and Leslie M. Westfall, were born on the farm. Later, while the sons were being educated, Paul as a druggist and chemist, Leslie as a doctor and specialist, Mark engaged in the hardware business in Otterbein and Lafayette. Later still, they moved to Oklahoma City, to become associated in business with the son, Paul, a druggist of that city.

Dr. Leslie married Miss Betty Lou Simms, of Oklahoma City, and they have one daughter.

Both Paul and Leslie have had signal success in their chosen professions, due in great measure to the loyal support of their parents. Paul served in the world war, as purchasing agent of druggists' supplies; Captain Leslie as a physician overseas.

CLARA WADE MARSHALL

AV No. 99

Clara Wade Marshall was the third daughter of William and Lucy Marshall. She was born February 15, 1856, in Ohio. It was to Clara that the whole family appealed for help in every need, and it was Clara who gave it generously. Possessed of marked artistic ability, could she have been educated along those lines, I believe she would have had success. She married Walter Sawyer, of Francisville, March 15, 1882.

Clara's greatest pride and comfort has been in her children. Roswell, the son, commissioned first lieutenant, was stationed in Washington, where Clara spent three years. Lucy, the daughter, is married and living in Brooklyn, New York. There Clara was very ill for more than a year. The best medical aid was obtained, and every comfort provided by Lucy's husband, Mr. Gregory Dittmar, and herself, making Clara's recovery possible.

Her address is 602 3rd St., Brooklyn, New York.

LUCY BELLE MARSHALL

AV No. 100

Lucy Belle Marshall, youngest daughter of William and Lucy Marshall, was born December 23, 1859. She married Morton Carver, a young farmer of Morton, Indiana, November 26, 1885, a man of fine personality and sterling worth in that community. Nine years later he was thrown from a horse, dying of his injuries. Later Belle rented the farm, purchased a home in Greencastle, a college town, where Edgar Marshall Carver, the only child, entered high school, later graduating as a mechanical engineer at Purdue University at LaFayette. He immediately became associated with the Dodge Power Transmission Company, of Mishawaka, Indiana, and is still with this company. He was a commissioned captain, serving in the Engineers' Division at Washington, D. C., and later in Chicago, in the World War. He married Miss Avalyn Parks, of Indianapolis. They have a little daughter, Carolyn, and reside in South Bend, Indiana.

The door of Belle's home in Greencastle is always open to her friends and relatives.

M. MORTON MARSHALL

AV No. 101

Morris Morton, the third living son of William and Lucy Marshall, was born April 22, 1866. He was for several years a farmer and stock raiser. He married Laura Radcliff, of Greencastle, where he has been engaged in the grain and building supply business for fifteen years, under the firm name of Marshall & O'Hair. He is a man weighing about 160 pounds, quiet, unassuming, not much of a mixer, but a conservative, successful and respected business man. He is a staunch Republican. He was made a Mason shortly after his 21st birthday, now having membership in Temple Lodge, Greencastle. He is characterized by his close friends, of whom he has many, as a "Man among Men."

They have one daughter, Eugenia, who married Harold Comstock, a successful merchant of Monroe, Michigan.

DANIEL HUFFMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 30

Daniel Huffman Marshall was the second son of Robert and Sarah Huffman Marshall.

He was born in Greene County, Ohio, on April 28, 1828, and died at Cedarville in 1910. His whole life of eighty years was passed in Greene County.

On December 2, 1847, he married Nancy Harper, whose father, Elijah Harper, later married Daniel's mother, and his father-in-law became his stepfather.

To them two sons were born, Charles Finley and William Lewis Marshall. I have known both of them since my earliest recollection.

Robert Marshall in his young manhood was a blacksmith, and while he lived on a farm, always had a shop. Uncle Dan, Father, and all the others learned more or less of the trade. Uncle Dan had a shop at his home, and as long as he remained on the farm did his own smith work.

About the close of the Civil War he and his cousin and brother-in-law, James Townsley, each built brick residences, which at that time were considered mansions. They were less than one-half mile apart. Those buildings are still standing, are nice homes, and the only brick ones in the immediate neighborhood. I remember they made the brick for them on the home site.

Uncle Dan was a great big man of strong character and impressive personality. He was a large man physically, weighing I should judge about two hundred and forty pounds.

While he was a farmer, he was pretty much of a gentleman farmer; from the time I knew him he did some farm work, but saw more of it done than he did himself.

For many years he was an auctioneer. His first work in that line was farmer sales. Later he became a widely known live stock auctioneer, and conducted sales all over the country. He was a great success at that work. His eyes were large, and so was his face, and the use he could put them to would almost make a monkey laugh. When he was before a crowd there was never a dull moment. His fun-making ability was largely the cause of his success in that line.

All of his life that faculty made him an agreeable man to meet, an entertaining host, and furnished pleasant recollections for me for fifty years.

In 1849, when his grandfather and Uncle Seth Smith Marshall went to Iowa, Daniel and his young wife went with them. He did not tell me much of the trip out, but made up for it in the return. They stayed only one summer. Homesickness for Ohio impelled them to the backward trail. They started from Iowa in a covered wagon, with two or three horses.

He had two shotguns and killed prairie chickens and other game on the way, as long as he had the guns. He had started with little money; bad luck caused delay after delay, sickness, accidents and weather. Finally everything was sold or traded except one horse, which both he and his wife were riding when they reached Dayton, Ohio.

From Dayton, the home folks beyond Xenia learned of their coming. The whole neighborhood turned out, principally on horseback, and met them between Dayton and Xenia. From his account of the reception, it beat any "belling" any young couple ever endured. Notwithstanding the gibes and taunts they were forced to stand for, they were two of the happiest people alive.

They had been popular and well liked; everybody in the community knew them and took that method of demonstrating good will.

It is more than twenty years since he told me of that incident, and I can only outline what was a very interesting tale.

He was a very prominent man in his community all his life. For the last fifteen or twenty years before he passed away they lived in a nice home in Cedarville. The name of Marshall has been an honored one in that locality for more than a hundred years.

I believe there is but one of that name, except Aunt Adda, Uncle Jesse's second wife, now living in Greene County, and that is Daniel's son Charles.

Daniel Marshall and wife Nancy were always Methodists in church affiliation. I never could keep my head bowed low when he said grace at the table. I could not help keeping the corner of my eye open to see the peculiar twist of his eyes and mouth when he said "Amen." It gave me a big laugh all inside. His religion was formal, somewhat like the static ritual of the Episcopal Church, and did not bother him much one way or the other.

I do not believe either he or any of his brothers ever belonged to any secret societies, which are so universal in this generation.

Many times I visited him, both before and after his sons left home, and I shall always recall with pleasure the kindly greeting, the enjoyable conversation and delightful entertainment on each occasion.

He did a full life's work, left a competence for his family, a memory honored by all who knew him, then went contentedly the way of all the earth.

Nancy Marshall was always a large woman. In our young days, we children were afraid of her, from the fact that she had a rather severe look in her countenance. As with many other people, that expression only masked a really great big heart full of sympathy that did

not freely flow from the lips. As the years went by and I visited her frequently, I became more and more attached to her.

As I bade her good-bye after Uncle Dan's funeral, she remarked: "Since he has gone, you will not come back just to see me." That remark furnishes a text for some advice to the young of today, and of the future generations. How prone we are to imagine that old persons do not think of little things, because they do not speak of them, or that they have no interest in the activities of the young about them because they do not participate in them; or because their tear wells have gone dry, there are no feelings left to hurt; or because the spring and elasticity of youth have left their bodies there is no buoyancy in their souls.

These are illusions in the young, due to lack of experience and correct understanding. The minds of the old have traveled all the paths that the young are now treading. The memories are all there, subject to call at will, and how many of the young ever think of the shocks they give, of the hurts they inflict, unthoughtedly, to those sensitive souls that crave attention and affection, just as much at eighty as at twenty. Nay, more, a kind act, a thoughtful attention, a word of affection is remembered, is cherished and appreciated much longer by one old than by the young.

In fact, such acts of kindness the old never forget, and usually the young never remember.

I returned to Ohio at least once each year, and for the six years Aunt Nancy lived after Uncle Dan, I never crossed the Ohio line that I did not call to see her. She seemed as glad to see me as if I were her own son, and I know I was always well repaid for my visits.

She was the sister of Clarissa Harper, the wife of James Townsley.

CHARLES F. MARSHALL

AV No. 102

Charles Finley Marshall is the eldest son of Daniel and Nancy Marshall. He was born September 25, 1856, in Greene County, Ohio, and has resided there all his life.

He is a big, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, largely endowed with the instincts of a sportsman.

In his younger days, and ostensibly in later years, he was rated a farmer. Since he was married the first time, he has had a good farm adjoining his father's old home.

While young, he would work like a mule in the forenoon, provided he could get to go fishing in the afternoon. For some years he

has laid off the work, and fishes all he wants to. Since he has no one to see after but himself, if he does not have a pleasant time he should just blame himself.

In 1877, he was married to Ella Foglesong, of Xenia. To them one son and one daughter were born: Daniel lives in Springfield, and Gertrude lives in Dayton.

His first wife died in 1895 and he then married Georgia A. Latham, who died December 27, 1915. For some time now he has been a widower, prospecting.

He is a Republican. He belongs to the Knights of Pythias, and is an American who bought several thousand dollars of liberty bonds.

WILLIAM LEWIS MARSHALL

AV No. 103.

William Lewis Marshall was the second son of Daniel H. and Nancy Harper Marshall.

He was born in Greene County, Ohio, on August 25, 1862, and lived on the farm until some time after his marriage to Carrie Barber of Cedarville on January 15, 1885.

Following the footsteps of his father, he was a farmer and auctioneer for some years. He moved to Xenia and engaged in the livery and sales business for about fifteen years; he then entered the automobile business, and has followed it since. About five years ago, in 1916, he moved to Columbus, where he lives at present.

In appearance he has inherited the rather heavy Marshall features; his nose is long, and so is his head; you know what I mean, he is one of those typical long headed fellows. He is deliberate and slow to act. He always gives matters time to soak in, and therefore seldom has an explosion of temperament. A discerning eye trying to read his thoughts by observing his countenance, had as well look at the sphinx. He keeps his own council, and outsiders know mighty little about his affairs.

Many Marshalls have been traders, and he is one of them. He knows how to wait with patience for developments. He never was a sportsman, but he surely would have made a good squirrel hunter; he could watch a hole for it to come out for a week, and not be asleep when it came out.

None of his family ever held public office or have been candidates. They, however, have always been wheel horses within the Republican Party.

Will is well posted in political history, and sees straight and level on public questions.

He is much interested in his reputation as a square, reliable business man, but makes no bid for public notoriety of any kind; he is nominally a church man, but never attends to be seen, nor prays to be heard by others. Neither does he work business under the cloak of religion. He is just an every day, up to date, finely formed, hard headed business man.

His wife, Carrie Barber Marshall, is an accomplished, finely cultured woman. Her family was one of the old established and well to do families of Greene County, influential in the Presbyterian Church and all community affairs.

Ever since their marriage they have had a home. All these years, I have visited them and it was ever a home, with all that implies. When one entered their residence, it meant welcome, comfort, freedom from restraint, pleasant association, agreeable and lively conversation, and an atmosphere with nothing lacking. A suggestion of taste and refinement characterizes everything about their home.

For her many qualities of grace and manner everybody admires this good woman, just as I do.

They have three sons and one daughter. Alfred, the youngest, is a student in Ohio State University. Mary, next to him, married James H. Hawkins, a stock farmer near Xenia.

Of these two young people I could write much. Mary is an accomplished musician, both vocally and on the piano. Alfred is determined to have a college education. Both have spent much time to assist me in getting historical data for this book. For their interest and cooperation I am grateful.

Harry and Arthur are engaged in the Automobile Business, Harry at Columbus, and Arthur at Los Angeles, California, where he is in charge of a large territory for one of the big automobile companies.

While Will, like myself, missed the Civil War, was not needed in the Spanish-American War, and was too old for the World War, his three sons were all of them in service for the World War, Alfred in the Navy, Arthur in Aviation, and Harry in the Supply Departments. Their names are in the Honor Roll, and I, with their parents, am proud of them.

Alfred, I am expecting you to set a high mark in life, and then reach it.

SOLOMON HUFFMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 31.

Solomon was the third son of Robert and Sarah Huffman Marshall. He was born in Greene County, Ohio, on November 19, 1829.

He was brought up near Clifton and Selma, until he was about sixteen years of age. His father died at that time,—1846,—leaving a family of six children. How long the family were kept together, I do not know.

The early school system of Ohio must have been a good one. Fifty-four years ago I attended school near Selma, and the terms were about nine months long. Since not only all of Robert's children, but he and his brothers and sisters had a good common school education, the schools must have been good, long before that. I have seen the writing of several of Robert's generation, which indicates fully as good in education as the common schools of this day provide.

Father's education had not been neglected, and he was always a well informed man.

He was married to Sarah Ann Wright on February 2, 1851, a short distance northwest of Selma. They lived in that neighborhood until about 1855. In that year, they, together with S. A. Todd, a life long friend and companion of father's, moved to Lexington, Illinois, where they together operated a general store.

Amos Whiteley, mother's nephew, has told me of spending week ends with them in Lexington, when he was a young man stationed at Bloomington, selling his brother William's first harvesting machines. Brother George was born here.

After two years of ill health and homesickness, they returned to Pitchin, Ohio. I have heard father tell of leaving either his home or store building at Lexington because he could not sell it. It was doubtless sold for taxes.

Pitchin is in Clark County, but only about five miles from Selma. There Father and Sam Todd started a blacksmith shop and were so engaged when the Civil War came on.

At Pitchin Father built a very nice home, which he later sold to his cousin, Robert Marshall. It was there that I was born. The house upon a pretty knoll is still there.

S. A. Todd, who by that time had married my mother's niece, Maryette Wood, enlisted for the war, and became a captain.

Father went to Springfield for a short time, and then back to Greene County on a farm near his mother's home. Here he had a blacksmith shop and also farmed for several years. From there we moved to Moorefield, in Clark County, where he ran a shop and a farm.

In the fall of 1870, Father came to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, where he bought a farm in Shelby Township, about three miles south of Montmorenci. The rest of the family, consisting of Mother and

seven children, left Springfield, Ohio, on New Year's day, 1871, and arrived in Lafayette before daylight on January second.

We stayed at the old South Street Depot, now the freight office, until three o'clock in the afternoon, before Father got in with a big wagon to take us out to Uncle William's, where we spent the night.

There was no railroad west from Lafayette at that time.. The old canal was still operating. Many canal boats and some river steamers were tied up for the winter.

Possession of the farm was not to be given until March first. Besides the frame residence upon it, there was an old abandoned log house about twenty-four feet square. Father had plastered the chinks up with clay mud, cleaned it up, and had the furniture in it ready for us. On January third we occupied it. All nine were in one room, where we lived for sixty days. We were as comfortable as you please, and happy as larks.

All of us children immediately started to the old Buckeye School. Father went each day to Montmorenci and worked in the shop.

Brother George was now nearing fifteen, and I eleven years of age. We worked the farm, with Father most of the time blacksmithing at Montmorenci, for three years, when he sold the farm in the country and purchased a small tract at the town. There we farmed and Father ran a shop. He quit the shop about 1883.

For a number of years after this, he was in the grain and coal business in Montmorenci.

After retiring from active affairs he always kept busy with his home and garden of about an acre, which he made almost into a show place, and where he tranquilly passed the closing years of a long and useful life.

It was when a boy in his father's shop at home, that he learned the blacksmith trade, and he learned it well. It was a regular thing for him all the winters long, to get to the shop before daylight and shoe horses until nine or ten o'clock at night.

He possessed two strong characteristics. One of them was an intense industry. For forty years he did more physical labor than two men should have done. The other characteristic was an uncompromising adherence to integrity and justice. He abhorred a hypocrite and despised a sham.

I believe that during his life he did more physical labor than all four of his brothers put together, and if I add that of two of his sons, it would not more than balance the score. Physically he differed from his brothers, being only a medium sized man. He never weighed more than one hundred and sixty pounds, but he had muscles of steel

and the will-power or the—what the World War Boys immortalized—to back them up. Bear in mind, I am not writing obituaries, I am writing of life, as it has been, and is.

Moreover, while writing, I am in my lookout, high upon the banks of a beautiful stream, overlooking the whole works in the construction of a bridge. The hiss of steam is music to me; the steady heavy blows of the pile hammer, means facts; the round after round of the teams means perseverance; the rise and fall of the derrick boom, each time despositing a ton of excavated earth means progress; each revolution of the mixer drum means concrete that will endure for ages, all going in order, and in time and rhythm to a predetermined completed structure, a mathematical fact. Not theory, speculation, or imagination is before me. Therefore the thoughts expressed or the things described are not likely to be other than those of action.

Similarly, for most of his life, my father dealt with facts, the hard fast facts of doing things requiring action. There were no theories or speculations in his work. He confronted conditions and worked away, day in and day out, year in and year out, with his completed object away ahead; that object a competence for his old age, and properly rearing and educating his family as he proceeded. Forty years of perseverance and he had accomplished his purpose.

When I review those years and think of his labors and responsibilities under the conditions that confronted him, I marvel at the will-power that impelled him always forward.

For the first ten years in Indiana, the family suffered from the prevailing fevers, and old fashioned shaking ague with occasional typhoid. There were doctors' bills galore. The panic of seventy-three left everything depressed, but his optimism and indomitable courage made a happy home, a family well cared for, and when my mother died in the spring of Nineteen Hundred, she was proud of their mutual achievement.

Morally, he lived a blameless life. He never knew from personal observation of the depravity of the cities and the laxity of morals in general, so that he worried much when some local person went wrong, or the local morals seemed lax.

While he made no profession of Christianity and three of his brothers did, from my knowledge of all of them, it is my opinion that he was the most consistent Christian of them all, in that he did not profess but lived a man's life, performing every duty of husband, father, neighbor and citizen.

He was a tireless reader of political literature, and an uncompromising Republican. He watched the progress of the World War

with the keenest interest, and often expressed the hope to live and see its termination, which was granted him.

At the time of the Civil War, he had a young wife and five small children depending upon him alone for support, which prevented his enlistment. However, he served for some months in defending southern Ohio from Morgan's raids.

He was much interested in the nineteen-twenty Presidential Election. He was a partisan for Harding's nomination. After the convention he waited election day with as much longing as a plow boy looks forward to hear the dinner bell ring. With the election over, and results to his satisfaction, he gradually declined, and died at the age of ninety-one years and nine days.

While I have dwelt upon the hard work Father did, it must not be understood that he was a common laboring man. Far from it; he not only did all that work, but was a business man along with it.

He always took an interest in community affairs, as far back as I can remember. He found time to visit his relatives and fully enjoy social affairs. In his home, he was jolly and good tempered. From a boy, he was a fine old-fashioned fiddler. He could get lively music out of a violin that makes one's feet want to patter, more than any professional violinist I ever heard. Music was of nightly occurrence. As the family grew up, and the organ added to the "fiddle" we just *lived* with such surroundings, and he was happy. At the time of his death, he still had his violin.

Uncle Dan and Uncle Jesse were also experts with the "fiddle and the bow." The three together playing "Money Musk" or "The Devil's Dream" would be a treat for the world. Blessed with good health, he lived a long, happy, useful life, and left his family a rich inheritance of pleasant memories.

SARAH ANN (WRIGHT) MARSHALL

BVI No. 9.

My mother, Sarah Ann Marshall, wife of S. H. Marshall, was the daughter of John Wright and Jane Sampson Wright, of New Harmony, Clark County, Ohio. She was the youngest of four children, and was born on August 27, 1831.

Her mother was married four times. First, to Amos Nelson in Massachusetts; from which there were four children. second, Abraham Morton of New York State, with one child; third, Silas Eddy of Ohio with no children; fourth, John Wright with four children.

A history of her whole life is given further on in this book under the caption "Mayflower Descendants." John Wright, our grandfather, was a thorough Britian, having come direct to Clark County, from England in 1820, where he married Jane Sampson-Nelson-Morton-Eddy on July 6, 1823.

From the accounts I have heard of our grandmother from many sources, Mother inherited her "git up and git" from her, and passed a goodly portion of it on to her children. Her mother never missed attending church at Fletcher Chapel no matter how inclement the weather, and usually went on horseback. In her younger days, mother was a Baptist, but after coming to Indiana, she became a Methodist for the balance of her life.

Her mother was a wonder of activity. When Mother was about fourteen years of age, her mother made a business trip overland to Cincinnati in very bad weather. On the way home, she was stricken with pneumonia from exposure, and died, being brought home a corpse, and leaving mother an orphan.

For a while she lived with her older sisters, and for two or three years with her Uncle John Kirby at Cincinnati.

John Kirby was a wealthy business man of Cincinnati, whose wife, as I understand, was our grandfather's sister. His son John later settled at Urbana, where all during his life, he was the most prominent banker and capitalist of that city. His widow and son Robert still live at Urbana, where his son has succeeded him in affairs.

At the time of my mother's marriage she was living with her brother, Thomas Wright, between Roddy Ridge and Selma.

Her attitude as a Christian was to live Christianity, but from modesty refrain from public utterances.

In bringing up her children she was very strict in her requirements for their morality, honesty, and punctual attendance at Sunday School, and all other religious services.

No matter how poor their clothes, or dirty their work during the week, there were always clean clothes and a cleaning up for Sunday.

There was no going a-fishing on Sundays for the boys, nor card playing for any of us at any time. There was a dead line on the streets beyond which we boys were not allowed.

She had to know at all times where we were, and what we were doing, and no association permitted with questionable characters.

There were no restrictions on innocent amusements on Sundays or any other time.

Her manner of life was reflected by her daughter Emma, who, when nearing her end, said "Do not let the Minister say what a good Christian I have been. My life speaks for itself."

My statements heretofore, that Father was a worker was only half of it, Mother was the other half.

All the things that were necessary to make a home she did, and besides, for many years, she tended a garden, the cows, the milk, the butter, the chickens, the eggs, not only an abundance for her family but additional for the market.

Fifty-three years ago, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, she would take a spring wagon load of produce eight miles to the Springfield market. Many times I have been with her, and how anxiously we would watch for Aunt Nancy Whiteley, Aunt Caroline Stewart and the others to come up Market street, pass all the other wagons and make straight for ours.

Those market days in Springfield continue to this day, and others as then, high and low, visit the country wagons, just as they did then.

Later, in blackberry time, when the horses were all busy, I have walked with her three miles, and helped her carry blackberries and butter to market.

There was a period of two years at that time, during which Father did not run a shop and only farmed. In the middle of the summer and between crops, money was just "not." Now listen to this, you modern petted wives with plenty. Father always chewed tobacco, and was never happy without it, from as early as I can remember, to the day before his death. I have seen Mother take the money received for blackberries and butter that she had carried three miles to market and purchase tobacco for him along with the groceries, and she did it joyfully to make him happy. Would you?

She was a slender, frail woman, never weighing more than about one hundred pounds, yet of wonderful strength and vitality. For many years she suffered intensely from neuralgia. Many times we would think she would surely die from the pain, but after a night of rest she would be up and going in the morning.

All her life, she greatly enjoyed association with people. While in Ohio, all our relatives on both sides of the family constantly visited back and forth with us. When we came to Indiana we had one family of relatives, and Aunt Lucy saw to it that they kept strictly aloof from us. In a short time, however, we had many friends, and Mother never was happier than when she was giving them big dinners. No one ever came to her house without being invited to stay and "break bread." Her hospitality is a joy for me to remember.

In the early Eighties, the children all being married except Henry, she began the annual Thanksgiving dinner. From that time until her death, May 18, 1900, that was the big day and none of the family ever missed it.

The last of her children had only just left her, when sister Lyla died, leaving a baby boy only ten days old. Mother took the child, Merl Marshall Moore, and brought him up the same as she had her own children until her death, when he was fifteen years old. He was a great comfort to her during those years.

She had worked so hard and had such cares in those early years, that the comfort and relaxation of the later ones were richly deserved. All of her children had achieved a reasonable success before her death, and she often expressed satisfaction with her life's work.

While out in Iowa gathering information of the Marshalls, I heard more and saw more evidence of Jane Van Brant Marshall's activities than of any other of the old people. Every place I went and by nearly everyone with whom I conversed, I was either shown some of her handiwork or given an interesting reminiscence. Each time my thought was, "Mother, Mother, over again."

I do not know whether she ever knew her blood was inherited from six of those intrepid souls that came over on the Mayflower three centuries ago. If she did, I never heard her speak of it, but whether she knew it or not, she was a credit all her life to her illustrious ancestors. Speaking for myself, as her son, I am proud of my heritage.

EMMA A. MARSHALL

ABV No. 104

Emma A. Marshall, oldest daughter of S. H. and Sarah Ann Marshall, was born in Clark county, Ohio, January 22, 1852. She moved to Tippecanoe county, Indiana, with her parents in 1871. She was married to George W. Bringham, April 4, 1872, near Montmorenci, Tippecanoe county, Indiana. She died at her home one mile west of Montmorenci, September 23, 1888. She was a beautiful and vivacious young woman, of very strong character, full of ambition. She taught school in Shelby Township after coming to Indiana. She lived by choice a strenuous life, with no thought of self, which brought her to an untimely end. She was wholly interested in her family and in successfully rearing them. She did all the work commonly done by a farmer's wife, and very much more. Her activities and unnecessary exposure undermined her health and she passed away while still a very young woman. She was of strong Christian character, but very modest in her

professions. At the last, when she knew she could not live, she said her only thought was for her young girls. One of her requests was that at her funeral service she wanted no statement made as to her Christian life. She said that her friends and family knew her manner of life, and that was sufficient. She left three young girls, the eldest being about twelve years old. They were kept together by their father, and all grew to maturity. She was a beautiful woman, whose likeness will never fade from the memory of her family while they live.

George W. Bringham, the husband of Emma A. Marshall, was the son of an early settler in Shelby township. He still owns the farm on which he was born and it is his home today. It is one mile west of Montmorenci. He was a carpenter in his young days. He has always had what the neighbors knew as the Bringham character. It is best described in darky parlance, as "He never bothered trouble, nor let trouble bother him." He is now about 74 years of age. With the care he has always taken, and still continues to take, of himself, and the inherited Bringham longevity, he should reach one hundred. One thing is sure, he will never wear out.

He is an honest, upright and square man. He can see only with a Republican eye, politically—in fact has no other eye. After the death of Emma, he kept the children together until their maturity. He was a soldier in the Civil War, and was located for a time at Winchester, Virginia, the old home of our ancestors. He takes a great interest in G. A. R. affairs and never misses a Convention.

JENNIE BRINGHAM

ABVI No. 149

Jennie Bringham was the eldest daughter of George and Emma Bringham. She was born in Montmorenci on October 1, 1874.

She married Frank P. Rowe, in LaFayette, on July 24, 1902. They now live in Metropolis, Illinois. When matured, she was a tall, finely proportioned woman, her disposition, appearance, actions and character being a blend of those possessed by both of her parents. She is deserving of the most splendid praise for her devotion and work in practically assuming the head of the family, when but 14 years old, and bringing up her two younger sisters. She is well educated, and taught school in Shelby Township for a number of years. She was teaching in the high school in Montmorenci at the time of her marriage to Frank P. Rowe, who was principal of the same school.

They have no children.

She is very thoughtful for her family and relatives, and is much admired by all of them for her womanly qualities.

Frank P. Rowe is the son of Martin V. Rowe, and grandson of William T. Rowe. In my father's boyhood days, William T. Rowe carried the Star Route mail at Selma, Ohio, before the days of railroads. Frank's father was a highly educated gentleman. He taught the school in Shelby Township that we attended when we first came to Indiana in 1871.

For several years Jennie and Frank have been located in Metropolis, where he is engaged in the merchandise business. In a business way he is exceedingly smart. He has any Jew on earth skinned to the quick at their pre-historic game. If they were jockeying for a duck, the Jew would not get a pin-feather. For that accomplishment it takes brains. He is financially well-off. He and Jennie have lived well and happily, at which we all rejoice.

LULU BRINGHAM

ABVI No. 150

Lulu Bringham was the second daughter of Emma and George Bringham. She was born at the Bringham homestead one mile west of Montmorenci, July 25, 1879. She was brought up in Montmorenci, and on the farm. She was educated in the schools of Montmorenci. She greatly resembles her sister Jennie. After Jennie's marriage, she kept the home for her father for a number of years. Later, when her sister Edna married, they all lived together, until her untimely death in 1916. She had never married.

She was a woman of the most kindly disposition; was helpful to everyone with whom she came in contact. She was popular in the neighborhood, and most sincerely mourned by all her family and friends when she passed away.

EDNA BRINGHAM

ABVI No. 151

Edna Bringham is the youngest daughter of Emma and George W. Bringham. She was born on the farm near Montmorenci, on the 31st day of March, 1882. She was but a small child when her mother died, and was practically brought up by her sister Jennie. She was educated in the schools of Montmorenci, while young, and later lived with her aunt, Mrs. George P. Haywood, and attended the schools in the city of Lafayette, where she graduated from high school in 1900.

She was married to Samuel T. Barnes, May 16, 1906. For a number of years they have lived on the old home farm west of Montmorenci. Edna is essentially a Marshall. She has but a slight trace of the Bringham characteristics. In appearance she largely favors her mother, and is personally very attractive. She is an up-to-date, modern woman in all the affairs of life. Intellectually she is extremely bright. She has her mother's unbounded ambition. Her social relations are largely with the city people. The political status of women having changed by the granting of franchise in 1920, she has been given an opportunity for activities in that direction. Already she has repudiated the Republicanism of her family, and identified herself with the Democracy of her husband, in which she is demonstrating her aggressive nature to a nicety. Her husband, Samuel T. Barnes, is a son of Samuel T. Barnes, Sr. The Barneses are an old, highly respected family of the Battle Ground neighborhood. Samuel is an up-to-date, active farmer and stock raiser. He follows scientific instructions from Purdue University, and is making a success. He is well thought of by the family outside of politics. (Referring to politics in this manner is but a joke. We all grant there are just as good and practical men in the Democratic party as in the Republican.)

They have one son, Samuel T. Barnes, Jr., ABVII No. 66, a lad of about 14 years of age.

GEORGE LINLEY MARSHALL

ABV No. 105

George Linley Marshall, my elder brother, was born June 2, 1856, at Lexington, Illinois, and died at Oak Lawn Farm, near Hebron, Tippecanoe County, Indiana, in November, 1914.

He was always a farmer. From the age of eight or ten, he was "boss" of Father's farming interests. He was never robust, physically. It was almost a mystery how he could do the hard work that he did, and accomplish all that he accomplished.

His early education was like that of the others of the family—limited to the common schools of Ohio and Indiana, acquired, for the most part, during the winter months after the season's crops were cared for. He had, however, inherited ambition, which, in his case, was successful farming. He became not only a practical farmer, but he educated himself into a highly scientific stockman and agriculturist. In his community, he was one of the pioneer leaders in farmer organizations and agricultural improvement. He took a lively interest in the Purdue Experimental affairs, and mastered their scientific methods.

In December, 1880, he was married in Chauncey, (now West Lafayette) to Elizabeth Smiley, daughter of Jacob and Lucinda Smiley, early settlers on the Grand Prairie, who had moved to town.

For thirty-four years she entered whole-heartedly into the task of making a success of life. She co-operated in her husband's activities, both in acquiring knowledge for useful application, and in the practical operations of the farm.

As an evidence of her capacity, one has only to review her management and improvement of the home place, with the production of a handsome income, since her husband's death.

After their marriage, the young couple began housekeeping on a rented farm ten miles west of Brookston, in the new prairie. From the prairie they moved to the old James Stockton farm, one mile west of Montmorenci, opposite the Bringham farm, and then to their own Oak Lawn.

In the history of this plain, simple man's life is the history of the best type of success in the greatest calling on earth. Only a farmer who passed through the period of the three decades following the year 1880, can appreciate the trials, the toil, the defeats, and the perseverance that constituted the price of success. George L. Marshall not only made a success of his life-work, but he also filled to full measure the duties of citizen and head of a family. He produced. Without such, the world would die.

Without the blessings of robust health, without inherited wealth, he and his faithful wife made a beautiful country home of their beloved "Oak Lawn," named for the cherished grove on its acres. Every foot of this farm was fenced, drained, clovered, and brought to a high state of cultivation.

The home was provided with a large, well-selected, private library, which contained the best literature published in the fields of art, history, science, poetry, fiction, and religion. It is far more excellent than the library of the average city home.

The interests of this household were by no means confined to their own four walls. My brother had always belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was, to a large extent, responsible for the building and sustaining of the Mount Zion Church, adjoining his home.

During his last illness and death, it was remarkable to note the esteem in which he was regarded by his neighbors. Their high regard was fully demonstrated by their actions. They knew him best.

He was the fourth of the seven children of our family to pass into sleep. Three remain.

This family fairly represents the trend of modern agricultural life.

When my brother married, and for some years afterward, there was not a foot of gravel road in White County, nor in Benton County. In Tippecanoe County there were six gravel roads, each with toll gates, that led out a few miles from LaFayette. Many times there were weeks during which the farmers of Grand Prairie were mud bound. When compelled to visit Brookston, Montmorenci, or Otterbein for supplies, they, more likely than not, used two horses hitched to the rear axle and hounds of the wagon, with the coupling pole for a tongue. At that it would be a hard, all-day trip. Today, all of that country is a garden of agriculture, splendid gravel roads on every mile, east, west, north, south. Any farmer may leave his home after supper, at any time of the year, and in his automobile, (they all have them) attend a picture show anywhere within a radius of twenty miles, and return for early bed time.

During the early days of my brother's marriage, whole square miles of black land could have been purchased for from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre. Now, its value is from one hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars per acre.

The development in transportation, means of communication, and in highways that may be traveled at all times, brings the country resident into contact with all the affairs of life.

Surely this will help the farmer to regain the position occupied by our leading public men, who, in the early days of the United States were farmers.

In my opinion, the time will again come when the farmer will be regarded the back-bone of the country, and his place in the affairs of state will be recognized and honored far above the loud-talking, agitating, peanut politicians of the cities.

To their union two children were born, Linley Earl and Lyla V. Marshall.

LINLEY EARL MARSHALL

ABVI No. 152

Linley Earl Marshall was the only son of George L. and Lizzie Marshall. He was born on the 26th day of November, 1881.

After receiving an education in the common schools, he entered Purdue University, and graduated in the Civil Engineering class in 1905. After leaving college, he followed his profession of Civil

Engineer with railroads, for some time, in this part of the country. He then went west, and while in charge of an engineering gang, locating new lines in the state of Washington, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and died in Seattle, Washington, on the 30th day of September, 1907. His body was brought home and lies in Grandview Cemetery, Lafayette, Indiana, his promising career ended.

LYLA V. MARSHALL

ABVI No. 153

Lyla V. Marshall was the younger child, and only daughter of George L. and Lizzie Marshall. She was born in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, on the 6th day of October, 1883.

She graduated in the common schools, and entered Purdue University, where she graduated in 1904.

In her youth she met with an accident that retarded her growth, caused her untold trouble, and her parents years of both suspense and expense. This physical defect, however, did not blunt or affect her mind, as will be seen from her graduating at the University. The fact is, she is an enigma. Her complexion is dark; her eyes black, her hair black and straight; her cheek bones prominent. In general, her appearance seems more of a foreign type than American, and, in fact, similar to a southern European, or to one from the Alps, from whence came her forefathers two hundred years ago. Her mind is prodigious, and not in any sense of the conventional quality; sharp as a tack; quick of wit. While small of stature, her ambitions reach the sublime. For several years she pursued the will-o-the-wisp Art; alone, crossed the Atlantic two or three times, studied in art studios of Paris; lived in Greenwich Village, the assembling place for artists, geniuses—the Bohemia of New York; studied and had her studio in Chicago. She had self-confidence and assurance that, while it would take the breath, leaves no misgivings as to her ability to take care of herself. I can see no merit in her paintings, although I could not do as well in a thousand years; doubtless she can see none in my writing. Hum—Hum—we, then, are even.

In Chicago, in 1916 she married Mr. Constantine Harcoff, a Russian engineer. They have lived there since, and have one black-eyed little girl, named Jane Harcoff, ABVII No. 67. Lyla is a living example of this generation of our family at least, that does not run true to the conventional rural form.

MARY JANE MARSHALL

ABV No. 106

Mary Jane Marshall, next younger than George, was born in Ohio on May 12, 1858. She was reared in Shelby Township with all her adult life spent in the city of LaFayette, Indiana. She married George P. Haywood at Montmorenci, October 3, 1879. She was educated in Ohio and in the village school; for a time she taught in country schools. Like others of the family her bringing up was in the best environment. The influences at home and in the village, and rural community were all for good. Indolence, inertia or mental desuetude were neither inherited nor permitted to be acquired by our ever active, alert and ambitious mother. Therefore it was but natural that Mary was the first to gladly get in to a larger social atmosphere.

There is no doubt in my own mind that whether she was conscious of it herself or not, ambition had a track laid down for her forty years ago leading to the present time. It was up-grade all the way. The steady pull, however, has landed her at the top of the mountain, where she calmly views the tranquil scene below with restful satisfaction. And what was the dream? First, social position in her community, second to none other, for herself and family. That station was not to be reached by the exercise of nerve or aggressive egotism, but rather from the impression of personal character stamped upon every movement of an active life.

Barring a few years immediately following her marriage, during which George P. was acquiring his profession and establishing a reputation, and during which economy was a necessity, she has always been provided with ample finances for good living and sufficient more to forward her projects. University education for her three children completed, each of them married, she has for some years devoted most of her time to matters of a public nature, in which she finds herself exceedingly busy. She is certainly "*pro publico bono*," but in a very dignified and quiet manner. She is a leader among leaders in the community, yet without ostentation or unseemly publicity. In action, in conversation, in manner, she is the typical colonial dame, confidently assuming the privileges and performing the duties of her position in the traditional charitable manner.

She is a quiet member of the M. E. church, attending services, participating in its activities, but void of the old time emotionalism.

About the time of the close of the World War, the activities of the women's organizations of the city became so great that Mrs.

Haywood thought there should be a public meeting place that would accommodate such activities for the whole city. She assumed the responsibility, and purchased a fine property, centrally located, on Ferry street, in the city, to be used as a Community House. In a short time the various organizations took it over, have purchased an adjoining property, and now are splendidly equipped with a meeting place for all such societies.

Mrs. Haywood is probably the best known woman, in public affairs of this nature, residing in the city. She gives, by far, the larger part of her time to such public enterprises.

George P. Haywood

The husband of Mary Marshall Haywood, deserves more than a page of space in the necessarily brief record now being made by me.

His character is of an unusual type, a strong man from every angle; a man of decided opinions, and the will to express them; a hard fighter, but no compromiser; and, yet, popular socially, professionally and politically.

George P. is the son of Henry and Martha Haywood, pioneer settlers of Jackson Township, Tippecanoe County, Indiana, where he was born December 15, 1852.

"G. P.," as we are wont to call him, passed his youth on the farm. The school he attended as a boy is known as Goosenibble, and stands near his father's old farm. His mother was a devoted member of the United Brethren Church. His father was a Liberal in views and practice. Of G. P.'s boyhood days I can give but little, authoritatively. His environment, as in all the country at that period, was wholesome for making strong, healthy, vigorous men, both mentally and physically. The civil war, then in progress, stimulated patriotism in the youth of the land, and no doubt had its influence upon the future character of young Haywood. Two of his elder brothers were in the service. From the accounts given by one of his brothers, his activities and energy displayed in later years were exceeded by those of another kind in his youth. Pranks of all kinds were the order of the days and nights. Tricks and jokes were practiced at all times, for the discomfiture of each other.

In his young days he was tall and slender, with dark complexion; not particularly striking in appearance. When he grew older, with added avoirdupois, he became a large, finely proportioned man, of very pleasant address, and distinguished appearance. All of his children have notably the Haywood features, and many of his characteristics.

After finishing his school days at Goosenibble, he was sent to Green Hill Seminary for a time. This was a college in Warren County—a United Brethren denominational school—founded in the early sixties. Leaving Green Hill, Mr. Haywood entered Valparaiso Normal School (now University) where he graduated in 1876, and thereafter began the teaching of school and the study of law.

In the fall of 1878 he came to Montmorenci as teacher of the advanced grades in the Montmorenci school, in which the writer was a pupil.

The first day of the term he started things. Former methods and customs were so changed that the pupils were rudely shocked. It had been a custom, even for quite young pupils, to choose their own curriculum. The writer had never undertaken either grammar or physiology. I did from that on, but not from my own choice. We had studied mathematics by rules; the then unheard of, and revolutionary analytical method was enforced, together with many other innovations of old time practices. There was the usual grumbling at such autocratic presumption. However, it did not last long, and his two terms were the most successful in every sense in the history of the school up to that time. His requirements of essays, recitations, debates, and mental exercises from all the pupils were invaluable for their future. He at once became the leader, organized literary societies, and generally directed all the activities of the young people. So, when at the end of his second year, he permanently retired from the profession, he had the unbounded respect and admiration of all his pupils. That one trait of character—initiative and leadership—practiced in that community in his early manhood, has been his chief characteristic throughout his busy career.

He began the practice of law in the city of LaFayette in 1880, which he has continued until the present time.

For many years he was the chief attorney of the corporation of which the writer was the head. All during those years we had many cases in the courts of two or three states and the United States courts. They were mostly damage cases, and each of considerable financial importance. Our policy in securing assistant counsel was to always secure the best talent in the jurisdiction wherein the case was being tried. In all these cases we never found the equal of Mr. Haywood for an all-round lawyer, either before a jury or the court. He was quick as lightning to see a point and save it for his client, or to block it for his adversary. He is adept at

handling a witness on direct or cross examination. He is always vigorous and emphatic in his arguments, either to a jury or the court. He really is not an orator, neither a very pleasing speaker; however, he is clear and logical in statement, and by clever handling of his subject, is always impressive before a jury. He is thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of law, which, with his intense earnestness and industry, always makes him an antagonist of power. Of all the attorneys I have ever known, he is the most particular in insisting on thorough preparation before trying a case. When a case in which he is counsel is started, he never permits anything to divert his attention in any other direction until it is ended. As soon as he leaves the court room, he goes to his office or hotel room and works until far in the night, in preparation for the next session. Many times he has worn the writer out by his strenuous gait.

When Haywood is in a case for a client, he appears not to see any merit on the other side, any more than he can on the other side in politics. For that reason he always satisfies his client. I am, by experience with him as attorney and client, fully competent to judge him. As lawyer he has but one equal at the Tippecanoe County Bar, and no superior in the whole state, in my opinion.

In politics, Mr. Haywood is a Republican. He has been active in every campaign for forty years.

He was postmaster of the city of LaFayette during the Taft administration. He held the position of City Attorney of LaFayette for twelve years. He is a Republican yet—a standpat Republican.

As a Business Man

From the time of his first success as a lawyer, he has also been a business man. His income was large, and so were his outgoes. He never lacked nerve in taking a chance. I remember in his early career he always had some beautifully engraved stock shares as current assets. As fast as they were charged off to profits and loss, and for the greater part, loss, he would try it again. The only time the writer ever tried a blue-sky game, late in the nineties, Haywood and others were in. Each of us lost \$2,500.00. That was the first for me, and the last. Not for Haywood. Within a year he was in the zinc boom and lost much more. He never cried over split milk, and always backed his judgment. He always lost until about 1906, when, with his usual optimism he went to the oil fields in Oklahoma and came home in some four months with enough to pay all his losses many times over. In regular legitimate business ventures his judgment has been uniformly good, and as an adviser

and manager he has been amply successful. He is President of the Haywood Publishing Company, owned exclusively by the family. He is President, and a large stockholder of the LaFayette Telephone Company, a million dollar corporation of LaFayette, and interested in many other enterprises. He has for many years been a most liberal contributor to all public charitable institutions and activities. But few know of the private contributions he has bestowed for many years. He is known as a most loyal friend to those he claims as friends, and has contributed more to those who had no claims upon him, other than friendship, than any other man I have ever known. To his family he was always generous and never close or niggardly, and gave all his children a University education. His ability and disposition have given him a position and standing in the community, as a lawyer, as a citizen, and as a man, in which he and his family may take pardonable pride.

Affiliations

Mr. Haywood belongs to the M. E. Church. He is a member of all the Masonic bodies up to the thirty-second degree, is a Past Eminent Commander Knights Templar, a member of the Knights of Pythias, a member of the Elks, belongs to the Columbia Club of Indianapolis, the LaFayette Club, and Lincoln Club of LaFayette.

I will close this sketch with a joke he has told upon himself. Among the lawyers in cities under the old order, if there was one who did not occasionally take a nip, the others would murmur something about sprouting wings. Haywood was not in the minority class. He is seldom seen upon the streets, but when he is, almost every man he meets, greets him, and is saluted in return in a cordial manner. Upon such an occasion, after being effusively greeted by a fine looking gentleman, elegantly dressed, G. P. was confused at not remembering him, and in an apologetic manner suggested he had forgotten for the moment the name of his friend. "Why," said the friend, "don't you remember me? I am the guy that mixes your Manhattans over at the Lahr House."

Mary and George P. Haywood are the parents of three children, which follow:

LEONA HAYWOOD

ABVI No. 154

Leona Haywood, eldest child of Mary and George P. Haywood, was born January 12, 1882, at LaFayette, Indiana; educated in the city schools of LaFayette, Indiana, and attended Smith College in Massachusetts. As a child she was brought up under entirely dif-

ferent circumstances and environments than her mother, experienced city comforts and advantages, with no denial of anything reasonable or necessary for her development or pleasure. Of pleasing disposition and superb physical form, she has developed into an ultra-modern city matron, with all that that implies.

After graduating from Smith, she was married to Roy Elder Adams, a well-to-do manufacturer of Indianapolis, where they have since resided. Mr. Adams is a graduate of Purdue University. They represent fully the ideal culture of this republic. They have two girls, Mary Ann, ABVII No. 68, and Janet, ABVII No. 69—two great girls.

MARSHALL HAYWOOD

ABVI No. 155

Marshall Haywood, the elder son of Mary J. and George P. Haywood, was born March 13, 1886. He was educated in the city schools, studied one year in Purdue, graduated from Lawrenceville Preparatory School at Princeton, New Jersey; entered Princeton University, graduating June 12, 1907. When he returned home he began an active business career.

To convey to the reader the innate ability of his makeup, I record the following from personal knowledge. Immediately from college he entered the employ of a large general contractor as an estimator in the office; within six months he had so mastered the details of the whole business that he was promoted over all others, including the chief assistant, who had spent years attaining the position. The irony of the situation developed later when he was to become a brother-in-law of this same chief.

His time was not long as an employee. His father had a large interest in a printing business, which included the publishing of the LaFayette Morning Journal. Marshall assumed the management of that enterprise. Promptly his ability was again demonstrated. Under his management the newspaper became, instead of a liability, an asset, and in a few years sold for \$125,000 of real cash.

In the meantime the printing and publishing business had grown to mammoth proportions. About the time Marshall entered the company the family secured entire ownership. In 1914 they constructed their own building at Fifth and Ferry Streets. The business has outgrown even that space and needs more and more. Of all this Marshall has contributed the major part. He is mentally keen, quick, shrewd, farsighted and generally able. He is popular and one of the city's leaders in all civic affairs. He was not in the world war but did

his full share of war relief work. Aside from his work for the Publishing Company he personally owns and publishes a national trade magazine of large circulation, published monthly, devoted to the paper box and box-board industry.

During his school and college days his escapades and boyish prank activities were limited only by the hours of the day and night. One instance may be related. While in Princeton a New York City election came on. Without leave he went to New York City, assumed the captaincy of a precinct on the Anti-Tammany side of politics; pulled and hauled, scrapped and slugged in the approved manner of the times until the polls were closed; ran the risk of arrest, expulsion from college, and parental discipline, all for the love of adventure.

While strictly a moral man, his religious tendencies, like most urban dwellers of his generation, seem to be "nil." However, he is a member of the Episcopal church, of which, in his younger days, he was a member of its vested choir.

Marshall was married on May 21, 1910, to Miss Enid Carothers, formerly of Princeton, New Jersey. They have one son Marshall Haywood, Jr., ABVII No. 70. Enid is admired by the whole family for her charming appearance, dignified bearing and friendly association. Her father was a partner of the original Arbuckle Bros., coffee merchants of New York. She was educated internationally, having studied nine years in Germany, and speaks several languages. Further reference to this couple is reproduced from the Lafayette Courier on May 23, 1910:

"HONEYMOON IN MOTOR CAR.

**Marshall E. Haywood and Miss Enid Carothers Wed. Marriage Complete
Surprise to All. Young People Interviewed
at Indianapolis**

"LaFayette society was treated to a genuine surprise yesterday when it was announced that Miss Enid Leora Carothers, daughter of Mrs. Ginevra L. Carothers, had been married Saturday evening to Marshall E. Haywood, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Haywood. Having succeeded in keeping their matrimonial intentions a secret from the family and friends alike, the young people united in wedlock and away on their automobile honeymoon before it became known that they had taken the marriage vows.

"The news was the more surprising from the fact that only a few days ago it was announced informally that Miss Carothers was to marry a young Englishman whom she met on a recent trip to Europe with her mother.

"The marriage ceremony was performed Saturday evening at seven thirty o'clock by Rev. Demetrius D. Tillotson, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, at his home on North Sixth Street. George P. Haywood Jr., brother of the bridegroom, was the only attendant and he and an intimate girl friend of the bride were the only ones to whom the young couple confided their secret. It is believed that the marriage was planned on earlier than Friday evening. Mr. Haywood procured a marriage license late Saturday afternoon, pledging the county clerk and his deputy to secrecy. He had already prepared his motor car for a long journey, and after dusk suit cases containing wearing apparel were strapped to the back of the car.

"Immediately after the marriage ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Haywood departed in the automobile for Frankfort, and after spending the night there they continued on to Indianapolis yesterday and were at the Claypool hotel last night. Today they resumed their journey, which will probably take them to a number of cities before they return to this city for residence in about two weeks.

"The news of the marriage caused great surprise, both in the Haywood and the Carothers homes. Mr. and Mrs. Haywood were interviewed at the Claypool in Indianapolis by representatives of the Indianapolis Star, and according to a story in the Star today Mr. Haywood admitted his bride's engagement to E. S. Walker, of London, England. Mrs. Haywood, however, according to the Indianapolis Star story, ridiculed the idea that she was the fiancee of the Englishman, stating that she only met him on the steamer on which she and her mother returned from England a month ago. The Star says: 'Mrs. Haywood said she and her mother are close friends of the Walker family, but added that she and the younger Walker never met until he and his father and she and her mother sailed for America on the same steamer. She said Mr. Walker and his father were in Chicago where the elder Walker is ill. She and her mother have visited them several times in Chicago, and this, she added, is probably what gave rise to the rumors that she was to have married the younger Walker. She admitted her mother knew nothing of her plans to marry Mr. Haywood.'

Mrs. Haywood is a beautiful and charming young woman of many accomplishments. She is the younger daughter of Mrs. Ginevra Carothers, of South Seventh Street. She came to Lafayette for residence with her mother and sister three years ago, coming from Princeton, N. J. It was there she met Mr. Haywood while he was attending Princeton University, and it was rumored at that time that the two were engaged. Miss Carothers has been a great favorite in society

circles in Lafayette ever since her arrival here. She is a member of the Lafayette Dramatic Club and has taken leading parts in club productions. She is also a member of the Pickwick Club.

"Mr. Haywood is secretary-treasurer of the Burt-Haywood Publishing Company and one of the best known men in Lafayette. He is a very capable business man and has a large circle of friends. He was graduated from Princeton University in the class of 1907, and before going to Princeton he attended Purdue. He is a member of the Purdue Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity and of the Elm Club of Princeton. He is also an active member of the Lafayette Club."

GEORGE P. HAYWOOD, JR.

ABVI No. 156.

George P., Jr., the Haywoods' younger son, was born March 17, 1890, early in the morning of St. Patrick's day, which accounts for his always wearing green. He was educated in the city schools and both studied and played in Princeton University. He has probably seen more real life in his youth than any other member of the family. In appearance and actions he is a very innocent sort of chap, one of the kind that had he set a bomb it would have a long fuse, and he would be found in innocent sleep far away, when the explosion came. I confess I have never been able to make his acquaintance. Those who know him best are his great and lasting friends.

Since the world war he has been connected with the management of the Haywood Publishing Company. One great big feather in his cap, in the writer's estimation, is the fact that he thought more of his country than he did of his hide, and enlisted in the very dangerous flying squadron of the aviation department in the World War, notwithstanding he had a young wife and child to leave. After graduating as a flyer he was an instructor in flying in a Texas field. Much to the surprise and relief of his family, he served his time without injury. He was discharged with the rank of Lieutenant. For this action he will always be honored by the writer, as one of the very few of our branch of the Marshall family whom history shows ever entered the service of their country. To be fair, however, I shall state here that by personal investigation, going back many years, I have found good and sufficient reasons and extenuating circumstances why the family has left such a record, and not in the least degree any lack of patriotism in the past generations.

After a courtship both before the footlights and behind the scenes, extending backward and forward across the country, on June

28th, 1915 he was married to Miss Mabel Harris, the daughter of a prominent artist of New York City. Mabel at and before her marriage was an actress, with a lovely appearance and the voice of a lark. They have two boys, George P. III. ABVII No. 71, and Harris, ABVII No. 72.

WALLACE MARSHALL

ABV No. 107

The writer of this record, Wallace Marshall, second son and fourth child of Solomon H. Marshall and Sarah Ann Wright Marshall, was born at Pitchin, Clarke County, Ohio, on July 6, 1860.

I attended school in Ohio from my sixth year to my tenth and continued in the winter months only, in Indiana, where the family had moved, until my eighteenth year. The last term that I attended, taught by George P. Haywood, in Montmorenci, closed in the spring of 1879. From the age of nine years, along with my elder brother George, we worked the farm, only getting started in school late in the fall, and usually some time after the school term had begun. Beginning at fourteen years of age I worked more or less, as opportunity offered, learning the carpenter trade. The spring before I was eighteen, not being needed at home, I was permitted to work out. From March to November of that year, and the same the next I worked on the farm of Harvey Westfall, an uncle of the girl whom I later married, feeding cattle and raising corn. I worked for \$17 per month for the first year, and \$18 per month for the second year.

In 1880 I farmed for myself on a rented forty acres and worked at the carpenter trade in the fall. I was married to Alice E. Sappington on October 7, 1880. In 1881, we lived on a small farm owned by my wife. In 1882 and '83, I ran a store and sold Champion Harvesting machines in Montmorenci. In 1884 my father and I, brother Henry working with us, with a store room at No. 3 South 2nd Street, Lafayette, sold Champion Harvesting machines in Tippecanoe County. After voting for Benjamin Harrison for President, in the morning of election day in November, 1888, we moved from Montmorenci to West Lafayette, where we have since resided.

In the fall of 1884 I began the bridge business. From that time on every moment of spare time, by day and long into the night, was used to acquire an engineering education. Seven years of study, work, and struggle were necessary before I achieved success. As to what I have accomplished since, I will say nothing, except that it is a long way for a country boy, from following a pair of mules in the prairie, to a contracting and manufacturing business of half a million dollars

a year; to traveling and doing business over the whole country; landing in J. P. Morgan's office in New York, and easily holding my own with the trust magnate; to being known the country over as an engineer and aggressive competitor; to leaving as my tracks, in many states, monuments of steel and masonry, in structures of many kinds, that will remain long after I and all of mine are seen no more.

My life experience as an engineer and manufacturer, and a builder of all kinds of structures, has been an extremely interesting one to me. Always, as with others, there seemed insurmountable difficulties, which, when met and successfully passed were only encouragement for further and greater effort. Money reward likely never had the value to me that it should have had. My pleasure has been derived from actual physical construction, which accounts for my limited financial possessions. I never had a money nose. Now, after more than sixty years, I view the panorama of life, and see what a wonderful thing life and personality is; what opportunities we have had; what little things the failures we have made really were; what a great thing it has been to live and be a free moral agent to use the vast and wonderful things of nature as the tools of our will; and that the poorest of us in mental equipment have had much more of pleasure than of sorrow. So that I question the gratitude of those whose avarice makes them believe their efforts for their own pleasure entitle them to more and more for ever and ever.

For what achievements and success I have had in life, I give credit to an inheritance from my father for perseverance, and from my mother for her unlimited energy.

ALICE E. MARSHALL

Alice E. Marshall is the daughter of Thomas Sappington and Isabelle Westfall Sappington.

She was born in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, on August 2, 1860. She was brought up in the neighborhood of Montmorenci, and was married there, to Wallace Marshall, the author of this history, on October 7, 1880.

We have one daughter, M. Estelle (Marshall) Walters of West Lafayette, Indiana, and one son, Wallace Leslie Marshall, of Washington, D. C.

Both the Sappington and Westfall were old respected pioneer families of Tippecanoe County.

Three of the Marshalls married in the Westfall family. Ellen Marshall married Mark Westfall, J. Edgar Marshall married Jennie Westfall, sister of Mark, Wallace Marshall married Alice, daughter of Isabelle Westfall, and cousin of Mark and Jennie.

At this point I must record a protest against the proverbial flings at mother-in-laws.

My mother-in-law lived with us for ten years before her death. There never was a single unpleasant word spoken, nor an unkind act by her toward me in all those years. On the contrary, she was always helpful, considerate, and pleasant, and took the most kindly interest in our welfare.

I am therefore, always furious when anyone says slighting, sarcastic things about a mother-in-law.

Alice's grandmother, Mary Sappington, was the daughter of John Foster, Second, a Methodist preacher of Maryland and Ohio, and he was a son of John Foster, First, a preacher for thirty-five years and a Revolutionary soldier. John Foster, Second, was also the great-grandfather of Jennie and Mark Westfall on their mother's side of the family.

I am informed by James C. Foster of Higby, Ohio, that there are ten thousand descendants of Rev. John Foster, First, living all over the United States.

There were eight of the women in this locality nearly a hundred years ago, each of whom left many descendents.

Alice was educated in the schools of Montmorenci as the other members of the family were.

She has always belonged to the M. E. Church. She was taught housekeeping and economy from youth, and practices what she was taught until this day.

Home and her children have been her life interest, which has now been extended to the three grandchildren.

We are leisurely descending toward the sunset of life, with good health, few responsibilities and no worries, and likely as well content as the average couple that have been married forty-one years.

M. ESTELLE MARSHALL

M. Estelle Marshall, only daughter of Wallace and Alice E. Marshall, was born September 29, 1881, on a farm one and one-half miles north and one-half mile east of Montmorenci. In temperament and every other way she is the daughter of her father. From early childhood she has been exceedingly active and industrious. She attended the graded schools and graduated from the high school of West Lafayette. She then entered Purdue University and graduated with the degree of B. S. with the class of 1902. She gave special attention to music and is an accomplished musician and a pipe organist. All my young days I was determined that if I ever possessed children,

they should have the opportunity to enjoy life while young. It was impossible for my father, with his large family, to give his children a college education, or any of the luxuries of life. He and my mother did remarkably well, considering the time and the condition of the country in those days. The pleasures and leisure I craved as a boy it was my ambition to give to my children. As I grow older, it seems a question in my mind whether the hard work and industry for the young is not best for them in after life. Regardless of that, I am happy to know that both of my children not only received a university education, but never had to work and save and deny themselves as I did.

So Estelle had ample time and advantage to cultivate her character and accomplishments. For several years after her graduation she enjoyed herself in her own way. She had no desire for society life, except a close relation with a large number of girl associates, who thoroughly enjoyed life. She belonged to the M. E. church, and participated in the church activities. On June 15th, 1910, she was married to Harry A. Walters, formerly of Indianapolis, then with the Westinghouse Co., of East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. They lived in a suburb of Pittsburgh for three years, coming to West LaFayette in 1913. Since 1915 they have lived on State street, West LaFayette, where Harry has been in the supply and plumbing business.

They have three daughters, Alice Marshall Walters, ABVII No. 73; Helen Leslie Walters, ABVII No. 74 and Virginia Louise Walters, ABVII No. 75 in which Estelle's life is now centered. These three girls are as fine as can be, and the pride and comfort of their grandparents, who take the keenest delight in seeing them grow and improve. Estelle is planning twenty years ahead for their following her footsteps in education and for their graduation from her Alma Mater, Purdue University.

WALLACE LESLIE MARSHALL

ABVI No. 158

Wallace Leslie Marshall, only son of Wallace and Alice E. Marshall, was born on February 20, 1887, at Montmorenci, Tippecanoe County, Indiana. When he was about one and a half years old the family moved to West Lafayette, Indiana, where he spent all his life until he was twenty-five years old. He went to school nine months per year for fourteen years, and then balked when I wanted him to take a post graduate course. He attended the grade school and took three years of the high school; he did not stay to graduate in the high school, and enter the university on a high school commission, but

took the examination a year ahead of the ordinary time, and was admitted to the university freshman class. He graduated with his class in 1908, with the civil engineer degree. He is of a peculiar character, and in many ways unusual. He has a strong, solid character. In disposition and temperament he is his mother over again. I never knew him to have an enemy nor to have a scrap in his life. In all his boyhood years, and until the present, he never caused his parents one moment's worry by bad conduct. He was brought up in the environment of a city, plus the students of the university from everywhere, and had all the opportunities for mischief, if he had been so inclined. He was taught what was right and wrong, but given entire liberty, and he never abused his privilege. He is affable, but reserved. He has a purpose and place for everything he does, and nothing can divert him from a course that he has adopted.

To illustrate his determination, I relate: During vacation, while he was in college, I was personally superintending the construction of a large bridge over the Wabash River at Cayuga, Indiana. He came down to the work to spend his vacation away from town, and assist in the construction. Before leaving home, he had planned to stay at the work up to a certain day, then go to Terre Haute and reach home on a certain day to prepare for matriculation. It so happened that he was running a hoisting engine when the time came for him to leave. The day before we had had some labor troubles, and were short of men. I suggested that he could stay a few days more until things settled down. His reply was, "I came to stay until tomorrow." When the morrow was over, he packed his grip and proceeded with schedule. His whole life has been just as orderly.

After graduation from the university, he entered our engineering office and remained for some five years. He then spent one year as assistant engineer in a similar concern in East St. Louis. After that he came back to LaFayette and stayed until the World War was on. He always read the news and kept exceptionally well up on all public questions, upon which he had decided opinions. The code of honor in the university forbade any man to bluff or be a "four flusher," and he had great respect for these principles. When war was declared I waited with intense interest his action, but said nothing. He finally brought up the subject of voluntary enlistment and stated his position. Many of the college men and his associates were enlisting. His position was that he could not do it; his hearing, like my own, is badly impaired. He said if he did enlist, he would surely be rejected, and as all his associates knew of his misfortune, they would think he was "four flushing,"

knowing he would be rejected. He spent a month or two planning how to get into the service. All at once he announced he was off for Washington, and left within twenty-four hours. At Washington, he received an appointment in the engineering department for aviation. He passed the examination 100 per cent in everything, educationally, physically and mentally, but his hearing was 25 per cent impaired, and he was rejected. He advised me he could get an appointment in the ordnance department, but the result would likely be the same, and that that day he would go to work in the emergency fleet corporation, where it was not necessary to pass such an examination; and there he went. It is more than four and a half years, and he is still there, performing faithful service.

On December 17, 1919, he was married to Miss Gladys Shannon, of East St. Louis, Illinois. They are nicely located in a large apartment house in Washington, leading a quiet but ideally happy life. He is a Republican through and through, is strictly moral in every way, but has never indicated any religious convictions one way or the other; however he has attended church more or less all his life. He is amply able to hold his own and take care of himself and his, under any circumstances.

SARAH DELILA MARSHALL

ABV No. 108

Lyla, as she was called during her life, was the youngest daughter of Solomon H. and Sarah Ann Marshall. She was born either in Greene or Clark County, Ohio, on October 16, 1862, brought up at Montmorenci, Tippecanoe County, and married Charles Freemont Moore in 1884.

She died December 25, 1885, at Boswell, Benton County, Indiana.

She was educated in the school at Montmorenci, the same as the other children.

She was an accomplished musician, and a great worker in the Methodist church and Sunday school.

She was a splendid, high-minded, cultured, and beautiful young woman. She died from fever, after giving birth to a boy baby, whom she named Merl Marshall Moore. She passed away at the very threshold of life, deeply mourned by a host of friends besides her family.

She is buried in the Montmorenci Cemetery, where her grave is always kept green.

Her husband at that time was a teacher and principal of the Boswell schools. He is a graduate of Purdue University. He as a

young man was a fine, upright, able fellow, and his subsequent career has fully justified his early promise.

After being a widower for a number of years, he again married and has two interesting daughters.

He resides at Racine, Wisconsin, where for twenty years he has owned and conducted a large business college.

He was my schoolmate for several years, then my brother-in-law. To me, he is my brother-in-law yet, and always will be, and held in my highest esteem for his manly qualities.

He is an enthusiastic Mason, belongs to the Blue Lodge, Chapter, Knights Templar, the Consistory and Shriners.

MERL MARSHALL MOORE

ABVI No. 159

Merl was born at Boswell, Indiana, on December 15, 1885.

After Lyla's death, he was taken to Montmorenci and placed under the care of his grandparents, where he was brought up under the same conditions as the others of our family had been before.

After Mother's death in 1900, when he was nearly fifteen years of age, he went to his father, who by that time had married and had a home.

He was given a good education, and then entered the business college as a teacher, and partner with his father.

For several years he has had the management of the college, while his father looked after the outside work, that is, getting the students while Merl teaches them.

I have been to their college, and it is a wonder. Desks, typewriters, adding machines and office fixtures without number and hundreds of students with a full complement of instructors. Merl is in charge from early morning until the night classes are dismissed, every working day in the year except one week of vacation.

They have made a big success, and how they did it, I do not know. Within a few squares, the Racine High School gives a full business course with free tuition, while their only income is from scholarship fees. No wonder he works sixteen hours a day.

Notwithstanding his strenuous duties, he is fat and hearty, as handsome, and finely proportioned a young man as ever lived. In addition, he is a man of character and standing. For twenty years, or until Father's death, he never failed to come and see him twice a year, at Christmas and in July.

Aside from his manly qualities, his loyal consideration for his grandfather has made a warm place in the hearts of all the family for Merl Marshall Moore.

Although thirty-six years of age, he has never married. I wonder if he hasn't been too busy.

HENRY WRIGHT MARSHALL

ABV No. 109

Henry Wright Marshall, who was the sixth child of S. H. and Sarah Marshall, was born in Greene County, Ohio, on January 29, 1865. He came to Tippecanoe County, Indiana, January 1, 1871, where he has since resided.

He is the youngest of the family, with the exception of one son, William, who died in 1871. He was brought up in the same environment and under the same restrictions as the other members of the family.

His education was received in the schools of Montmorenci, and the Union Business College of LaFayette, from which he graduated in 1883.

He was an alert and quick student in school. As a young man he took advantage of every opportunity to acquire information and educate himself in the problems of life. He has continued that policy all his life until today he is as well educated broadly speaking, as the most able university graduate. He is a very forceful and logical writer upon any of the topics of the day. His diction is clear and always in perfect form. He is very choice in phraseology and decidedly particular as to how his words are arranged. While he employs an editorial staff on his newspaper, many of the best articles are written by him.

In his young manhood he participated in all the social activities of his neighborhood. After going to the city he was quite popular among the city's social set. He had a fine voice and natural musical ability which he cultivated. He was a choir member of the largest church in the city for a long time. He played the piano and guitar sufficiently well to always help in social gatherings. The writer has seen him entertain a crowd in other cities for hours at a time.

When young he had a natural gift for making friends and retaining them. He inherited the industry of his parents, and particularly the energy of his mother, which has followed him continuously through life, in all of his peregrinations.

He was married to Laura O. Van Natta, of Montmorenci, in 1891. They have one son, Henry W. Marshall, Jr., of LaFayette.

After his marriage his business responsibilities gradually increased, and in proportion his social activities declined. Periodically he relapses to the old form and enjoys himself to the limit.

His business career began at an early age, as is usual with country bred boys. While he lived in the village of Montmorenci, his occupation until about eighteen years of age, was upon the farm. For one or two seasons he worked with his eldest brother on a farm in the prairies of White County.

In the winter of 1883, after graduating from the business college, he was engaged in the Harvesting Machine Agency with the writer and his father.

In the fall of that year, he was employed by the old Rosser Printing Establishment, and from there he went on the road as traveling salesman for a printing establishment in Bloomington, Illinois, selling printing and stationery to the retail trade in Illinois and Indiana. At that early age his personality and ability attracted the attention of business men with whom he came in contact. One of his customers, of large means, had a son about H. W.'s age, whom he wished to establish in business, but whom, owing to his inexperience, he was afraid to trust alone. He proposed to Henry that he would furnish the capital for a partnership of Henry and his son, if Henry would agree to manage the business. As a result the stationery firm of Marshall & Jaques was established in the City of Lafayette, where they did a large and successful business until some time after Henry's marriage. During these years, he built up a reputation as a shrewd business man.

In 1891, he joined with me in reorganizing the Lafayette Bridge Company. He became President of the company, and I acted as General Superintendent and Engineer. The bridge plant was built on the Belt Railroad, and became very successful, and was operated continuously until sold to the American Bridge Company in 1900.

During these years of business associations, I had the opportunity to observe his orderly methods, his intellectual power, and the beginning of his career, which has developed into that of one of the most successful and widely known men in the State of Indiana.

Many people believe that "luck" has all to do with a successful life. My observation and experience is that that is all "tommy-rot." In analyzing my own life, it is no trouble for me to place my finger on the mistakes and faults that kept me from being a wealthy man. It is equally clear to me how H. W. avoided them and succeeded, although both had the same heritage.

The secret of success is brains plus self control, plus the ability to see and act straight. H. W.'s activities are well illustrated by the following incident: In a conversation with a bank president and very wealthy man, he remarked, "H. W. could afford to do certain things if he wished." "Yes," I answered, "he has had very good luck." "Luck? H--l," said he, "it's brains, nothing but brains." Granted the brains, he sees straight.

Some years ago, I thought I saw a fine business opportunity outside of my regular line. I talked it over with H. W., putting the best possible emphasis on the prospects. He listened without comment, according to his custom. When I had finished, he curtly advised, "Keep out, there is nothing to it." Like most people, I received the advice I had requested, but followed by own inclination. Within six months I was several thousand dollars wiser and that amount poorer. He had, and always has had, an uncanny faculty of seeing straight.

He has another important faculty. He will listen, without the bat of an eyelash, for hours to suggestions, to arguments, to facts and fancies. An observer might think he never saw a point, nor cared a straw for what was said. If that same observer should watch results, a day, week, or perhaps a year thereafter, he would find, arranged in martial order, everything of value that occurred, with nothing forgotten that was of use, and everything from which he could profit, adopted as his own.

Physically he is but a medium sized man, always well groomed and of good appearance, but shows no signs in his makeup of anything other than the ordinary intelligent business man. His speech is always soft and low. He has good control of temper, which, with all the family, he possesses. There is nothing about him of bluff or bluster. Nevertheless, he has nerves of steel. That nerve however, is always in reserve and only exercised in emergencies. A case in point, of which there are many similar, I shall relate.

While we were in business together, and still young men, we were in another city attending the letting of a large contract by a board of county commissioners. As usual, we had made careful preparation for the conflict with some twenty or more strong competitors. It was competition of both price and engineering. The board was sole judge of both. An all day session with the various competitors had extended until ten o'clock at night. We and the three members of the board, with the auditor, were in the private room of the board. I had discussed and explained the engineering features. Everybody was tired. When I had finished the President

of the Board announced they would adjourn until morning, and started to leave the room. As quick as a flash, H. W. jumped between him and the door and in his quiet, but firm and easy manner, said. "Hold on, Mr. A, let's settle this now. Mr. B, how do you vote on this award?" "I vote for your company." "Mr. C, how do you vote?" "I vote for your company." "Now, Mr. A, two have voted for us; just make it unanimous." "Well, two is a majority; I will vote yes." "All right. Thanks. Mr. Auditor, make up the record accordingly." I have never seen a finer exhibition of nerve.

Another faculty he possesses to a remarkable degree is his ability to judge men and motives. In business affairs he is as cold as a piece of steel. He appraises a man at a glance and seems to instinctively place him in his proper sphere. Hence, his selection of his employes and assistants is seldom, indeed, a misfit. This element in his nature accounts for his success in organization. After he has selected a man for a certain position he gives him full rein and places the responsibility upon him to make good; if he doesn't, it's good-bye and no apologies. Sympathy for failure has no reserve fountain in his make-up. His good-will and friendship are steadfastly held, but by success alone. He expects big results from services, and always pays in proportion. I know of one man taken from another position, where he was getting fifteen dollars per week, and in four years H. W. was paying him one hundred and fifteen dollars a week, and the man had never asked for an increase.

His genius for organization and executive ability have made his financial success. Let no one think, however, that ability, genius, brains, luck, or anything else will make success either in wealth or in accomplishment or enduring fame, without the inevitable drudge of labor and perseverance. H. W. has been no exception to this rule. His days and nights and Sundays have been given up to it for these many years. He has been burning both ends of his candle of life.

The position he has reached is enviable in one sense, and yet there is another angle. Today as I write there lies in this city the body of Henry's most intimate friend, awaiting burial. They have been associates in many business ventures. He was all that Henry is, and even more successful in a financial way. Many prominent and wealthy men from all over the country will attend his funeral, and in a few days all but a few will have forgotten. His candle of life burning at both ends cut him short in early life. Many times I have tried to impress this lesson upon H. W., but without success. Satisfaction in success? Yes, but often a reasonable financial success provides ways,

yes, many ways, for all the activity necessary for a man of middle life, and will give, in addition, more dividends in satisfaction, besides assuring the normal length of life.

For example, the knowing the people whom I have met, and the preparation of this record, are worth more to me in pleasure than the income of a million. In addition to that, the book will be used a hundred years from now by some yet unborn, stimulating them by confidence in their heredity.

For a few years, beginning in the late nineties, due to ill health, H. W. relaxed sufficiently from strenuous business to enjoy himself for a time with two playthings.

First, there were race horses. That was before the speed demon, the automobile, was even dreamed of. He kept a string of speedy horses, attended the fairs and grand circuit races, solely for the sport of the game.

Sometimes he won, and sometimes he didn't. I am of the opinion, however, that he got more genuine pleasure out of it, and had more healthy enjoyment, than he has had in any other period of his life so far.

The other was politics. Previous to 1898, he had taken a lively interest in politics, but only that of a citizen, interested in the welfare of the community.

In 1898 he was elected to represent Tippecanoe County and Warren County in the State Legislature. He was re-elected in 1900 and again in 1902.

He was elected Speaker of the House for the session of 1903-5. For some time he was district chairman of the Republican party of his district.

He was national delegate from the Tenth District to the Republican convention at Chicago that nominated Charles Evan Hughes for President.

He is a standpat Republican, and stayed with the old line when the majority in both county and state flopped to the Progressives in 1912.

In the first two sessions of the Legislature in which he was a member he was inconspicuous so far as open meetings were concerned, but behind the curtains and in private conferences, where the work is really done, he was in his element. His strength among his contemporaries was such that in the third session he was elected Speaker without opposition.

He made a popular speaker, acquitting himself with honor. During the six years as representative he became acquainted with all the

public men of the State, together with the politicians, little and big, and through that source and his business connections he came to know all the men in the State who do things. From that time on he has probably yielded as large an influence on public affairs as any man in the State, either in public or private life.

The Sixty-third General Assembly of the State of Indiana enacted a law providing for the appointment by the Governor of a Louisiana Purchase Exposition Commission, to consist of fifteen commissioners, one from each congressional district, and two at large, all to serve without compensation. Henry W. Marshall was one of the two commissioners-at-large, and was vice-president of the Commission. He spent much time in preparing Indiana's exhibit at St. Louis, and was largely responsible for the creditable showing made by the State at the exposition.

Many times in the past decade or two he has been too busy, or for other reasons was not about the polls on primary election days, where delegates to conventions of importance are elected. Nevertheless, at the proper time he always shows up in the inner circle, in time for the fireworks.

That method of manipulation and keeping out of the limelight is illustrated by his smooth performance in 1912. The writer's sympathies have always been with the *proletariat*, and I never could be hitched and made to stand by the politicians. It was but natural that I joined the Roosevelt Four Million in 1912 and was active from the beginning to the end of the campaign.

Every one of us were pilgrims in the new cause, enjoined with the solemn duty of burying the old Republican party and its bosses, and, incidentally, by presiding at an historic meeting for organization, or stumping the rural community, to lay the foundations for family history in the far dim future, and record our names as among the first "Bull Moosers" for the edification of our descendants. Alas, alas, it can never be. Dreams, dreams, nothing but dreams.

Well, in our community, as in every other, about four out of five voters were with Roosevelt, and, as in every other, the Republican organization was *not*. Only two out of thirty of our county delegates to the State convention were for the organization. H. W. was not one of the two, and not even a candidate.

On the evening before the convention, when the district delegates met at Indianapolis to elect various committeemen for the convention, H. W. smilingly appeared, equipped with a proxy from one of the two who had been elected. The old liners started the machine rolling, with

the regulars standing shoulder to shoulder, and the new recruits first on one leg, then the other. Our delegation had one place, that one a member of the committee on credentials, and H. W., one of the two old liners, and he only a proxy delegate, was rolled into the position.

The "organization" had the key to the credential committee room and a big colored policeman guard. No matter who was elected, a majority of stand-patters only were permitted in that committee room. Likewise, when that committee reported the temporary roll of members for the convention, they saw to it that a majority of them were stand-patters. Fair? I told H. W. they had never heard the word. They put the program through over the howl and protest of the vast majority. Every mother's son of them knew they were going down to defeat in the election to follow. Then what was the object? Simply this, to keep the organization in their control. H. W. was in the background just pulling the strings.

They didn't even campaign in the election, except to show a front. They were holding the organization, waiting for the next time, looking ahead. In looking back, we see every one of that crew back in the boat two years later, and all of them who were after the offices, big and little, have them.

And thus it was the country over. There were in every community a few long-headed fellows like H. W., never in a hurry, patiently waiting, but never for a moment forgetting the organization.

There are but few men in LaFayette who know the real power that H. W. exercises in State politics. He honestly thinks he does it for the good of the people. I will concede his honesty of purpose, but his views and my opinion of that set of political buccaneers is just as near crosswise as it was in 1912. He has repeatedly disclaimed any desire for political office. I wish he had not. I think it would broaden his vision of success in life, beyond the horizon of finance.

In speaking, he makes no attempts at oratory. However, by the use of good language, clear reasoning and keen wit, he makes an impressive speech.

While H. W. is regarded as a cool, calculating business man, he is in fact discriminating in how he makes money. This element in his character is illustrated by the following incident:

After he retired from the bridge company, about 1898, he opened a broker's office. In about a year he abruptly closed it. In talking with me about it he said he could make more money with less effort in that line than in any other in which he had been engaged, but that

90 per cent came from poor people who were not able to pay, and that he would not follow a business of that character.

About that time he assumed the sales management of a paving and supply company in Chicago. While employed upon a salary only, in a very short time he was general manager of the company. That was about the period of the formation of the trusts throughout the United States. The owners of the concern, recognizing his ability, retired to the background and told him to take charge of negotiating its sale. In a short time he had disposed of a few old melting pots and some contracting machinery to the asphalt trust for about one-half million dollars. That was really about the first of his association with big business.

After that sale had been consummated, he organized the Western Construction Company, consisting of himself, Hugh McGowen of Indianapolis, and Samuel and Charles Murdock, of LaFayette. He was president and manager of the company from that time until early in this year of 1921. They did an enormous amount of asphalt paving all over the State of Indiana, running into millions of dollars.

A few years later he negotiated the purchase of the street railway system of Evansville, Indiana, and the interurban from Evansville to Princeton and Patoka. They later purchased practically all the utilities of Evansville. He was president of those utilities for a number of years, only closing out his interest two years ago. During all those years he was constantly in touch with large financial interests of the East, and has the confidence of all his associates.

Besides his other interests, he and his wife are among the largest land owners of Tippecanoe County. Their land lies in Shelby Township, and is known as "The Marshall Farms."

These farms consist of several hundred acres of fine prairie soil, well improved. There are large cattle barns, horse barn and two immense silos that are in view for miles. In addition there is one of the most modern hog breeding plants in the country, where he specializes in raising the big-type Poland China hogs of the finest strain.

In 1914, he determined to enter the newspaper field. His interest in public affairs was one motive, but the largest one was financial profit. He first purchased the "Sunday Times of LaFayette"; a short time later he purchased the "LaFayette Morning Journal" from the Haywoods. He consolidated the papers, greatly improved the publications and increased the circulation.

In 1919, he purchased the "LaFayette Daily Courier," the other old established daily paper of the city, at a cost of one hundred fifty thou-

sand dollars. The two papers were consolidated and has since been published as "The LaFayette Journal and Courier."

The newspapers were published in the Haywood Building, until 1920, when he built a fine new structure on Sixth Street, and filled it with the most modern equipment for the production of the newspaper, and devoted it exclusively to that purpose.

As another exhibition of nerve, in January, 1920, he purchased for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars the "Evansville Courier," published at Evansville, Indiana. The writer was considerably worried at his continued expansion and increased assumption of responsibilities, and so informed him. The only response was that same old quiet smile. In a few months he disposed of a half interest in that paper. In less than a year he had disposed of the other half. I am not going to state the number of dollars of profit he made, but in that deal he netted more than I have made in twenty years of hard work.

For the past year he has been gradually reducing his responsibilities, until at the present time he is apparently getting to the point where he can enjoy life without wearing himself out.

He is not only a man of action, but, in the proverbial sense, his word is as good as his bond.

This characteristic was pointedly illustrated during last summer. He owned a large lot with a building adjoining his newspaper plant on Sixth Street. He had been offered twenty-five thousand dollars for it several times, and declined to accept it. The National Painters' headquarters are in this city, and they approached him to purchase the real estate upon which to build an office building for their use. He told them what he had refused for it, but as a citizen interested in the welfare of the city he would make them a proposition; that they could set what in their judgment was a fair price and he would accept it. After a few days they informed him that they had fixed the price at eighteen thousand dollars. Without a protest, he smilingly accepted and deeded them the property.

During these years he has been exceedingly liberal in many ways. Many people are under lasting obligation to him for generous gifts, of which few know but themselves.

He has fully supported all public projects commensurate with the position he occupies.

For many years before our father's death he was ever solicitous and active in looking after his comfort and pleasure.

A short time ago his close friend and associate, Samuel Murdock, passed away. I note in another newspaper than Henry's the statement

that a big man had gone, and that H. W. Marshall was another big man of this city who still remained. That statement is but the truth.

He is a member of Trinity M. E. Church, a member of the Columbia Club of Indianapolis, a member of the Lincoln Club of LaFayette, a member of the LaFayette Club of LaFayette, and belongs to the Masonic order, being a Knight Templar, and a member of the Consistory, or Thirty-second Degree, and the Mystic Shrine.

He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Elks.

By appointment of the Governor of the State, he is a Trustee of Purdue University of this city.

Since writing the above sketch of Henry W. Marshall, Dr. W. E. Stone, who had been President of Purdue University for twenty years, met with an accident while mountain climbing in northern Canada, and was killed in July of 1921. The Board of Trustees of the University were called to meet immediately, and Henry W. Marshall was elected Vice-President and acting President of the University until such time as they could elect a new President.

Henry W. has now been acting President for some seven months, assuming the responsibility of that large institution along with his many other affairs. I have heard many complimentary remarks on his excellent executive management of the affairs of the University. He is very anxious to be relieved of the responsibility, which will doubtless be done before many months. I have heard it from members of the faculty that they had never had such fine financial management as there has been since his administration began.

LAURA O. MARSHALL

Laura Olive Van Natta was born in Montmorenci on December 22, 1867, and married Henry W. Marshall on February 10th, 1891, at the Van Natta home in Montmorenci. She was the daughter of Aaron and Emily Van Natta.

The Van Natta family was one of the most prominent families of the west part of Tippecanoe County. They came there in an early period of the country's settlement.

Laura's father was the principal merchant and the postmaster in Montmorenci for many years. He was a very able man in business, and at the time of his death the largest land owner on the west side of the county.

He had been educated for a lawyer, and was very exact in every transaction. He had a fine intellect, a strong character, and was a splendid example of Christian manhood.

Her mother, Emily Moore Van Natta, was a member of the prominent pioneer Moore family, who entered the land where Montmorenci is located in 1830.

Mrs. Van Natta's first ancestor in this country was Thomas Moore. He was an officer in the English army ordered to Canada, and stationed near the present city of Kingston, a few years before the Revolutionary War.

For his services as an officer he was granted a large tract of land upon which Kingston is located. At the time of the Revolution he had retired from the army. His sympathies were with the Revolution.

He was a fearless and outspoken man, and found it expedient to leave Canada between two days and go south to the States. He never recovered his property in Canada.

Mrs. Van Natta was a woman of wonderful memory. In 1899, she collaborated with her cousin and my brother-in-law, C. F. Moore, in writing an interesting history of the Moore family, wherein there is left many reminiscences from her remarkable memory.

Laura's keen mental quality and quiet but firm disposition are characteristic of her father.

While they have one of the finest homes in the city of LaFayette and participate to a limited extent in social activities, she is not a society woman. She is interested in her home, and takes an interest in things worth while. In her quiet way she does many acts of charity and helps where it is deserved and needed.

She doesn't talk overmuch, but if anyone thinks she does not see and know what is going on he is badly mistaken.

She never becomes excited or ruffled. I have known her as a child, young woman, and as wife and mother, and known her only to admire her. She has been not only my sister-in-law, but also a loyal friend.

She may see many faults in me and others, but her countenance never betrays it. I have often thought what a big difference there is between what is in her mind and what some may think is there, and how easily she can detect deception and quietly enjoy it all in her mind.

She has been a member of the Methodist Church since childhood, but her retiring disposition keeps her from being publicly prominent. She is mindful of her position and maintains it with proper dignity, and always lets others do just as they please without its bothering her a bit.

Neither show nor sham has aught to do with Laura. She has

always been kind to me, and I would fight today for her should it be necessary.

She was educated in the school at Montmorenci, and in both De-Pauw and Purdue Universities. She was also a student of art and music.

She belonged to the Kappa Alpha Theta, Greek letter sorority, and has ever since her college days been a loyal patroness of her sorority.

Of serene temperament, she presides over one of the finest homes in LaFayette with grace and charm to the comfort and pleasure of her family.

HENRY W. MARSHALL, JR.

ABVI No. 160

Henry Wright Marshall, Jr., is the only child of Henry W. and Laura O. Marshall. He was born on March 19, 1892, in the city of LaFayette.

Henry is more Van Natta than Marshall, in both appearance and intellectuality.

He was educated in the public schools of LaFayette, entered Purdue University and graduated in 1913 in the Agriculture Department.

After graduating from the University, he entered the newspaper business, in the advertisement department of the LaFayette Journal, owned by his father, and at present is manager of the Journal-Courier Corporation.

He has a wide opportunity open before him for an unusually pleasant life.

Henry, Jr., is a typical city chap. He is of fine physical form and pleasant personality. While he graduated in agriculture, I haven't heard as yet of his plowing any corn. Since the family owns many acres of farm lands, that education will doubtless be of value to him at some future time.

He was married to Helen Bromm in Evansville in October, 1916. Helen is a finely cultured young woman of a kindly and pleasing disposition. She is popular in a wide circle of friends, and active in social affairs. They move about and enjoy life, and that is precisely what they should do.

JESSE WILSON MARSHALL

AIV No. 32

Jesse Wilson Marshall was born June 29, 1836, in Greene County, Ohio, the fourth son of Robert and Sarah Huffman Marshall.

On November 10, 1859, he married Anna Gowdy, at Springfield, Ohio. She died at Tarkio, Mo., August 23, 1894. On the 10th day of June, 1896, he married Adaline Crothers at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

He died at Xenia, Ohio, on October 11th, 1911.

I wish I had the ability to write of Uncle Jess as I should like to. I remember him well, from my early youth until his death. From one of his cousins still living in Iowa, I learned that his Uncle William was the aristocrat of our great-grandfather's family.

Similarly, to my mind, Uncle Jess was the aristocrat of our family. Not that he was snobbish, or gave the impression that he was better than others, but that he was always neatly dressed, and was fine-looking and gentlemanly in his bearing.

I do not know when he moved to Illinois, but he was there in 1868, and was there at my earliest recollection. All that time, he frequently came back to visit his relatives in Ohio and Indiana. He was usually accompanied by Aunt Anna and the children, when they were small.

He was a business man. For many years he was a large shipper of horses. He was one of the best judges of horses in the West, and always kept fine drivers.

In 1879, when I was a boy of nineteen years, I visited them in Monmouth, Illinois, for six weeks. That has been a green spot in my memory ever since. They lived in the finest house in Monmouth, and he was one of the leading men of the city in business affairs, and his family were leaders socially.

At that time he said to me: "When I was a young man without a home I lived with your father and mother. I want to repay them. Up the street is Monmouth College. You enter the college and stay until you graduate. When you are through, I will put you in the best lawyer's office in this city, and make a lawyer of you. You will live with me, and at no expense to your family."

What little judgment the average boy of that age has! I had girl on my brain, like most fellows. I thanked him, but I must get to work and make money to get married. The opportunity for an education passed forever from me.

In the million times he has entered my mind since, every time I remember his generous offer, and feel as thankful for it as if I had accepted.

Without a college education, I made myself a successful engineer. With a college education, I wonder what kind of a lawyer he would have made of me. However, the "might have beens" cut no ice in the mill pond.

In the eighties, after his daughter Lizzie had married, he moved to Tarkio, Missouri. In the spring of 1894, when on a business trip through Missouri, I spent a day or two in Tarkio.

It was a short time before Aunt Anna died. Even then she was failing fast. Ever since my boyhood she was the beautiful, kindly, refined Aunt Anna to me. There was none her equal. Surrounded with a loving family, with every comfort, with the best of care, yet she was fast failing.

Sadly, I left her forever, but shall always have memories of her beautiful life. I have not seen any of their children since that time.

After her death, Uncle Jess went back to the old home in Ohio. There for the next ten or twelve years I was with him many times, and came to know his strength of character.

He had always been of a religious nature. They were United Presbyterians. There was about him the subtle Quaker attitude alluded to heretofore. He was always quiet-spoken, but of firm convictions.

He was a Republican in politics, and knew and could logically give the reasons for his being even a stand-pat Republican.

He had a strong mind, and a most level head. He was of a most discriminating nature. In landscape, garden or home, everything must be perfect and in harmony. He was a judge of beauty in nature, animals, or men and women.

Of all our people, I know no other who took the interest in his relations that he did. No matter who they were, if they were of Marshall blood he was always interested in their welfare.

His final resting place is beside Aunt Anna, at Tarkio, Missouri, the home of all of his children.

LIZZIE MARSHALL

AV No. 111

Lizzie Marshall, eldest daughter of Jessie W. and Anna Goudy Marshall, was born August 12, 1860, in Ohio.

She married William F. Rankin, at Monmouth, Illinois, on May 12, 1881.

Now that I come to writing of Uncle Jess's family, while a pleasure, I find it a problem. My youthful impressions and boyish memory of forty-two years ago, while exceedingly pleasant, are hard to express in words.

As previously stated, when children they were brought with their parents to visit their relatives in Ohio and Indiana.

Lizzie's disposition was of a quiet sort, but Fannie made a full house. She was a light-hearted, happy girl with an exuberance of the spirit of youth that had to have an outlet every moment.

She was as sharp as the point of a needle, and with her wit and proclivity for action it became everybody's business to look out while she was around. To us children she was the idol of our eyes and a great sport.

Lizzie was a lady while still in short dresses. She was exceedingly pleasant, but, like her mother and father, dignified.

When I was nineteen years of age, a raw, inexperienced country lad, I was at their home in Monmouth for six weeks.

From the first, Fannie—her open-hearted, spontaneous self—and I had a fine time. For quite a while I kept shy of Lizzie, not understanding her. Before I left, however, I came to understand her and, although she did not know it, I appreciated and admired her more and more each day, so that when it came to leaving I carried with me a fine feeling of attachment for her that has remained to this happy day.

In appearance, Lizzie is Marshall. In disposition and character she is a resultant from the deliberation, poise and dignity of her father and the ladylike bearing and gentle characteristics of one of the loveliest mothers that ever has lived.

Of the time of which I am writing, late in eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, Will Rankin, an Apollo of a young man, and Lizzie were lovers. About eighteen months later they were married.

William F. Rankin was the son of David Rankin, a banker and large land owner of Monmouth, Illinois.

The senior Rankin was a pioneer in Illinois. It is said he founded the town of Rankin, Illinois, and the town was named after him.

Soon after Will's marriage they moved from Monmouth to Tarkio, in the northwest part of Missouri, where they had purchased a large tract of the finest land I have ever seen, and proceeded to develop the town. About that time, Uncle Jesse and his family moved to Tarkio, and lived on a farm of two hundred acres of brown loam ten feet deep, about a mile from the town.

While on a business trip in 1894, I passed a day or two with them in Tarkio. The town had about one thousand inhabitants at that time, and it all centered about the one family. Will Rankin was apparently the business head of the town. Will F. Marshall and he operated the electric light plant and water works.

J. E. Travis, his brother-in-law, and Will Rankin had a large department store. They had a very large brick manufacturing plant, and the finances of the community were handled by their bank.

Right here, for the information of some of our clod-rolling people of the East, I want to describe the land of that country.

It is not flat nor hilly. It is a gently rolling prairie as far as the eye can see. Corn appeared to be the principal crop. As I came into the neighborhood I wondered what they were going to do with all the sweet potatoes they had ridges for. It was in the planting season, and thousands of acres looked for all the world like a garden sweet potato patch.

I was taken out eight miles over the Rankin land and shown what it really was. They did not break their land with a plow such as I had ever seen. They used a plow with two mold boards, turning the soil in both directions at the same time. Not only that, but, below and behind the plow was a subsoiler and planter combined that drilled the seed still below the plow bottom. This plow, or lister, as it was termed, turned up the soil just a corn row at a time, and planted it also. That was all there was to it, and hence the fields looked like sweet potato ridges to me.

For cultivating they used a gopher. That was two plates about eighteen inches long fastened to a frame with tongue for the team. These blades were placed apart in front and came within about eight inches of each other in the rear. In the place of plowing they scraped the soil from these ridges over and about the plants. As the corn grew up the ridges were leveled down, burying the lower stalks about a foot deep.

There was a reason for all this. First, the corn grew so tall and rank that it would not stand up unless deeply rooted. Second, it was so high to the ears that a man couldn't reach the ears to husk it. Don't smile. This is no fish story.

A few years ago I read in a metropolitan publication a lengthy special article describing the farming interests of the Rankins, which had been merged into a family owned corporation, in which the writer claimed they were the largest actual farmers in the United States.

William F. Rankin became one of the most prominent business men in Missouri before his death, which occurred in 1918.

JESSE DAVID RANKIN
AVI No. 161

Jesse D. Rankin is the son of Lizzie and William F. Rankin, born on October 19, 1883. He married Nellie Bragg, of Oregon, Missouri, on August 10, 1909.

They have three children, as follows: Elizabeth Rankin, born May 5, 1911; Jane Rankin, born October 3, 1913, and J. D. Rankin, Jr., born January 5, 1915.

HELEN RANKIN

AVI No. 162

Helen is the only daughter of Lizzie and W. F. Rankin, born June 1, 1890. She married James Blanie Shaum October 24, 1912, in Tarkio, Missouri.

They have two children, Frances Elizabeth Shaum, born March 27, 1918, and James Blanie Shaum Jr., born March 20, 1921.

FANNIE B. MARSHALL

AV No. 112

Fannie B. Marshall, the second daughter of Jesse and Anna Marshall, was born March 30, 1864, and married James Edward Travis on October 20, 1892, at Tarkio, Missouri.

James E. Travis was born at Mercer, Pennsylvania, on May 25, 1864. They have no children.

It is more than twenty-seven years since I have seen Fannie, but in my mind's eye it seems as yesterday. I imagine her just the same, with only about ten years of age added. In the interim, my hair has become as white as snow, but I cannot see her so. When I meet her, she must be the same jolly girl as in our youth to me.

Her family has been so far away that in the activities of a strenuous life, each engaged in his personal affairs, communication has been neglected but recollection has never ceased for me.

A short time ago I received a letter from her, the first direct communication for years, that brought tears of gratitude to my eyes to know she had not forgotten her relatives, and was deeply interested in the Marshall family.

Back of her outward manifestations of humor there was always the serious thinking woman, observing and appraising life about her with a discerning understanding.

That jolly disposition was also a sentimental one. Tears of sensitive personal feeling are as much a part of her inmost nature as the outward laughter.

The day I passed with her was a glorious day. The changed conditions and natural development of all our people fills me with a yearning to see her again, after more than a quarter of a century, and to understand the difference between youth and middle age.

If not before, at a reunion of the whole Marshall family, descendants of William Marshall, Sr., in the near future, we shall meet again.

WILLIAM FLEMING MARSHALL

AV No. 114

William Fleming Marshall is the only son of Jesse and Anna Gowdy Marshall. He was born at Monmouth, Illinois, on August 18, 1870.

He received his education in the common schools at Monmouth, Illinois, and at Tarkio College, Tarkio, Missouri.

He was married to Berinece Morrison Gilliam on January 18, 1893, at Tarkio, Missouri.

Berinece Morrison Gilliam was born in Maryville, Missouri, September 26, 1873.

They had one son, Ralph Fayette Marshall, born August 11, 1894.

I have not seen William Marshall since shortly after his marriage. I only remember Will as a lad, a bright, manly fellow. His photograph, however, which is published herein, shows him at this time to be a duplicate of his father, in his father's younger days. He has fully developed and the expression of his countenance is Uncle Jess over again.

When a young man nineteen years of age, he was employed as bookkeeper and collector by the Tarkio Electric and Water Company, which position he held from 1889 until 1895. From 1895 until August, 1920 he was manager of the Tarkio Electric and Water Company. At that time he resigned, after over thirty years with that company, to manage his own affairs.

After leaving the electric and water company he and his wife spent three months of vacation on an automobile trip. That was Will's first vacation in thirty years.

Since that time, he is engaged in the operation of his farms and looking after his interests in electric light properties.

At present he is president of the Rockport Light and Power Company, of Rockport, Missouri; he is vice-president of the Fairfax Light, Heat and Power Company, of Fairfax, Missouri; he is vice-president of the Argus Building and Loan Association, of Tarkio, Missouri; he is president of the Tarkio Cemetery Association; and he is a member of the Financial Committee of the United Presbyterian Church, of Tarkio, Missouri.

He owns and operates six hundred and twenty acres of land. It will readily be seen from the above that Will has a wide field for his activities. We republish the following sketch:

"Ralph Fayette Marshall, only son of William Fleming and Berinece Morrison Marshall, died in Ensworth Hospital, St. Joseph, Mis-

souri, April 14, 1914, as the result of being shot accidentally ten days before. He was a faithful and consistent member of the United Presbyterian Church of Tarkio, Missouri, and an enthusiastic member of an organized class of young men who had taken as their name 'The Arrows.'

His death, so unexpected and tragic, deeply stirred his church and the entire community. A great wave of sympathy overwhelmed the Marshall home, as Ralph was the only son and child. He was one of the deservedly popular students in the Tarkio High School and belonged to the Senior Class. He was greatly interested in athletics, and during the past year was manager of the boys' basketball team and coach for the girls' basketball team.

In his death Tarkio has been bereaved of a young man of noble spirit, splendid promise, and true worth. His memory will be a benediction, for it is not in which the mantle of charity must cover a reckless career, but rather one in which the outstanding characteristics are virtues. He was pleasant, his smile and friendly attitude being habitually in evidence.

He manifested a deference toward old people which was most commendable. He possessed in a marked degree the faculty of making and holding friends.

He was loved by the citizens of Tarkio, not because they thought they ought to love him, but because his amiable disposition inclined them to do so.

He was thoughtful of others, taking an unselfish interest in their welfare. He was free from injurious habits, so free that after one of the surgeons had examined him upon his arrival at the hospital he said, 'If there is a chance at all for his recovery the fact that he has led a clean life physically and morally, not using liquor, tobacco, nor even tea and coffee, gives him the chance.' And the fact that he had started upon his tenth day after the accident before the end came is evidence of the splendid fight his physical condition enabled him to make for life.

But, best of all, he was a sincere Christian, faithful to his religious duties, upright in his life and possessing a strong faith in Christ as his Savior, to which he gave expression when the accident brought him face to face with death. He lived less than a score of years, but Tarkio and the world are better because he lived.

A very impressive service was held in the high school auditorium Tuesday morning, September 8, 1914, at the chapel hour. The occasion was the unveiling of a bronze tablet which the class of 1914 had

provided in loving memory of their classmate, Ralph Fayette Marshall. The tablet, which was made by the John Williams Engraving Company of New York, is a real work of art and is placed on the west wall of the high school auditorium."

Ralph was laid to rest beside his Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall in the Marshall family lot in the Tarkio Cemetery, Tarkio, Missouri.

Uncle Jess was proud of his children. I have seen as much or more of them as any other of their relatives, and in my opinion he had a reason to be proud.

DELILA ANN MARSHALL

AIV No. 33

Delila Ann was the only daughter of Sarah and Robert Marshall. There was another child named Rosannah, who died in infancy. Delila was born November 15, 1838.

She married Thomas E. Stewart November 16, 1858.

Of her life as a child and young woman I have no record. Her mother married Elijah Harper in 1848, and I presume she lived with her mother until she was married.

When their children were young, Aunt Lyle and Uncle Thomas lived at the old home where her father had lived. That place was sold to Charles Stewart, and they then moved about a mile north of Clifton, where they passed many years, and where the husband died. This was their permanent home excepting four years in Yellow Springs, while educating their children.

After Uncle Thomas' death, Aunt Lyle moved to Yellow Springs, where she resided until her death on November 13, 1913, at the age of seventy-five years.

Aunt Lyle was a Marshall, with the Marshall features and disposition. By disposition I mean that she had opinions of her own, and was firm in her actions. She was of rather quiet nature, but determined.

She was a strict United Presbyterian with everything that that implies, which will be well understood by those who have lived in a United Presbyterian neighborhood.

She performed her whole duty as she saw it. With no criticism intended, I have always felt that the restraints upon her children kept them from the full enjoyment of life.

She had the care of grandmother for several years, and all the time during which her mind was feeble. It was a great care, but Aunt Lyle

and her family looked after every comfort for her during her decline, and she never wanted for anything but that it was provided. My father was ever grateful to her for that fidelity.

Thomas E. Stewart was a member of the old and respected family of Stewarts of Clark County. Many of them yet remain and are among the best people of the county.

In the Civil War, Uncle Thomas served as wagonmaster of the 94th Ohio Regiment.

He was later mustered in as first lieutenant of Company D of the 146th Ohio Volunteers, and received his discharge September 9, 1864.

Uncle Thomas was a tall, spare built man, as straight as an arrow. He was of a kindly disposition, and upright character, and he was a Christian gentleman. He suffered severely for a long time before his death from cancer.

He and his wife are buried in the family lot in the Clifton Cemetery.

Their Children

I have known all of these as children, as girls, as young women, and as fully grown adults doing their life work. Two of them have demurred at having anything said about them, even in a family history. The only reason for that is their extreme modesty and self-effacement.

I have written Anna May that there is no patent or copyright on their names; and I am not going to say anything bad about them, because I couldn't, but that many relatives they never heard of will be interested in knowing of them, just as they will be in reading of others.

Their only fault is, they are too modest. They are no better by inheritance than their relatives, but just as good as any. If this be libel, make the most of it.

SARAH ETHEL STEWART

AV No. 115

Ethel, as she has always been called, was born August 13, 1859. She married Robert F. Cory December 22, 1881. To them were born four children. The first child died when only six months old.

From the time her children were small, Ethel, single-handed and alone, provided for and brought up and educated her three sons to manhood. It is true that she did only her duty, but her fine boys are the evidence that it was done so much better than most women who have help and money, and all other advantages, that I insist she has been the best mother in Springfield.

The loss of her second son was a great blow to her maternal heart. She has had a life full of responsibilities, but found joy in her duties. She did well. She is of a retiring disposition, but has a tender heart full of sympathy. She is a good woman. She has much in the past to think over, but there can be no regrets for anything left undone by herself.

She has a nice home, and is refined in thought and action. Now, relieved of heavy care, I bespeak for her a sanguine, happy time for the remainder of her life. She deserves the highest praise for her excellent life work.

EARL STEWART CORY

AVI No. 164

Earl Stewart Cory, the second child of Sarah Ethel Stewart Cory, was born in 1884.

He was married in Springfield, Ohio, in 1906, to Ada Spangler. He died in 1907.

HOMER C. CORY

AVI No. 165

Homer C. Cory, the third child of Sarah Ethel Stewart Cory, was born July 9, 1887.

He married Amie Helen Jobe, of Xenia, Ohio, January 1, 1920. She died December 4, 1920.

Homer C. Cory has attracted my attention since his early college days. In the first place, he is a fine specimen of physical manhood, who commands attention for his clean-cut features, and, in addition, he has brains. He is finely educated. He graduated at the Clifton High School. He then graduated at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, in 1910, and is now a member of its board of trustees. He graduated from the law department of Ohio State University in 1915. He was instructor in Military Law and Court Martial in the Ohio State University, after his graduation, until 1918. In the World War he enlisted as a private July 5, 1918, at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio. He was made a sergeant September 2, 1918, and commissioned first lieutenant November 2, 1918. He was transferred to the Judge Advocate General's department, stationed at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, on March 15, 1919, and from there was transferred to Judge Advocate department, Washington, D. C. He was discharged July 5, 1919, when he returned to Springfield.

When he came home from the war, he was offered a partnership with one of the strongest and best known lawyers in Springfield,

which he accepted, and is now engaged in the practice of law in Springfield, under the partnership name of Martin & Cory, with offices in the Bushnell Building. In addition to his studies in the Ohio State University, he was a law student in Chicago for some time. He is finely equipped by education for his work. Watch this young man's progress. There is but one thing that may prevent his being a big man before the public, and that is extreme conservatism. Contrary to most young lawyers, he has not the exaggerated ego. My advice to him is to assert his personality in ratio to his ability—fix his ambition for a high point, and then reach it. I wish you well, Homer.

THOMAS ELDER CORY

AVI No. 166

Thomas Elder Cory is the youngest son of Sarah Ethel Stewart. He was born December 8, 1890.

He was named for his grandfather, Thomas E. Stewart.

He married Cecelia Hilcoyne, of Springfield, Ohio, May 2, 1918. They have one daughter, Martha Lucile Cory, AVII, born February 27, 1919.

ANNA MAY STEWART

AV No. 116

Anna May Stewart, second daughter of Delila Ann Marshall and Thomas E. Stewart, was born August 14, 1861, near Clifton, Clark County, Ohio.

She has never married. She is one of the great, fine members of this family who have given the best of their lives for others. She was brought up on the farm, educated at Clifton and Antioch College. For a number of years she assisted in the care of her grandmother, when grandmother lived with her family, both in the country and at Yellow Springs. Some time after grandmother's death, her father was an invalid, and for several years she nursed him with the most tender care until his death. She then lived in Yellow Springs with her mother, and nursed her through her illness until her death in 1913. After her mother's death, she went to Springfield, where she was superintendent of the Odd Fellows' Orphans' Home. She was in charge of hundreds of children for two years. Now for six or seven years she has been the companion and support of Aunt Addy Marshall, Uncle Jess's widow, who lives in Xenia, who is quite advanced in years and requires constant attention.

Anna May has surely done her part for humanity. Throughout her life she has been a very cheerful, pleasant woman, always interested in the better things of life. She enjoys fun, and can see the humor in almost everything. She has always belonged to the United Presbyterian Church, and has taken an active part in church affairs ever since she was a child.

She certainly is honored by all the family who know her for her unselfish devotion to the interests of others.

LUCY MARSHALL STEWART

AV No. 117

Lucy Marshall Stewart is the third daughter of Delila Ann and Thomas E. Stewart. She was born near Clifton, Ohio, June 30, 1865.

She received a thorough education in the Clifton schools and Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and is by profession a teacher. She is another one of the Stewarts who has never married. Often have I speculated why not. As one of my favorite cousins, I would not for the world say anything that would hurt her feelings. She is one of the family who says there is nothing to be said about her. I understand that all right. She lacks a long bit of being one of the modern, presumptuous, and rattle brained society women. On the other hand she is just a wee bit modest, with a tendency toward self effacement. She is a splendid looking, finely cultured woman, with a most pleasant disposition. She, like the other girls of the family, was raised under a strict, United Presbyterian discipline.

That she has remained single, manifestly is not for the reason that she had no attractions for men, since she possesses all the graces that would attract the most critical masculine taste. About the only reason that I can think of for her spinsterhood is that any man she would accept had not the nerve to press his suit, from a feeling of inferiority, and that she would not accept anyone that was not sufficiently masterful to just carry her away.

Beyond a doubt she has lived her life in the manner she has from her own choice.

My dear Cousin, you do not know what you have missed. Think of the fine pleasure in darning sox, sewing on buttons, inhaling Havana tobacco smoke, cleaning cuspidors, tidying up disheveled rooms, taking care of the furnace, apologizing to the neighbors for the carelessness and don't-careness of a husband.

Then again, what a pleasure in being disciplined, not to do as you please, but to have on your mind the exquisite pleasure of promptly

having ready three meals a day for 365 days each year, for 40 years, just for someone else, whether you wanted to or not. Then if there had been a house-full of children, there would have been such a grand job of washing them, dressing them, training their lips to say "prism," and starting them off to have some teacher, with altruistic ideas, teach them that Woodrow Wilson is the greatest man of the twentieth century. Oh, you have missed a lot, but while missing all these things, you have had time and the satisfaction of meeting many people of many minds, of being untrammelled in seeking things that gave you comfort and pleasure.

You have spent years of time in an unselfish occupation, training the minds of thousands of human beings into channels of righteousness and upright living, and, for the greater part, far beyond and above the comprehension of their parents. The many years that you have devoted to the guidance of young boys and girls, and your wide experience and broad knowledge gained in the profession of training the young, has made you a vital force in the affairs of life, which will influence the ultimate actions and manner of life of several generations yet to come.

There is no finer occupation for women than teaching the young, wherein they give their best of life for the good of others.

Lucy Stewart, from the time I first knew her, possessed a most kindly and cheerful disposition. She was a charming girl, and as a woman, a most delightful companion. She is full of energy, quiet humor, and enjoys life.

In 1904, during school vacation, she and her sister Bertha visited with us. We had a summer lodge on the Tippecanoe River, where we would often go to spend a day or week of recreation. I had one of the early automobiles. Sometimes it would go, and sometimes it wouldn't. One day we went to the lodge, about thirteen miles away, to spend the day, taking our lunch. In the evening, when we started to go home, I couldn't get the machine to pull up the hill. We worked and worked. The girls pushed and pushed, until we were completely exhausted. Darkness came on, and we were compelled to stay all night, and in the morning, wait for something to eat until the carriage came to take us home. Those girls had a world of fun at my discomfiture. I wonder if they have forgotten it.

Lucy has been teaching in the Akron schools, at Akron, Ohio, for several years.

EDWIN EARL STEWART

AV No. 118

Edwin Earl Stewart is the only son of Delila Ann Marshall and Thomas E. Stewart. He was born August 12, 1870, near Clifton, Clark County, Ohio.

He was married November 23rd, 1909, to Miss Emma M. Gray, daughter of Col. George N. Gray, of Ironton. Mr. Stewart's boyhood was spent on his father's farm, and all of the incidents, and experience of farm life were his. He attended school at Clifton, and graduated from the high school there in 1887. After graduating from high school, he taught school for two years. He then exercised his muscles for some time working in a hominy mill. His work on the farm and in the hominy mill gave him an understanding of what hard work means.

The habit of industry taught him by his parents has served him well in later years. He was a student at Wittenberg College in Springfield in 1889 and '90. He later attended Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, from which he graduated, receiving the degree of A. B., in 1893, and A. M., in 1894. He then attended the law department of Ohio State University, graduating in 1895, with the degree of LL. B. At Antioch College he was elected orator of his class, and received the same honor at the State University.

He was admitted to the practice of law by the Supreme Court of Ohio in June, 1895, and by the Supreme Court of the United State in December, 1907. He began the practice of law in Springfield, Ohio, in 1895. In 1901 he was a candidate of the Republican party for Judge of the Municipal Court of Springfield, but was defeated by a small majority at the election. In 1904 he was elected to the Ohio House of Representatives, and for the next five years represented Clark County in the Legislature, serving through three sessions.

He served on the Judiciary Committee, and was chairman of the Insurance Committee. He was also chairman of the Ohio Insurance Investigating Committee, a committee of six selected from the membership of the Ohio Senate and House of Representatives. While working with this committee, he was called upon to sit with the Wisconsin Insurance Investigating Committee at Milwaukee, and later, on invitation took part in the Conferences of the "Committee of Fifteen" at its final sessions in Chicago, the "Committee of Fifteen" being one appointed at a conference of Governors, Attorneys General and State Insurance Commissioners, originally called at the request of

President Roosevelt for the purpose of investigating insurance conditions, and recommending model insurance laws.

In November of 1909 Mr. Stewart removed to Ironton, Ohio, where he has continued the practice of law. Here he has been interested in many civic matters, serving as an officer of the Board of Trade, Rotary Club, and as President of the Chamber of Commerce. In 1914 he was elected a member of the City Charter Commission. During the World War he was a "Four-Minute-Man." In 1921 he was elected Mayor of Ironton.

After his nomination for Mayor, the writer read several copies of the Ironton newspapers. The newspapers had many glowing accounts of his excellent character, of his high standing in business and social affairs, and stressed his well known integrity. In the election, he won by a large majority, without any promise, whatever, to any person or persons for positions or anything else, excepting to give a clean, upright, square administration.

Everyone who knows him has full confidence that his promise in that regard will be loyally kept.

It is refreshing to the writer to know of citizenship that will elect such a man as Mayor of a large city. On the day he was elected in Ironton, in two cities in Indiana, of similar size, Muncie and Terre Haute, disreputable characters, who had served terms in the Federal Penitentiary, were candidates for Mayor of their respective cities, and it required the most vigorous campaign by the decent citizens to defeat them.

Mr. Stewart belongs to the Masonic Fraternity, and has held the highest offices in the Blue Lodge, in the Chapter, the Ohio Council and Ironton Commandery. He was a District Lecturer for four years of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Ohio, and is a member of Alladin Temple and Scioto Consistory of Columbus, Ohio.

He belongs to the Ironton Golf Club, Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, Century Literary Club, and is Treasurer and a member of the Board of Control of the Chas. S. Gray Deaconess Hospital, and a director of the First National Bank of Ironton.

He is a fine, clean-cut, manly man, with broad views, unquestioned integrity, and lives a clean life. He is fond of athletics of every form. He is public spirited, and will always be found among the leaders in any movement looking toward the civic and moral betterment of the community in which he lives. He is not a man of shifting popular opinions, but thinks for himself, and acts accordingly.

He is fully informed of the selfishness and shams of politicians. I have had some very pleasant conversations with him upon many subjects, and have found him a level-headed and practical man. I admire him very much, maybe because in our conversations our views agree. He has always belonged to the Presbyterian Church. We have never discussed theology. Should we approach that subject, we might have different views.

BERTHA BELLE STEWART

AV No. 119

Bertha Belle Stewart is the youngest of the family, born May 5th, 1875.

She graduated at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, in 1897. She took Post-graduate work at Columbia University, and entered the teaching profession.

She was instructor in Latin in the Troy, Ohio, schools for nine years.

In 1914 she married Clarence G. Snook, a manufacturer of Troy, where they now reside.

I have met Mr. Snook several times. He is a very strong character, well educated, and exceedingly well informed upon public questions. He is practical, polished, and a capable business man, with fine social qualities.

He is a Republican, with independent opinions.

And Bertha is happy. Always a jolly, good natured, fun loving, but highly cultured woman.

Their home is as pleasant a place as one ever visited.

Aunt Lyle's children were all credits, and no debits to the Marshall family.

GEORGE W. MARSHALL

AIV No. 34

George W. Marshall was the youngest child of Robert and Sarah Huffman Marshall. He was born in Green County, Ohio, on January 13th, 1841.

He married Eliza J. Todd January 23rd, 1863.

My first recollection of Uncle George Marshall is that when I was about 8 years old, he and his family and our family lived on adjoining farms in Madison County, Ohio, for about two years. I did not see any of them again until 1878. About that time he and his wife had separated. She was living in Pitchin with her two children, and he had gone back to his mother's home near Cedarville. After that, I saw him frequently until about 1890.

He was a very peculiar man. He was the tallest of any of the family, but not of large build, like most of them. For some time he farmed his mother's home place, and was a dealer in stock. Later, he engaged in business in Cedarville. His wife, Eliza J. Marshall, secured a divorce from him. What the marital troubles were, I never knew. He received considerable criticism from the other members of the family.

He married again, while living in Cedarville. While he was criticised more or less by the other members of the family, probably on account of the divorce, he was a man of very pleasant address. Whenever I met him, he was very affable and agreeable. For some reason he was a man that made many and lasting friends. In Cedarville, during the time that I knew him there, he seemed more popular with the people than even Uncle Dan.

I do not know just when he left Cedarville and went west. We had heard nothing from him, excepting indirectly, for more than twenty years. He had located at Seattle, Washington. He had gone up into Alaska in the gold districts. While there, he left his second wife, as we understand, nicely situated in Seattle. He returned to Seattle, and resided several years, until after the death of his second wife.

About 1914 or '15, Father showed me a letter that he had just received from Uncle George. In the letter he stated that he had had no communication from Father for twenty years or more. He was then located in Montana; had a cottage in the mountains, and was thoroughly enjoying himself. There was a mountain stream that passed the rear of his cottage, and he spent many happy hours trout fishing. In the winter times he would stay in a nearby town.

For many years he had not been in communication with his two children. A pathetic story was told me by his son Jesse M. Marshall, who, a few years before his father's death, had gone to Montana to visit him. When he met him, his father did not know him, and he was compelled to tell him who he was. When he was informed, he broke down and cried like a child.

In his letter to Father, he stated that he had plenty to keep him during his life, deposited in a Seattle bank. He died December 31, 1916. His son, Jesse M. Marshall, who lives in Springfield, went to Montana, brought the body home, and had it buried in Ohio. After his death, his son could find no trace of any property. I venture that some people in Montana or Washington profited considerably from his being isolated from his family.

Aunt Lyde, as we always called his first wife, raised the two children, both of whom have made a splendid success in life. She lived in Pitchin for some years, and then moved to Springfield, where she passed the remainder of her life, passing away on November 9th, 1908. Aunt Lyde was a splendid little woman, and leaves a most favorable remembrance to myself and others.

MINNIE L. MARSHALL

AV No. 120

Minnie L. Marshall was the daughter and older child of George W. and Eliza Todd Marshall. She was born in Ohio, October 7, 1864, and has lived there all of her life.

On May 20th, 1884, she married Andrew Fink. Her husband died July 4th, 1908. Mr. Fink was for many years in the butcher business in Springfield, Ohio, where they raised their family. Minnie was a great worker. She not only did her household work, but very often helped him at the store. They were very successful. She is a splendid looking woman, at the present time enjoying life in a pleasant manner.

They were the parents of two children. Jesse W. Fink, AVI, was born April 9th, 1886. He married Mabel I. Young, and they are the parents of one child, Glenn E. Fink, AVII. Glenna N. Fink, AVI, the second child of Minnie, was born October 30, 1889 and married Walter E. Ottenfeld. They have one child, Dorothy N. Ottenfeld, AVII.

JESSE M. MARSHALL

AV No. 121

Jesse M. Marshall was the second child and only son of George W. and Eliza Todd Marshall. He was born September 6th, 1866, in Ohio, and has spent his entire life in and near Springfield.

He was married September 17th, 1890, to Georgia E. Shocknessy.

Jesse Marshall is a great commoner. He has been a mail carrier in Springfield for over thirty years. In another year or two he will have reached the age of retirement from Government service, and will be retired on a pension, whether he wants to quit work or not.

He has a most happy disposition. He probably knows personally half of the men, women and children of Springfield, and everyone knows Jesse. He is always pleasantly greeted by everybody. He is a worker. All these years he has not only carried mail every day, but owns a fine farm three or four miles from Springfield, where he

lived for some time, and which he has operated successfully for many years. He is a very companionable man.

They have a very pleasant home in Springfield, where anyone visiting finds a splendid hospitality. They have a fine family of children as follows: Florence E. Marshall, AVI No. 170, was born June 16, 1891. She married Roy V. Hosier, and has two children, Ellen M. Hosier, AVII No. 84, and Robert B. Hosier, AVII, No. 85. Robert W. Marshall, AVI No. 171, was born February 15th, 1893, and married Miriam N. Kelly. They have two children, Betty J. Marshall, AVII No. 86, and Martha A. Marshall, AVII, No. 87. Edgar H. Marshall, AVI No. 172, born November 7th, 1897, and Ruth E. Marshall, AVI No. 173, born December 5th, 1902 are unmarried.

Their children are all splendid types of twentieth century up-to-date young children. The boys are all engaged in business, and doing well.

There is no better citizen, and more upright man than Jesse M. Marshall.

CHAPTER IX

MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS

In the fall of nineteen hundred and twenty, when on my way to Washington, D. C., I called upon my cousin, Marietta Todd, in Springfield, Ohio.

A short time before, there had been a family reunion of the Todd family. Edith Todd had prepared and recited some verses at that meeting, based upon recently acquired information that her ancestors were Mayflower Descendants, of which she showed me a copy.

That was the first time I was aware that we had Mayflower passengers as ancestors.

When I reached Washington, I spent several days in research on that subject, finding substantial proof of its authenticity.

After returning home, I forwarded the records, as we had them, to Boston, Massachusetts, and in a short time received assurance from which I am satisfied we had six ancestors on the ship Mayflower.

So the family of Solomon H. Marshall had ancestors on the Mayflower, were a part of the Plymouth Rock colony, and lived under the so-called Blue Laws of that time. Now, what of those Blue Laws and our Mayflower ancestors?

In 1921, freedom of conscience and religious opinions exist for the individual in all the Christian World.

In some countries, a state church still exists supported by taxation upon all citizens, whether or not they may be believers of that particular denomination.

In the early colonization of America, each sect or denomination through their leaders sought by statute to uphold their particular creeds, although not as a State Church.

The Quakers alone, demanded full freedom of religion. The Presbyterians were in the ascendancy and their early leaders, and later Cotton Mather and Increase Mather, advocated strict control even to the execution of witches at Salem, Massachusetts.

Jonathan Edwards, the greatest Presbyterian preacher of America, about 1740, split with his congregation, and was discharged after

almost a life-time of service, for his persistency in the old doctrine and unwillingness to grant liberty of opinions.

Assuming that all these, including the Mayflower passengers, were sincere, and upon passing away, found another life as they expected, there yet remains much to be explained to their modern inquisitive descendants. Being mindful of modern spiritualism, why may we not unroll that scroll for our enlightenment? Why not? I will issue the summons and we will await results:—

Mr. Henry Sampson, will you not kindly speed your way to earth again where we desire to hold an interesting meeting, and are in need of your presence and testimony?

William and Alice Mullins, please leave the Golden Streets and spare us a little of your time out of eternity to assist in a worthy object.

Dear Madame, Priscilla Alden, secure if you please a temporary absence from the Heavenly Chorus, intimate to John that you are needed on earth a short time for an historical purpose, and I am sure, from his gallant record, he will hang his harp on a willow tree and fly away with you, to the rendezvous.

Grand Marshal Miles Standish, the secret of my ancestry I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not; if you will leave your well earned rest to assist, at my sincere request, I shall be honored.

The hour has arrived. The cabinet has been placed, the lights properly lowered, and you have come forth. I thank you.

In the third century after your departure from earth, it is the custom in well regulated seances for the audience to be of passive mind and of submissive disposition while one spirit alone comes forward in materialization.

We shall reverse the conventional form, and you shall both be the audience and give the testimony, while I will record the proceedings for future historical purposes.

All is well, and in order, and I am persuaded the results of our meeting will be as authentic as any of those of Professor James or Secretary Hyslop, and may be used by Sir Oliver Lodge as further convincing proof of spiritual communication.

First I desire to bring before the meeting for confirmation the record as applied to myself, and supposed to be correct, as follows, to-wit:

The First Generation.—Henry Sampson was born in England, came over on the Mayflower with his Uncle Edward Tilley. He was

not of age at that time. He married Ann Plummer on February 6th, in 1636 or 1637, and died December 24, 1668.

The Second Generation was, James Sampson, their son, born about 1640, and died in 1717. His wife was Hanna (——) Wait.

The Third Generation was Joseph Sampson, their son, born about 1690, and died about 1738. On May 6, 1714, he married Sarah Sampson. She later, on November 7, 1739, married John Rouse. (Here we will go back to Sarah Sampson's ancestors before proceeding.)

Abraham Sampson is understood to have been a brother of Henry Sampson, who came over from England some years after the Mayflower.

He married a Miss Nash, daughter of Samuel Nash, to whom was born a son, Abraham Sampson, about 1658; Abraham the elder died in 1727.

This Abraham Sampson married Sarah Standish, to whom was born, about 1700, a daughter, Sarah Sampson, the mater of the third generation of Sampsons.

Sarah Standish was the daughter of Sarah Alden and Alexander Standish. Sarah Alden was the daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, both of whom were Mayflower passengers.

Priscilla Mullins was the daughter of William and Alice Mullins, Mayflower passengers, both of whom died in the spring of 1621.

Alexander Standish was the son of Miles Standish, a Mayflower passenger, and his second wife Barbara.

Thus the descendants of the third generation, Joseph and Sarah Sampson, had six ancestors on the good ship Mayflower.

We will now proceed with the *Fourth Generation*, which was Joseph Sampson, son of Joseph and Sarah Sampson, born December 11, 1726. He married Mercy Eldridge May 30, 1746, and died June 27, 1808. They lived at Fair Haven, Massachusetts.

The Fifth Generation was Edward Sampson, their son, born December 13, 1746. He married Catherine Sharrow October 28, 1768, and died February 25, 1816. Catherine Sharrow was born in 1748, and died February 20, 1790.

The Sixth Generation was Jane Sampson, their daughter, born in 1787, and married, first, Amos Nelson in 1809; second, Abram Morton about 1818; third, Silas Eddy on May 5, 1822, and, fourth, John Wright on July 6, 1823.

The Seventh Generation was Sarah Ann Wright, the daughter of Jane Sampson and John Wright, born August 27, 1831, married Solomon Huffman Marshall on February 2, 1851, and died May 18, 1900.

The Eighth Generation is Wallace Marshall, son of above, and many other descendants of Jane Sampson in the Nelson-Whiteley-Morton-Wood-Todd-Wright and Negley families, for which see Chart B.

HENRY SAMPSON

Now, my honored forebear, Mr. Henry or Harry or Henery Sampson, as you are variously named by the early writers, what say you as to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of these allegations?

"Well, Son, your presumption in calling us from our celestial occupations to testify to matters of your inquisitiveness is only equalled by your unparalleled assurance.

Since, however, when on earth in my early days, I possessed the daring for adventure, I can still much admire it in another, and will therefore unbar the door and admit you to the past.

I was a seafaring lad in those early days, ever restless to sail the boundless sea, so when my uncle, Edward Tilly, kindly permitted me and a cousin, Humility Cooper, to accompany him on his great adventure, it was with no pangs of regret that I left that ancient England for the new world.

I had no choice of occupation in life after landing at Plymouth Rock until I reached my majority. By that time, every day was an adventure to my liking.

After a few years I married Ann Plummer, and we did our part to develop the new country, and for posterity.

At the appointed time, I passed beyond the veil. That has been but a short time ago. Eternity, you know, is a long while, and the little matter of two hundred and forty years since I received my wings is as but yesterday.

Your days are as seconds, your months as minutes, and your years as hours, as we view *time* which is not.

Knowing but few of our relatives before leaving the earth, we had not many acquaintances when we arrived. Therefore, for a while we were not overly employed.

The veil of separation from earth and our abode is similar to those wire screens you have seen on bank windows and saloon doors. The purpose on earth being for the malefactors within to observe the public without, and not disclose their identity.

Somewhat in that manner, we are able to observe what goes on on your little earth without having our tranquillity disturbed or our presence discovered.

With languid interest we have watched our descendants multiply and the little colony we planted at Plymouth Rock develop and expand into a continent full of people.

The labors, the hardships, the trials, the sufferings, the sins, little and big, that seem so tremendous to you are insignificant to us who are free in unlimited space. Instead of the fear of death, as you inherit it, from the other side of the divide we observe it as a happy transition. Much the greater part of your suffering is of mental origin and purely imaginary, upon which we look with amusement. Even your whole world is such a puny little affair that it is almost negligible when compared to the Universe which is open to our understanding.

Do you remember your dream of heaven? Each person on earth is given a revelation of the future, and when you dreamed of passing over, do you remember that you met your bitterest enemy, and your best friend, and the one you thought was the devil on earth, and another the saint of saints, and you found them all alike utterly and inexpressibly happy? There was good in all of them, and the bad was of such little consequence, that it cannot even be considered in eternity.

Well, son, I have kept familiar with my progeny, and your genealogy of the Sampsons, as you have it down to the sixth generation, is near the truth. But I must hesitate when it comes to testifying that record as the whole truth.

Jane Sampson had eight brothers and sisters, and all of the others back to my time followed the scriptural injunction to multiply and replenish the earth, which is the reason I am kept so busy now holding receptions for those coming over and looking me up.

Since the Tercentenary Advertising began, our social duties have greatly increased. Hark! I hear Peter's second assistant gatekeeper, number nine hundred and ninety-nine, paging me for another reception to a delegation of a thousand descendants just admitted. Also, it has just occurred to me, it must be about dinner time. I have been so interested since coming over that I haven't thought of refreshments until just now, although it was in the evening of the day before Christmas, in 1668, when I left the earth.

I am happy if I have been of assistance to you, and am sure the others who came with me at your request will further assist you in your laudable undertaking.

Farewell, my son, for a short time only. I wish you well."

PRISCILLA ALDEN

Elated at the prospects of proving such an honorable ancestry, I am encouraged, though timid from non-association with women except of my own household, to request you, Mrs. Priscilla Alden (nee Mullins), my maternal ancestor, to corroborate the communication of Henry Sampson, your fellow passenger on the Mayflower, and to enlarge upon the historical facts of that time, and developments since, of interest to my generation.

The records we have of your womanly virtues while on earth give only a hint of a character which none but a poet of poets could adequately describe. With breathless interest, we implore you to proceed.

"Far be it from me, my inquisitive descendant, to question the accuracy of the genealogist who supplied your information.

Happily, however, I well remember my granddaughter, Sarah Standish, who married a Sampson, and I have been an interested observer since of her line. They are almost countless in numbers and, with few exceptions, a credit to their progenitors.

It was neither of my own choice, nor for any cherished opinions possessed, that I was a passenger on that staunch ship Mayflower, the name of which has become immortal. I was but a young girl, under the care and keeping of my parents, William and Alice Mullins.

Freedom from religious persecution, or wider fields for personal and political activities were not subjects of concern with me. I was vastly more interested in the beauties of nature and the impulses of youth, while I dutifully obeyed my parents.

Romance accompanied me from England to Holland, and thence across the seas. Later the unrelenting realities of life, disillusioned from dreams and fancies, absorbed my attentions and activities.

For the preservation of our lives we banded together, and necessity of the times and conditions was the mother of all our laws and customs. There could be no relaxation from rigid rules of eternal vigilance by even one individual, without endangering the whole. The common dangers made us a common people with common views, and those views were the product of our early teachings.

Perhaps you have noticed, in the history of battles between men, where danger and death abound, that there is little thought of religion or even morality. Whereas, with men and women together facing danger, a religious mania reigns. With this strange psychology the Pilgrim colonies were possessed. Hence the association of religious views with all their activities.

Our little band of passengers were, without exception, Christian men and women of sturdy characters, and not mercenary adventurers. Our emigration was an adventure, it is true, but a laudable one. The civilized inhabited globe at that time was small, and old England even then was over-populated, and opportunities few. Honest ambition was in the hearts of our people then, just as it has been since, and was before, with the Anglo-Saxon race.

We were a loyal band, capable of restraint and self-government, as is evidenced by the above simple statement of facts. Stripped of the traditions and myths added by visionary preachers and inventive historians for the past three hundred years, here is the simple truth and whole truth signed by every legally qualified member of the colony on November 11, 1620, while all were still on the Mayflower, and known as the compact or combination, which was the first written constitution of any form of government in all the world, to-wit:

The Compact

(Verbatim)

In the Name of God, Amen. We whose Names are under-written, the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King *James*, by the Grace of God of *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, King, *Defendor of the Faith, &c.* Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and the Honour of our King and Countrey, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern parts of *Virginia*; Do by these Presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, Covenant and Combine ourselves together into a Civil Body Politick, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions and Officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our Names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King *James*, of *England, France and Ireland* the eighteenth, and of *Scotland* the fifty fourth, *Anno Dom. 1620.*

This was the first Foundation of the Government of New-Plymouth.

<i>John Carver.</i>	<i>Samuel Fuller.</i>	<i>Edward Tilly.</i>
<i>William Bradford.</i>	<i>Christopher Martin.</i>	<i>John Tilly.</i>
<i>Edward Winslow.</i>	<i>William Mullins.</i>	<i>Francis Cook.</i>
<i>William Brewster.</i>	<i>William White.</i>	<i>Thomas Rogers.</i>

<i>Isaac Allerton.</i>	<i>Richard Warren.</i>	<i>Thomas Tinker.</i>
<i>Miles Standish.</i>	<i>John Howland.</i>	<i>John Ridgdale.</i>
<i>John Alden.</i>	<i>Steven Hopkins.</i>	<i>Edward Fuller.</i>
<i>John Turner.</i>	<i>Digery Priest.</i>	<i>Richard Clark.</i>
<i>Francis Eaton.</i>	<i>Thomas Williams.</i>	<i>Richard Gardiner.</i>
<i>James Chilton.</i>	<i>Gilbert Winslow.</i>	<i>John Allerton.</i>
<i>John Craxton.</i>	<i>Edmond Margeson</i>	<i>Thomas English.</i>
<i>John Billington.</i>	<i>Peter Brown.</i>	<i>Edward Doten.</i>
<i>Joses Fletcher.</i>	<i>Richard Bitteridge.</i>	<i>Edward Leister.</i>
<i>John Goodman.</i>	<i>George Soule.</i>	

This was the first Foundation of the Government of
New Plymouth.

Of the subsequent statutes, ordinances, etc., of which you seek an explanation, I will leave that to John, since he was the clerk or recorder, and can speak as 'one having authority.'

I will, however, speak of one of our early statutes, that relating to expensive and gaudy clothes. We were a poor people, and for the good of all, economy was necessary. If one family was destitute, the others must provide for them.

At that time, as in your day, there were those who, for vanity's sake, would spend all their income for dress and show, and expect the others to provide for them.

Again our practical headed people did not approve of display and they, being in control of the colony, passed the laws referred to.

You yourself had to be called down by your editor for your emphatic language in regard to woman's dress fashions of 1921, and likely, if you had the power, as those early colonists had, you would make some rules on dress that in a few years would appear to another generation as absurd as ours appear to you.

That dress law was not entirely bad, either. In short, it only required those who dressed as if they were rich to pay tax on an estate of three hundred pounds, or, expressed in modern language, 'required them to back up their front.'

I know you are deeply interested in what there is beyond the great divide. Of that, I am privileged to say but little, and that, like all the spiritual communications you have heard and read, seems only of the earth earthy. Space is so wide, and deep, and long, that you cannot understand it until you are able to comprehend the fourth dimension.

I fared well for the first two hundred years, or until one of my lineal descendants, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in poetic measure drew the attention of the whole world to the beauties and romance of simple human nature.

After that, not only my descendants, but thousands upon thousands of those that 'fight to kiss the hand of genius' keep both him and me forever in a reception line.

Since an inventor of our line has lately come, we have appealed to him to find relief for us, and are now confidently anticipating a release.

My father and mother, William and Alice Mullins, bear witness to my historical statements. I bid you adieu."

JOHN ALDEN

For sixty years I lived, John Alden, without knowing from written word or tradition of my illustrious ancestors. It is not a silly fad, nor an idle dream, that impels my determination to record the historical facts concerning those from whom we came.

It is that we, their descendants, and our descendants, may not again be so forgetful of past achievements, and that a proper spirit of pride in our origin may give confidence and help in the battle of life, that I seek to hand down in printed language this evidence for future generations.

The little colony of the Mayflower has the honor for all time of having established the first permanent government in North America, which at this time has become the most powerful nation and the greatest people the world has ever seen. The greatest man of letters yet produced from America's soil, the poet supreme, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, you may proudly claim as a lineal descendant.

Notwithstanding the virtues and fame of those pioneers, there are some of your descendants who look askance upon what at this time are termed your Blue Laws. As you were a recorder, and doubtless a keeper of records and seals, will you not expound them as they were?

"In all modesty, yet with a certain measure of conscious pride, we view with satisfaction the record of our achievements while on earth. Not the least of these was the community government, based upon truth, justice, honesty and right thinking and right living.

The purpose of our laws was to keep the fear of hell before our people and temptation from possessing them. We believe in the religion of the Bible as it read and applied its limitations to our statutes, for our worldly and future welfare. We leave it to any thoughtful person of your generation, whether the moral, social and economic conditions of our times were not better for all concerned, even on earth, without regard to the future life, than those of your enlightened civilization, constantly increasing as it is in its laxity of morals, both public and private, its multiplicity of crimes against God and man.

Your manufacture of locks, for instance, became greater and greater to protect your property against thieves. We stopped stealing by the simple process of branding a convicted thief. We also followed the old scripture doctrine of "an eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," but it was seldom, indeed, we had to black an eye or break a tooth.

While with you, those whom the lawyers cannot free upon a legal technicality, or are not freed by the influence of sentimental cranks bearing arms full of roses, are carefully provided for at public expense, and released in a short time to breed more of their kind. Note the thousands of murderers turned loose by your governors!

Several of our ordinances, made by the radicals, were noted more for the breach than the observance, the same as in your day.

Yes, it was my business to note and record events, during my time on earth, and the habit formed then, has persisted since in noting events. For instance, look over the statutes of your time, and you will find ninety per cent of our early laws are, in principle and meaning, upon your statute books precisely as they were on ours. They were not rigidly enforced then, and in your time there is not even an effort to enforce them.

Moreover, if they were enforced, and all your business men and others were paying the penalties prescribed for their violations, there would be about as many in your penal institutions as there are out of them.

There was one Connecticut colony (this was not a Plymouth law) that prohibited a man and wife from kissing each other on the Sabbath day. That seems to provoke more hilarity among moderns than any other. I am not stating it as an historical fact, but gossip has it, that this was the origin of the "Joker" in legislative bills. It was attached to an otherwise important bill as a balm to a bachelor member of the body who had been publicly jilted.

In those early days, we did not have the skeptics and embryo students of science with the audacity to scrutinize, tear apart for inspection and investigation, the most sacred subjects and traditions, not sparing even the inspired Bible, as you have in modern times.

We obeyed by precept and example the laws and traditions handed down by the fathers in their wisdom from long before the dawn of history. These were what they found to be necessary to control the ambitions and passions of men. Whether they were founded on facts, myths, or fiction, they served their purpose well.

Since they have been largely relegated to the winds as relics of a bygone age, the modern world is reaping the whirlwinds of unbridled human frailties, and the end is not yet. So mote it be.

Truth, honesty and morality are the cardinal virtues for right living. Laudable ambition to achieve is a necessary asset for success in life.

To all my descendants, I can not too strongly emphasize their duty to do these things that will conduce to the welfare, pleasure, and happiness of men and women on earth, as the future will take care of itself.

From beyond the veil of life, your greatest sufferings, your finest efforts, your dismal failures, and grandest successes are so infinitesimal as to duration and time, that they give us no concern, and our greatest interest is in your coming. Farewell."

MILES STANDISH

With my head erect and my heels clicked together, I salute you, Captain Miles Standish. One of your associates has intimated audacity in my presuming to address such historical characters. It is not that. It is but confidence inspired by the knowledge of the quality of my blood.

Besides, my chieftain, I have many years ago, knocked at both the outer and inner doors of ancient organization, seeking secrets of the far away past, and am encouraged in this venture by my success in that.

The printed records that I have seen gives your lineage far back of the Mayflower time. You were a military man in a military family. Indeed, you were an officer of the king's command at the time you tendered your service to the Mayflower party as their protector.

You were a student of generalship. Alexander the Great was your heroic example. You were the first Military Officer in Massachusetts. Nothing I have seen indicates that you were a crusader for religion or any other cause.

As we have it, your business was to protect the colony from danger and keep the government in order, and we learn that it kept you rather busy. Your name, however, in modern times is known more from your courtship than your generalship.

Now, Captain, while investigating the record of my first known ancestor on my paternal side, I found he had been a Quaker. He belonged to those of gentle faith, of quiet demeanor, of returning good for evil, of brotherly love; but they were everlastingly firm in their right to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience, and they granted others the same privilege.

It is recorded that in 1647, during your time on earth, the court at Plymouth ordered that no Quaker be allowed to enter the land "by land or water" under penalty of twenty shillings per week, for every week he stayed after warning.

In various trials they were referred to as "dangerous heretics," as "cursed sect," "blasphemous heretics" and were warned "in case of banishment if they returned they would be hanged upon the gallows," and, in 1659, at least two were executed for being Quakers.

Our Mayflower ancestors were part of that community at the time. Today we would regard such acts as murder. Then how are we to honor one set of our ancestors, that would murder those of the other side, whom our family traditions declare to have been the finest of Christian men?

Can you throw any light upon this dilemma?

"Sir, I was born a soldier. My profession in life was that of a soldier, and much to my disgust, I died a natural death. It is true that my military training was based upon Alexandrian tactics.

Active employment in my profession before we left England seemed far away. The horrors of the late wars had created such a hatred of war by the populace, that we were of the opinion there never would be another among civilized people. Hence, I came with the colony for their protection with my knowledge and experience in warfare.

My first encounter with those savages with their ambushes, their stealth, their indescribable cruelty, while I had neither base nor reserves, taught me the futility of my early training, and I was compelled to invent my own way of fighting.

It was not warfare, it was killing fiends, which was not entirely ended until 1876. Wars did not cease as expected, when I left England, nor will they as you expect since the World War, as men have always fought and always will, both in debate and with arms, since it is their nature.

From my post behind the veil, I have viewed with delight the military genius of a Napoleon, a Wellington, a Washington, a Grant, a Pershing, a Foch and all the others.

Washington was not only a military genius, but, in addition, a statesman. Likewise, there have been many statesmen, diplomats, and philosophers, but not politicians, that held commissions as lieutenants, captains and colonels, and also held their tongues.

I myself was endowed with some of these qualities, but my duty in addition to protection of my people was to enforce the laws, and not to make them.

Our people were a God fearing people who believed they should obey the Bible teachings as they understand them. Concerning the Quaker orders, they were not nearly so drastic as they were in England.

In the year 1700 there were thousands of them in prison in England. Those in Plymouth were fined for their heresy, but not tortured nor buried as had been the custom for heretics from the faith for centuries in the old country.

The only cases of capital punishment had other reasons than heresy. Selling or trading fire arms or ammunition to the Indians meant murdering our women and children. Our laws provided for hanging any member of the colony guilty of so doing.

The only mention you found in the early history of your ancestor, Henry Sampson, was where he testified against a profiteer for violating that law.

The Quakers believed in treating the Indians as human beings, instead of savages, and often violated our protective order. I do not remember the case you speak of, but I know some of them broke the order and had to pay the penalty, and that was ample cause.

Calvinism was just as intolerant of Quakerism as Catholicism was of Calvinism. You mention Witchcraft. Witchcraft was condemned by the Bible where it says "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live." For ages witches had been executed in the old countries according to that commandment.

Your own John Wesley, founder of the Wesleyan or Methodist church, publicly advocated the enforcement of the scriptural injunction against witches. So why single out the Plymouth Rock people for anathema?

We note you seem somewhat proud of your ancestral blood. I know of no reason why you should be ashamed of it. We, however, are not greatly responsible for you. There is only one two hundred fifty-sixth part of your anatomy that came from each of us, and the other two hundred fifty-five two hundred fifty-sixths came from seven hundred sixty-six other people, not farther away from each other than grandparents. Figure that out if you can.

You need not worry over your ancestors, as they are more of a credit to you than you are to them. Besides, they are all beyond with us, including your Quaker grandparents and you don't know whether you will come or not.

I thought at first that fellow Longfellow did me a mean trick in using his talents, but when he came over a while back, we had a hearty laugh, and have since been boon companions.

Give my regards to Sir Oliver, and tell him Professor James hasn't woke up yet from his first morning nap, and doubtless he will hear from him later.

Now if you are satisfied, I will march back to my permanent headquarters, till we meet again."

Their Descendants

In writing the foregoing bit of history, humor, and allegory, my purpose has been to attract sufficient attention, so that the reader will remember from whence he came, and also to plant a few seeds that may germinate in the minds of thinking persons.

Since it has been but a short time that I have known of our genealogy, I can give but little of the history of the Sampson family.

Down to the fifth generation they were known as seafaring men, and for two hundred years lived in the environs of Plymouth Rock.

In July, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, Mr. Edwin S. Todd (BIX) visited the old Sampson neighborhood in Massachusetts to view what had long been the home of his ancestors. Following I give excerpts from his letter of July 3rd:

"Got to New Bedford this morning early. I was eager to hike out to Fair Haven and Mattapoisett. So I bestrode my bicycle and crossed the bridge across an arm of Buzzard's Bay to Fair Haven ten miles away.

There was nothing in the way of interest at Fair Haven. Some of the Sampsons lived there however, in days gone by. I then pushed on to Mattapoisett, a little village on Buzzard's Bay, a beautiful old Massachusetts village, old fashioned with colonial look. I went to Long Plain and was shown what is known as the old Sampson place in between two large ponds or lakes. I found the spot where supposedly the old Sampson farm was near Long Plain. I also found a graveyard full of Sampsons. It was raining so hard that I did not search through the yard very long.

People seeing me in the rain and in an old forsaken graveyard must have thought me crazy, and maybe I am. I didn't succeed in finding Great Great-Grandfather Sampson's grave, but have little doubt that I was on the spot.

Anyhow, I have seen with my own eyes the place whence came your Grandmother Wright-Nelson et al. It is too bad that we can't know the route she took to Ohio. I'd follow her up if I knew. If it clears up, I may stay around here another day and hunt Sampsons. Some of them live in this place.

This is a beautiful country—rolling—full of lakes with good roads. It has been a full day.

Get your map of Massachusetts if you want to see the general neighborhood occupied by your ancestors. Plymouth Rock is only twenty miles away from here. Begin at New Bedford, thence eastward to Mattapoisett, thence northerly to Rochester and Long Plain and to Middleborough."

Our grandmother, Jane Sampson, was brought up at Mattapoisett, and was married there to Amos Nelson in 1809. They moved from there to Tiogo, New York.

They had four children. See chart. Mr. Nelson died in New York about 1816, and she was married the second time to Abram Morton.

From New York they moved to near Gallipolis, Ohio, where one child, Rhoda Ann Morton, was born. Mr. Morton died sometime previous to 1822.

On May 5, 1822, she was married to Silas Eddy at Gallipolis, Ohio. I have been informed that she was a school teacher; that Mr. Eddy was a teacher in the same school, and that he lived but a short time after their marriage.

After Eddy's death, she moved with her children to New Harmony, Clark County, Ohio, where, on July 6, 1823, she was the fourth time married to John Wright. Not four times to John Wright, but three times before marrying him.

She died in 1846, and was buried at Fletcher Chapel. John Wright died in the forties and lies by her side.

From traditions, I learn she was a remarkable woman. There was no limit to her energy. She was well educated, and a school teacher. She was a very consistent Christian, and noted for her faithfulness in attending religious services.

There has been much fun poked around because of her marriage four times. I venture there were good reasons for that. My theory of life has been that a man never really loves but once in a lifetime. That rule evidently doesn't hold with women, or else about three of her marriages were of convenience. She, with four and five children to provide for and manage, may have badly needed some assistance.

Of the Nelson children, the two boys, John and William Nelson, died unmarried.

NANCY NELSON

BVII No. 2

Nancy Nelson married Andrew Whiteley, of Clark County, Ohio. From that union there came forth a remarkable family. Aunt Nancy was a woman of strong character and lovable disposition. She had a very forceful mind and personality.

I have the fondest recollection of Aunt Nancy. All of her relatives loved her for her kindly ways and interest in their welfare.

Whether her strong qualities were inherited from the Sampsons or Nelsons I cannot say. The Whiteleys were the foremost men of their neighborhood, with exceptional capacity for enterprise.

Their children inherited much force of character and intellectuality.

WILLIAM NEEDAM WHITELEY

BVIII No. 1

William was the eldest son; I remember him from my boyhood until his death on February 11, 1911.

In his early manhood he became of national reputation for his inventive genius. He was contemporary with Cyrus McCormick in inventing the harvesting machine.

His father's home, where he was brought up, was out East High Street, in Springfield, about three miles, just beyond where the railroad crosses the highway. The suburbs have at this time reached the old farm.

As a boy, William walked those three miles each day to work in a machine shop in Springfield. While working as a mechanic, he began his experiments that never ended either in his mind or in the work of development until his end came. At the time of his death he had a large experimental shop, with an enormous amount of models, patterns, etc.

A few years ago, I possessed a complete set of patent office reports, from the time the office was organized. It was very interesting to me to note the patents granted to William N. Whiteley. In the sixties, seventies and early eighties his name appeared more frequently than that of any other.

His earliest and most successful inventions were the Champion reapers and mowers. The Champion machines were known the world over as the leading harvesting machines. The name Champion means William N. Whiteley, from the earliest product to the present modern

harvesters used wherever grain grows. A genius! I have heard the following tale:

In the early stages of mower and reaper developments, there was much rivalry as to the merits of the new inventions. We of this day have seen similar contest after contest staged to demonstrate their work, with farmers from miles around gathered to observe their performance. In William's early days, as was common, such a contest was arranged for a demonstration of the merits of mowing machines.

The field was selected, the date advertised, and a throng of interested farmers and partisans for each machine assembled. The field was duly divided for each contestant. Next to the perfect cutting qualities, the draft was the most important consideration. Those early models were heavy compared to those of our times.

On one such occasion William N. had duly prepared for the exhibition. A certain box he had brought with his outfit was securely locked and its contents carefully concealed from view.

At this point let it be understood that William N. Whiteley was a big man. He was about six feet three or four inches in height. His bones were in proportion. He never was fleshy, but duly proportioned from head to foot, with the height and the strength of a giant.

The contest began with two and three horses to the machine. Round after round was made. William had but two horses to his machine. To equal him, his competitors released one horse, and pulled their machine with two. Whereupon William took off one horse and pulled his machine with one. Not to be outdone, his competitors followed suit.

William complacently watched their performance for a time. Then the box was unlocked and a specially prepared set of harness was brought forth that would not fit any horse, mule or ox, but it fitted William N. to a nicety. With this harness on himself, he had the one horse taken away, himself hitched to the machine, and continued the mowing of his allotment.

It is needless to try to describe the commotion of that assembly and discomfiture of his competitors.

In this brief sketch I shall not attempt to give a history of what he accomplished in industry. It would require a whole volume to do him justice, and I shall confine myself to his personality.

However, I do say that the City of Springfield, Ohio, owes its growth and present commanding position as a manufacturing city to William N. Whiteley, for his activities in its earlier history, and that city will some time acknowledge her debt to him in a fitting monument to his memory.

I have met and seen and heard many men in my time, but never one with the big brains possessed by this mechanical genius.

All the time that I knew him, it seemed he hardly knew there were days and nights. He paid no attention as to when the day ended and night began. Just a bit of lunch, and an hour or two lying down, and he was at it again. Always busy with his work.

He was the hardest man to see by any one not having business of the utmost importance I have ever known, because of his intense application to his own affairs. For that reason, one would suppose him uninformed. Knowing all this, it was a mystery to me where and when he stored his marvelous mind with its vast amount of ancient and modern history, literature, music, art and the modern sciences, as well as current events of his time.

He had a devoted love for his sister Carrie, so that whenever she asked, he would leave his work and come to her. My visits to her, of which I write further on, were the fortunate opportunities of my meeting him many times.

It was her custom, when I visited her, if William was in the city, to invite him to dinner, and those repasts I shall never forget.

The time for the meal would compare with a civic banquet. The feast of intellectual communication emanating from that wonderful brain would keep us enthralled in admiration at its power.

It seemed to me that nothing he had ever read, heard, or experienced, from ancient history to modern politics, from dogmatic theology to applied mechanics, had ever for a moment escaped his memory.

He not only possessed a world of information, but he had the ability and personality to impart it to others, to their greatest delight.

He was ever mindful in looking after the pleasure and comfort of his mother and father and sisters, and to hundreds of his relatives and citizens of Springfield he was a benefactor.

I do not know of a higher personal tribute I could pay him than that, had I the ability, I should like to be his biographer.

When he died, Springfield lost her greatest citizen.

AMOS WHITELEY

BVIII No. 2

Amos Whiteley, second son, was born in Clark County, Ohio, March 14, 1838. As a boy, he was brought up on his father's farm, just east of Springfield.

At an early age, he began his business career. Only recently he has told me of being located at Bloomington, selling Champion Ma-

chines while father was at Lexington, which was about 1857. He therefore began business very early in life.

He is another of the family that inherited great intellectual capacity, and he has made good use of his inheritance all of his long and eventful life.

In the prime of his life, he was the head of The Champion Machine Company, The Champion Bar & Knife Company, The Champion Malleable Iron Company, all allied industries, manufacturing Champion Machines for certain allotted territory under William's patents. He was also president of the Second National Bank of Springfield, during its existence.

In the early Nineties, with his two sons, Bert and Elmer, he moved to Muncie, Indiana, where natural gas had been discovered, and there continued in the manufacturing business until Nineteen Hundred and Twenty, when their manufacturing interests were disposed of, and his busy life work laid aside.

As in the case of William, it would take a whole book to record half of his activities in industry, which I shall not attempt.

He has always been a large, handsome man, of pleasing address and polished manners.

His prodigious mind contains a world of information, and he has always been one of the keenest and most able business men I have met. He is a clear thinker, and highly entertaining in conversation.

His views and philosophy of life as I have heard him express them, coincide with my own.

He differs from William, in that he has always taken time and his wealth to use for his and his family's personal enjoyment.

Since my earliest recollection, he delighted in owning fine horses, and always had a stable of splendid driving horses.

Some time after he went to Muncie, he owned the White River Stock Farm, where he kept a large number of fast horses. The barns at that place were finer looking outside, and more sanitary inside than half of the residences in the country. He loved his horses as if they were his children. He took the greatest pleasure in showing his stock to his friends.

With his string of speedsters, he followed the fairs and race courses in their season, for the pleasure of it.

I have it from good authority, that many times prospective customers would go to the farm to buy some horses. Amos would take great pains to show them the whole farm, have all the horses brought out, and shown off in the ring.

When finally the interested customer would select a horse, or two, and ask the price, then Amos would say, "Well, really, I believe I do not wish to sell them. I don't think I can set a price on any of them."

He was attached to them, and it was about like selling one of his children to let them go.

Years ago when a young man, back in Ohio, I sought the graves of my grandmother and grandfather in Fletcher Chapel Cemetery. It was overgrown with weeds. With much effort, and after pulling weeds and digging at the base of gravestones, I found them.

The older Whiteleys are also buried there. Today and for some years back, that cemetery is a beautiful tract. The grass is always mowed and kept green.

I am informed that Amos has provided an endowment for its perpetual care.

At the heads of the graves of each of his ancestors, including grandmother Jane Sampson, he has caused to be placed a large stone of beautiful granite, properly marked.

For the consideration shown in looking after the resting place of our ancestors, as well as your own, we thank you, Amos Whiteley.

He has always had an ample supply of quiet humor, and is an adept at using it.

For some time he has been poking fun at me for being interested in our Mayflower Ancestors, but seriously, I do not doubt he thinks just as I do.

At any rate, I have successfully tied him up to Miles Standish and the others, including their blue laws, and he can't get away. Since I have recorded their explanation of those laws, possibly they won't look so bad to him.

Amos Whiteley married Josephine Ferrell, a beautiful woman with the loveliest black eyes, and kindly disposition. From my earliest recollection, I greatly admired her. They were the parents of two boys, Bert and Elmer.

Bert was a most shrewd and smooth business man of marked ability, who knew and enjoyed life.

Elmer was a persistent, working manufacturer, with a fine home, for rest and enjoyment, which he fully utilized.

I never met Bert's wife. Elmer's wife is one of the finest women in every way, that I ever met.

James Whiteley, a brother of William N. and Amos, is the one of the family whom I never knew; I do not remember ever having seen him.

ELIZA JANE WHITELEY

BVIII No. 3

Eliza Jane Whiteley, the eldest daughter of Nancy and Andrew Whiteley, was born August 25, 1840, on the farm near Springfield, Ohio.

On January 30, 1868, she married J. Johnson Morton, son of Daniel Morton, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

I can remember Lyde, as we have always called her, since I was a small child. She has lived in Springfield all of her life. Lyde, like the other members of the family, inherited a strong intellectuality from her parents. She is a great conversationalist, with a mind stored with a wonderful amount of information dating back to early days in Ohio.

I have been splendidly entertained at her home many times.

Johnson Morton, I think all the time that I knew him, was connected with the Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly Co., and other machine companies. He died in Springfield, Ohio, August 21, 1909.

The Mortons were the parents of one son, Eugene J. Morton, BIX.

Lyde is now living in Springfield, Ohio, very pleasantly situated, and enjoying the associations of many friends.

NANCY CATHERINE WHITELEY

BVII No. 5

Nancy Catherine Whiteley, or Katy, as she was usually called, was the second daughter of Nancy and Andrew Whiteley, born on the old farm near Springfield, June 20, 1843. She died in Baltimore, Maryland, August 19, 1914.

She married William T. Stilwell. They lived in Springfield for a number of years, then moved to Toronto, Canada, and later to Baltimore, Maryland. They have no children.

I had not seen Katy for more than 30 years, until about 1912, when I met her at her sister Carrie's in Springfield, where we spent two or three days together. I was surprised at her appearance, at meeting her. I immediately suggested that she was Marie Antoinette over again. In the jolly times we had for the few days, she accepted that name along with the other fun we had. I was surprised that she had mental capacity just like her two brothers. In conversation she was extremely interesting, although her talk was mostly upon political affairs and Government.

From those that knew her intimately, I gathered the information that she was one of the most unselfish women that ever lived. She was like a mother to Harry Myers, her nephew, who lived in Baltimore a number of years while the Stilwells lived there.

CAROLINE WHITELEY

BVIII No. 6

Caroline Whiteley was the youngest daughter of Nancy and Andrew Whiteley. She was born November 6th, 1847, on the old home farm near Springfield. She died October 10, 1917.

In 1878 she was married to Edward Myers, of Springfield, Ohio. To them two children were born, one son and one daughter.

From the time I was seven years old until her death, in 1917, Carrie and I were the closest and best of friends. She was a beautiful girl and young woman, and, in maturity, of striking appearance.

There it goes again, darn it, and for the steenth time! Oh well, why not? We have never had any kind but beautiful women in our family, and why should we, when they have been red blooded Americans for three hundred years?

Some of my people have remarked at my always stopping first at Carrie's on my annual trips to old Ohio. I am going to tell you why, right now.

In my boyhood days, Aunt Nancy's were our rich relatives, and we their poor relations. While that was literally true, we were the proverbial "poor but honest," and not in any sense dependent. They enjoyed that time not only the comforts, but also the luxuries of life, while we were confined to the necessities.

Notwithstanding this, Aunt Nancy treated my mother with the greatest consideration and sisterly affection, constantly visited us, and made visits to our home long after we had moved to Indiana.

While some years older than I, Carrie was my chum. She would come finely dressed, and in less than no time, regardless of my dirty and ragged clothes, we were enjoying the delights of youth in all kinds of pranks, the same as brother and sister.

That same affectionate association continued from Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-seven until Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen. As we grew older, and were married, she was always sympathetically interested in my welfare, and I in hers.

On my visits she treated me like a prince, and I reciprocated to the extent of my nature. We found in later years a mutual delight in conversation upon a multitude of subjects.

She was endowed with a wholesome amount of humor, and full of fun for proper occasions. Added to that quality, she had the strong intelligent characteristics of her mother and brothers. She adored William N., and took the greatest delight in his eccentricities.

She had grown up in and with Springfield. She knew its history and saw its development day by day. She knew all the early and later citizens of strength and force in the city's development, both men and women, with a world of folk lore that was ever entertaining.

For a woman, she had travelled much, and was a keen observer of the acts, the morals, the likes and dislikes of people. She was proud of the strength of character displayed by the members of her family.

She almost worshiped her mother, and for years gave her the tenderest care and attention. Her father was feeble and almost helpless for several years before his death. Carrie gave her time exclusively, and the best care possible to him, while he lived. She had been detained so closely with care of him that she felt lost when he had gone.

Carrie had two children, Harry Kirby Myers, BIX, and Louise Nelson Myers, BIX. I watched them grow from babyhood on. When quite a young man, Harry went to Baltimore and engaged in the granite business, and from that time I have never seen him. He never happened to be home when I was there. Through Carrie and Louise, however, I have always known of his movements.

It was the other way with Louise. She grew to womanhood, married once, and then again, and I saw her so frequently that she seemed like one of my own family.

A splendid type of red blooded American modern girl. She is a lovely woman, with high ideals, living in the suburbs of Detroit, a happy, useful life.

I wish her joy and pleasure and comfort, with pleasant memories of our friendship.

CAROLINE NELSON

BVII No. 4

Caroline was a sister of Nancy Nelson, and married Samuel Stewart. They always lived in Clark County, Ohio. There were several children in the family when I was a boy. One son died when a young man. Frank, the younger, is still living, and almost the picture of Uncle Sam, as I remember him.

Jennie Stewart Watson is the only daughter living at this time, 1921. Nellie Stewart married James Lott, who, after her death several years ago, married Sarah Nagley Seaton. I think Lott has one or two children living.

Frank, in his early days, was a moulder by trade.

I have been in touch with the family but little since childhood.

Aunt Caroline was a pleasant, quiet, kind dispositioned woman. I remember we stopped at her home in Logonda for dinner, when we moved from Greene County to Clark County, about 1867. The only thing I can remember of Uncle Sam was that he would take a toddy before meals.

Jennie Watson, being now about eighty years of age, lives with Frank in a nice home in Springfield.

RHODA ANN MORTON

BVII No. 5

Rhoda was the only child of Jane Sampson by her second husband, Abram Morton. She was born near Gallipolis, Ohio, October 25, 1819.

Jane Sampson and Mr. Morton were married in New York State. Diligent effort so far has failed to reveal the place and date.

From there they moved to Ohio, where Rhoda was born. Rhoda married Thomas Smith Wood, in Clark County, in 1837, and they lived about five miles east of Springfield, on the South Charleston pike. The big barn, with its double doors, where I had my fingers cut off in a cutting box in 1867, is still standing, and good for another half century.

They brought up a large family. See Chart B. The only one of them that I have constantly visited is Marrietta.

Marrietta married S. A. Todd before I was born. As told in a previous chapter, he and father were always close associates, and they seemed more like aunt and uncle to me than cousins.

Samuel A. Todd was all his life a fine man. He was a captain in the Civil War. For a number of years he was County Recorder of Clark County, Ohio. If I should live to a thousand years, the picture of Sam Todd's smiling face would always be before my mind whenever I should think of him—a fine gentleman, a good father, a noble friend of my father.

The smile wrinkles about Marrietta's eyes are just the same today, when she is past eighty-two years of age, as at my earliest recollection. That feature of Marrietta Todd, granddaughter of Jane Sampson, is a characteristic of every son or daughter, and most of the grandchildren of Jane Sampson that I have known.

They had such humor that "the smile that would not come off" left its creases or wrinkles about the eyes.

There never was a more gentle and kindly woman than Marrietta Todd. She raised a large family of children, and has a host of grandchildren (see chart), in whom she takes delight and consolation in her later years.

Edith is the only one who did not marry. She was a close companion of her father until his death. Since then, she and her mother have lived a pleasant life at the old home on Wittenburg Ave., in Springfield.

She was educated a business woman, and worked with her father in his office for years.

She is a jolly, good-natured girl, with a host of friends, both within and without the family. She has given me much assistance in the preparation of this record. Every request made personally, or by letter, has been given prompt and efficient attention, for which I am grateful.

Edwin Todd is a professor in the Miami College at Oxford, Ohio. I have herein used extracts from one of his letters when "hunting Sampsons."

What enjoyment we should have had, had I been with him on that trip. I wonder, Edwin, if you remember a buggy ride with me over to Clifton, more than twenty years ago, when you related your experiences at Yale, that changed the course of your life. Our views coincided. Mine has not changed. Has yours?

I have met many of the Todd family. All fine American women and men. Manifestly, I cannot write of each of all of these families that I have known, although I should like to do so. I have done the best I could to get every one of them in the record.

THOMAS WRIGHT

BVII No. 6

Thomas Wright was the eldest son of John and Jane Sampson Wright. He was born and brought up and lived in the old neighborhood east of Springfield.

He married Phoebe Nagley. After some years he moved to Logan County, Ohio, near Bellfontaine, where he farmed the balance of his life. He was connected with John Kirby in his farming interests.

They raised a large family. (See chart B.)

Otho Wright, son of Thomas, came to LaFayette in the nineties and worked with me for some ten years. He got to be one of the best construction superintendents I ever knew.

He left Lafayette about 1907, and was employed in the East as superintendent by large companies, until he met with an accident which cost him his life.

Wright Sager, his nephew, had been with him as an assistant for several years, and met a like fate in New York.

Otho's sister, Jane Goodhart, son Guy, and daughter Gladys, came to LaFayette, and lived there for several years. Guy married a Miss Boonstra, and lives here yet, being a successful building contractor. The others of the family live, and have lived in Ohio.

BENJAMIN F. WRIGHT

BVII No. 7

Benjamin Wright, the second son of Jane and John Wright, married Olive Whitridge, and lived east of Springfield, and was connected with the Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly firm in the sale of Champion machines, the balance of his life.

They brought up a large family. (See chart B.)

Florence married Jacob Tuttle about 1880, and on their wedding trip visited our family at Montmorenci. I have not see her since.

Estella Wright married Brunn Cozier, and lived in Springfield. I frequently met her, and greatly admired her and her daughters.

Thomas Wright married Jennie Oldfather. For many years he sold agricultural implements. He lived in Pittsburgh and other cities. For a long time he has lived in Springfield on Center street, where he has a nice home, and is engaged in the nursery business.

Good, happy old Tom, there never lived a more congenial and agreeable companion than Tom. He treats me like a lord every time I go to see him, but he is always too busy to coax out to visit me.

Jennie, his wife, is the salt of the earth. Reliable, faithful, energetic Jennie! Always the kind of a woman to depend upon.

Tom has suffered for years from the most malignant rheumatism, which has made life hard for both of them. Notwithstanding all that, he is always genial. God bless those happy Jane Sampson wrinkles about his eyes, that attract me to him like a lodestone.

There are many other descendants of Benjamin Wright that I have not met since a boy, and more that I never met. To them I can only tender my good will.

MARY JANE WRIGHT

BVII No. 8

Mary Jane Wright, elder daughter of Jane and John Wright, married Henry Nagley, and lived east of Springfield for some years. Later they moved to Springfield, and the family have lived in Clark County since.

In the early days, Henry Nagley belonged to one of the first families of the neighborhood.

Olive married Tom Cartmell, of another first family. Jane married Frank Baldwin, of the family who owned the old Baldwin Mill east of Moorefield, and has a large family. They came to Montmorenci and lived on the Bringham farm for one year, 'way back in the early '70's.

Kitty, their only child at that time, was a beautiful black eyed, curly haired girl. She is now nearly fifty years old, and I have not seen her since she was a child.

John was an engineer for Amos Whiteley in the Malleable Iron Works for many years. He later moved to Detroit, and died there.

Sarah first married a Mr. Seaton, and has two sons, Harry and Ray Seaton. Ray is making his mark as a corporation lawyer in the railroad fields. He is married, lives in Detroit, and is attorney for the Pere Marquette Railroad Company.

Seaton died many years ago. Sarah some years since married James Lott, a civil war veteran, who has retired, and they live an ideal life in a nice home on Center street, Springfield.

Phoebe married Frank Packham, who died several years ago, She has two daughters, Alice and Lenora, both of whom are married. They live in Dayton, Ohio.

SARAH ANN WRIGHT

BVII No. 9

Sarah Ann Wright was the youngest of the Wright family, and married Solomon H. Marshall. A complete history of her and her family is given heretofore in the Marshall history.

I am a firm believer in the old saying that "Every tub should sit on its own bottom," and that every individual must work out his own salvation, and that energy, industry and perseverance are necessary to achievement.

In addition to all those qualities, the individual must possess brains. Every person is equipped with the brains with which he

was endowed at birth. I have never seen any acquired or purchased. Neither have I seen a mastiff dog bred from a feist, nor a squirrel from a ground hog. So that both the size and quality of the brain of human beings largely depends upon inheritance. Breeding counts in humans as well as in other animals.

Therefore, if we have a lineage of three hundred years, showing able men and women, who have achieved success in life, we have a right to be proud of our forebears, and it is our duty to honor and remember them.

I congratulate every member of these Mayflower descendants upon his birthright.

To close this chapter, we subjoin a contribution furnished by Edith Z. Todd, a great-granddaughter of Jane Sampson Morton, once Nelson, later Eddy and Wright.

FOLK-LORE

By Edith Zuleima Todd

BIX No. 21

How little did we think, in the days of yore,
While reading of the Pilgrims, on old New England's shore,
There were some of our ancestors who made the trip
On the famous old historic Mayflower ship.

From young Henry Sampson, a lad of eight,
John Alden, Priscilla, and Miles the Great,
Of Mayflower Ship and Plymouth Rock fame,
We, the tribe of Sampsons, derive our name.

When Priscilla scorned Miles, and chose John instead,
Could she know Mile's son, her daughter would wed?
Or that their daughter, so fair to look on,
Would choose for husband, one Abraham Sampson?

Abraham's daughter Sarah so loved the name
That the man she married possessed the same.
Their son Joseph, when quite young to wed,
Miss Mercy Eldridge to the altar led.

Our Great-great-grandsire was Edward, their son,
Who Mary Catherine Sharrow wooed and won.
Of children there were nine came to bless their home,
And all of them but one lived to be grown.

But we are interested more particularly in Jane,
Our grand-mere, the maid of matrimonial fame.
Jane was surely a maid whom men adore,
For of different husbands, her tally was four.

Jane's first venture in the matrimonial van,
Was with Amos Nelson, a Massachusetts man.
They soon after marriage left Massachusetts great
To make their future home in the Empire State.

Their two daughters grew to womanhood,
Then married as all true daughters should.
Caroline, a Stewart; Nancy, Whiteley did claim;
Their son William N., was the Reaper King, of fame.

Jane again married, a Massachusetts man,
Capt. Abram Morton of a seafaring clan.
Tiring of the East, they moved to the West,
Gallia County, Ohio, where they strove for the best.

Here little Rhoda came to bless the twain,
The only child to bear the Morton name.
Rhoda grew up to be fair and good,
And became the wife of Thomas S. Wood.

Four children, and grandchildren still abound,
One grandson, E. S. Todd, at "Old Miami" is found.
Morton passed to the other shore; Jane, calm and steady
Did not despair, but soon got herself an Eddy.

Eddy too, soon passed away, but still brave at heart,
Jane went to her sister, in the County of Clark.
Here she taught school, was cheerful and bright,
And soon met her true love in Mr. John Wright.

They lived on a farm which was their very own,
Where Jane presided over a very happy home.
Two sons and two daughters,—their children four
Came to play with the others around their door.

Thomas and Mary married brother and sister twain,
Henry and Phoebe,—Negley was their name.
Benjamin and Olive Whitridge plighted troth before God,
Sarah with Solomon Marshall life's pathway trod.

Centuries have passed, their slow course has run;
Now we reach this present 1921.
Jane and her children have passed the Great Divide,
She and John, in Flether (church yard), lie side by side.

Of Whiteleys, Stewarts, Woods, there are over a score,
Wrights, Negleys, Marshalls and other names galore.
But we mention of the Marshalls, only the two,
One, author of this history, one president of Purdue.

CHAPTER X

JAMES MARSHALL

AIII No. 6

James Marshall (twin brother of Robert), was the son of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall.

He was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on June 6, 1801, and died at Cedarville, Ohio, on February 13, 1887, when nearly eighty-six years of age.

He was first married to Hannah Bond in Clark County, Ohio, December 19, 1822. He was married the second time to Mary S. Newcomb on June 11, 1837.

When I was a small boy, he lived in the same neighborhood, some three miles east from Cedarville, where Grandmother, Uncle Dan, and James Townsley resided. Since I was but seven years old when we left there, I have but a dim recollection of "Uncle Jimmie" as he was called.

His children by his first wife were: David L., Freeman, Moses B., John, Elizabeth, and Susannah.

By his second wife were Sarah E., Mary J., and Charles W. Further on in these pages will be found separate notes on each of these children.

The following sketch is furnished by Miss Bertha Creswell, a teacher of Mingo Junction, Ohio:

My knowledge of James Marshall is very limited owing to the fact that I never knew him, and all the history that I may write is largely from hearsay. If my mother, Mary Marshall, who was his youngest daughter, were living, I might get many and interesting facts from her. But alas and alack! We never know the worth of a mother until after she has been taken from us. It is nothing short of a crime that family records and family history are treated with such utter lack of interest, and often time, carelessly neglected until they are lost forever.

James Marshall came with his parents to Greene County, Ohio, early in life, from Virginia. My mother has often pointed out the location of their first home to me when riding, and as often I have wished that he might be living to tell something of his early life, for no doubt it was full of things we of this generation would like to know.

They were the pioneers, coming from Virginia by wagons, as did all the early settlers of that time. A sturdy lot no doubt, as the hardships at that time were many.

As to his schooling, I do not know. He probably attended the district school during the winter months when there was nothing else to do. My mother has often said that he was fond of reading, but not enough to interfere with his work, and on Sunday, it was his custom to read aloud to the family from the Bible.

His first wife died, leaving him with six motherless children. A year or so later, he persuaded Mary Newcomb to take charge of his small flock, and she very bravely tackled the job. I have heard my Uncle Freeman Marshall say that he never knew any difference—she was a good mother to her step-children as well as her own.

Three children were added to his family by his second wife—Charles William, Sarah and Mary, my own mother. Of the former set—Elizabeth, Susan, Freeman, John, David and Moses, I know of only two, Elizabeth and Freeman.

Elizabeth, Mrs. Isaac Landaker, was also a stepmother, and her acquaintance with Isaac Landaker was brought about by her step-mother taking the motherless son of Isaac Landaker to raise. We were always quite fond of Aunt Lizzie, and were overjoyed at her coming.

David was in the Mexican War, went West, and at the time the last word was received from him, he was in California.

Moses ran away from home during the gold fever in California, and was never heard from. It is supposed he might have been killed by the Indians or starved to death on the way across the continent.

Susan married and met a very tragic death by being burned to a crisp. She was alone at the time, and it is supposed her dress caught from the open fire and she ran out of doors to extinguish it. She left a baby son.

Freeman and John, both answered the call in '61, and were in the four years of the war. John died at Soldiers' Home in Dayton. Freeman at the Sandusky Home. I can't recall that I ever saw Uncle John, but Uncle Free as we called him, always paid us a visit at least once a year, and never failed to bring us the much looked for pound of peppermint candy. His coon stories were the ones that kept us awake until midnight. My brother and I never grew tired of sitting at his knee or on his lap, listening to some wild tale about what he and "Somp Marshall" did one night with their coon dogs.

I had always pictured Grandfather as being a tall, big man, but have found out recently from Mrs. Sam Edwards, of Kansas City,

Mo., a grand-daughter also, that he was only five feet six inches in height. "Uncle Jimmie" as he was familiarly called, was a great walker, and would make the trip from South Charleston down to Cedarville, a distance of eleven miles, quite frequently. He walked to Cedarville a few days before his death. He died at the ripe old age of eighty-six.

During the World War, several grandsons and great-grandsons fought as did the sons of James Marshall in two other wars, Mexican and the Civil War.

DAVID L. MARSHALL

AIV No. 35

David was the eldest son of James and Hannah Marshall, born September 25th, 1823. He was a soldier in the Mexican War.

We have no further record of him, although we are informed he married and had two children. It is said he was a local preacher.

FREEMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 36

Freeman Marshall was the second son of James and Hannah Marshall, born September 19th, 1825, and died June 30th, 1911. He married Anna Clemans.

To this union six children were born. I have been unable to get any history of their children, other than their names, which are as follows: John Marshall AV No. 122, Alice Marshall AV No. 123, Flora Marshall AV 125, Lenard Marshall AV No. 126, and Earl Marshall AV No. 127. They surely have been married and have descendants, but I failed to trace them.

Freeman Marshall was in the Civil War for four years.

MOSES B. MARSHALL

AIV No. 37

Moses B. was the third son of James and Hannah Marshall, born April 19th, 1828. He went to Iowa about 1850, married Lucy Stoddard and then went farther West. This is the statement of Mrs. Henry Allen, Benjamin Marshall's daughter, now eighty-one years old.

JOHN MARSHALL

AIV No. 38

John Marshall was the fourth son of James and Hannah Marshall. He was born July 27th, 1831, and died December 4th, 1910.

He was married to Miss Kate ——— . They had one daughter, Flora AV No. 128, who has been dead a number of years. I have no record of any children.

John Marshall was in the Civil War for four years, and died at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AIV No. 39

Elizabeth Marshall was the fifth child and first daughter of James and Hannah Marshall. She was born on October 6th, 1834. She died June 20th, 1908. She married Isaac Landaker.

There were four children as follows: Gideon Landaker AV No. 129, Elizabeth Landaker AV No. 130, Sarah Landaker AV No. 131, and Kenneth Landaker AV No. 132. No doubt all these children have descendants, but I am sure I could get no further information of them.

SUSANNAH MARSHALL

AIV No. 40

Susannah Marshall was the second daughter and sixth child of James and Hannah Marshall. She was born on January 6th, 1836, and died October 23, 1867.

She was married to John Koontz and had one child, but I have no other information of her.

SARAH E. MARSHALL

AIV No. 41

Sarah E. Marshall was the first child of James Marshall and Mary Newcomb Marshall, his second wife.

She was born December 22nd, 1841, and died May 22nd, 1881. She married Inis Townsley.

They had one son, Edward Townsley, AV No. 133.

No further record.

MARY J. MARSHALL

AIV No. 42

Mary J. Marshall was the second daughter of James and Mary S. Marshall. She was born December 10th, 1843. She passed away on December 2nd, 1915.

She married Benoni Creswell, of Cedarville, Ohio. Their home was always in that neighborhood, where the family was brought up.

The Creswells were a prominent family and highly respected in the community. They were people of exceptional character.

MARY ELMA CRESWELL

Mary Elma Creswell is the first child, daughter of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell. She was born on June 15th, 1866.

She was married to John Earl Randall on August 18th, 1891.

They have three children as follows: Earl Creswell Randall AVI No. 174, Earl has three children, Eloise Randall AVII No. 88, Herman AVII No. 89, and Katherine Randall AVII No. 90, so that Mary Elma is a proud grandmother. John Herman Randall AVI No. 175, and Josephine Randall AVI No. 176, are not married.

ETTA L. CRESWELL

AV No. 135

Etta L. was the second daughter of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell, who was born August 26th, 1867 and died December 15th, 1891.

DELLA CRESWELL

AV No. 136

Della Creswell is the third daughter of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell. She was born June 20, 1870.

On August 14th, 1893, she was married to James Martin. They have no children. They live on Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

I have seen but two of James Marshall's descendants that I can remember.

Della Martin is one, and Eva Wells the other. They are very much alike in appearance. Mrs. Martin impressed me as a refined, gentle woman, of admirable disposition and appearance.

CHARLES C. CRESWELL

AV No. 137

Charles is the fourth child of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell. He was born on August 10th, 1874. Married on August 5th, 1913. No children.

EVA CRESWELL

AV No. 138

Eva Creswell is the fifth child of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell. She was born on September 27th, 1880.

She was married on June 9th, 1909 to J. R. Wells, of Cedarville, Ohio. Mr. Wells is a telegrapher and agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Cedarville. He was also in the World War.

They have two fine children, Christine AVI No. 177 and Mary Frances Wells, AVI No. 178.

When on my first trip to Ohio in search of information of James Marshall, my grandfather's twin brother, I first called on Mrs. Martin. We had a pleasant conversation and she referred me to her sister at Cedarville, who she said had the family Bible.

So to Cedarville I went, and found Mrs. Wells. I have since called again. She is a splendid, kind, refined woman. Her husband is a fine, healthy upright young man, showing energy and business ability. She has two young children, whom she is rearing carefully, in the traditional Marshall way. Here I found James Marshall's old Bible with the full family record and the Mary S. Creswell Bible with the Creswell record. That accounts for all the correct and complete dates given in this record. Here also, I found the picture of "Uncle Jimmy."

Mrs. Wells has since furnished me much information for which I am grateful. I wish your and yours well, Eva.

ANDREW BURDSALL CRESWELL

AV No. 139

A. Burdsall is the sixth child of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell. He was born July 21st, 1886.

He is unmarried at this date, and I have no further information of him.

BERTHA CRESWELL

AV No. 140

Bertha is the seventh and youngest child of Mary J. and Benoni Creswell, born at Cedarville, August 19th, 1889.

She has been well educated and like many others of the Marshall girls, is a teacher and educator.

I have never met her, but hope to this year. I don't know how long she has been teaching, but she seems to hold down her job at Mingo Junction, Ohio, and has for some time past.

Her education makes her a patriotic citizen. Many of the family were soldiers in the wars for their country, and she has a laudable ambition to belong to the D. A. R. If my work can help her she will soon be satisfied on that score.

CHARLES WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIV No. 43

Charles W. Marshall was the youngest child of James and Mary S. Newcomb Marshall.

He was born February 20th, 1846, and died March 18th, 1901. He married Julia Moore. They had three children, Mary Jeanette Marshall AV No. 141 (deceased), Isaac Walter Marshall AV No. 142, and George Oscar Marshall AV No. 143, of Cedarville, Ohio.

SHEET No 3 of 6

GENEALOGICAL

CHART

MARSHALL FAMILY

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Illinois and Iowa.

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Illinois and Iowa.

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Illinois and Iowa.

ELIZABETH COLE
Was the daughter

WILLIAM COLE
Born about 1745.
Died after 1815.
Married about 1770,
NELLIE FREEMAN
Born 1748, in Wales.
Died 1830, in Ohio.
Buried at South Charleston

WILLIAM COLE, in 7th, 11th, and 15th Regiments Virginia
Line troop, and Navy, for SEVEN YEARS
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Marion, Ohio, Iowa,
Illinois and Iowa.

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Marion, Ohio, Iowa,
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Illinois and Iowa.

Marion, Ohio, Iowa,
Illinois and Iowa.

Marion, Ohio, Iowa,
Illinois and Iowa.



CHAPTER XI

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AIII No. 7

Elizabeth Marshall was the third daughter and seventh child of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall. She was born in Frederick County, Virginia, December 6th, 1803, and died in Iowa on September 11th, 1846.

She was married to Isaac Lunbeck in Greene County, Ohio. I have no record of the date when they moved to Iowa. From various other records, I am of the opinion that they went there about the time that Benjamin Marshall did.

I have often heard my father speak of Elizabeth Marshall and Isaac Lunbeck, more frequently of Lunbeck. Mrs. Henry Allen, Benjamin's daughter, informs us, that her Aunt Eliza Lunbeck lived close to Benjamin Marshall's, after they came to Iowa, where they visited them often. That was in 1846. She died in that fall. Then Uncle "Ike" was left with eight children. "My father took Andrew and raised him to manhood. Uncle John Marshall took Hannah and cared for her until she was married to John A. Sellers. He was no relation to Uncle John Marshall, but a second cousin to me on my mother's side. Hannah died 29 years ago. Her husband died 5 years ago."

Mr. Harry O. Weaver, who knew Isaac Lunbeck well, writes as follows: "Isaac Lunbeck, who married a sister of the Marshall brothers, came to this County in the 40's. By trade he was a carpenter and joiner, an expert workman at his trade. He was a man of low stature, quick, active, energetic and very high tempered. He was not a great favorite with his brothers-in-law. He and his wife reared children, one of them Echabod Lunbeck, another son, Joseph Lunbeck. Joseph married a daughter of Jesse Van Horn, an old settler of this County. They left no children. Of the daughters, one of them was Lyle Lunbeck, who married P. C. Buffington. They reared a large family. Another daughter, Hannah Lunbeck, married John Sellers, son of Werner Sellers. One child from this union remains, Mrs. Eva Rutt, of Columbus Junction, Iowa. Another son, Isaac Lunbeck, remained an old bachelor, and died many years ago."

When I visited Iowa in the winter of 1921, I heard nothing but good of Elizabeth Marshall Lunbeck and her children. On the contrary, I heard plenty of an entirely different nature of "Ike" Lunbeck, as he was called. The reader will remember that not in a single instance in this whole History have I recorded anything of a questionable character concerning any of the Marshalls or their descendants. The reason for that record is that it is a positive fact that I had never come across any information, nor heard of anything that could for a moment command criticism. You will pardon me, therefore, for speaking frankly when I find something not commendable. It, however, was entirely with the first man, who is not a descendant in the family, but a member by marriage. Lunbeck was intemperate, and of a violent disposition. In his neighborhood he was known as "Hell-cat," and Mr. Weaver, being much more temperate in language than myself, glosses it over by saying he "was not a favorite of his brothers-in-law." There were good reasons for their not liking their brother-in-law. We have heard a good many tales of his cruel treatment of his wife, and I do not intend to gloss over stating these few facts.

Of the children of Eliza Marshall Lunbeck, I have not been able to gather much information, but all that I have has shown them to be good, reputable, first-class citizens of the country.

Julia Ann Lunbeck, who married William Robinson, is still living some place in Illinois. I could not find the location. The children of Elizabeth Marshall follow.

JOSEPH LUNBECK

AIV No. 49

Joseph Lunbeck was the first son of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. He was born in Greene County, Ohio, and moved to Louisa County, Iowa, with his family.

He married Mary Van Horn, a daughter of Jesse Van Horn, an old settler of Louisa County. Both are deceased, and they left no children.

DELILA LUNBECK

AIV No. 50

Delila Lunbeck was the second child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. She was born in Greene County, Ohio, and moved to Louisa County, Iowa, with her parents.

She married P. C. Buffington. It is reported that they reared a large family, but I have been unable to locate any of them.

HANNAH LUNBECK

AIV No. 51

Hannah Lunbeck was the third child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck.

She married John A. Sellers, in Louisa County, Iowa. After her mother's death, Hannah Lunbeck was taken by her Uncle John Marshall, where she lived until she was married. She was one of the foster children of John Marshall that Henry O. Weaver speaks of in his sketch of John Marshall's life.

They have one child, so far as I have been able to learn.

EVA SELLERS

AV No. 145

Eva Sellers was the daughter of Hannah and John A. Sellers. She married William Rutt.

They live at Columbus Junction, Iowa.

ISAAC LUNBECK

AIV N. 52

Isaac Lunbeck was the fourth child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. He was born in Ohio, and died a few years ago in Louisa County. He was a bachelor, and lived to be about 60 years old.

Mrs. Allen writes that "little 'Ike' Lunbeck," as he was called, "lived with his sister Hannah. A nicer little fellow never lived than he was."

ANDREW LUNBECK

AIV No. 53

Andrew Lunbeck was the fifth child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. He was born in Ohio, and came with his parents to Louisa County, Iowa.

He married Lucinda McEiley. We have no further information.

ELLEN LUNBECK

AIV No. 54

Ellen Lunbeck was the sixth child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. She was born in Greene County, Ohio, and came with her par-

ents to Louisa County, Iowa.

She married Will Hutton. We have no further information.

JOHN LUNBECK

AIV No. 55

John Lunbeck was the seventh child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. He was born in Greene County, Ohio, and moved to Iowa with his parents.

We have no further information.

JULIA ANN LUNBECK

AIV No. 56

Julia Ann Lunbeck was the eighth and youngest child of Elizabeth and Isaac Lunbeck. She was born in Greene County, Ohio, and moved to Iowa with her parents.

She married William Robinson. She is living at present some place in Illinois. We are unable to locate her.

She is the only child of Elizabeth Marshall now living.

CHAPTER XII

FREEMAN MARSHALL

AIII No. 8

(By Fannie Spaits Merwin)

Prelude

The history of Freeman Marshall and his branch of the family is written⁶ by his granddaughter, Mrs. Fannie Spaits Merwin, our editor, at my request.

This, however, seems the proper place for me to relate a pleasant surprise and interesting experience encountered while seeking information for this work.

In conversation with my uncles and my father, and in the notes of my father's remembrance that he gave me, the only information of Freeman Marshall was that he had married in Ohio, moved to Illinois, and nothing further was known of him. None had any information of where he had located. When beginning this record, I had written: "He was born in Virginia, lived and was married in Ohio, and moved to Illinois. No further information."

A few days after writing these words, I received a letter from John A. Phares, as given in Chapter I of this work, in which he sent the name of Mrs. Fannie Spaits Merwin, as being related to the Marshall family. My first thought was—"she is evidently not of the Phares branch. Then she is either of the long lost Freeman Marshall family, or from some of the Iowa relatives back in Illinois."

I awaited anxiously the reply from her, which is published in Chapter I. Two days later I was on my way to see them, at Manito, Illinois. There I met Freeman Marshall's daughter, Rebecca Spaits, a splendid type of American mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, past 86 years of age, but as bright as many women of 60. I met her daughters at Manito, and Peoria, her grandsons and great-grandchild. For that trip I was well repaid.

Any and all of the branches of the family may and should be proud of their connection to the Freeman Marshall branch.

Fannie Spaits Merwin in appearance is almost an exact likeness of my older sister Emma before her death. That I was immediately drawn to her was but natural.

As will be seen from the following pages, she has spent her life as an educator. Her critical eye and long experience in educational affairs will assure nothing unworthy appears in these pages.

The Author.

By Fannie Spaits Merwin

Freeman Marshall, son of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, was born in Virginia, now West Virginia, May 6, 1807.

When he was seven years of age the family moved to Greene County, Ohio. Freeman was educated in the excellent common schools of that state.

He was married in Greene County to Eliza Elizabeth Rakestraw in 1827.

To them were born a pair of twins who died in infancy, Julia Ann, Henry, Elizabeth and Rebecca. The family moved to Indiana in the spring of 1836. Here William and Ann Eliza were born.

In the fall of 1844 they started to move to Iowa to join others of the family who had gone there before. En route they visited the brothers and sisters of the mother, Henry Rakestraw, and Mrs. Maria Rakestraw High, and Mrs. Cynthia Rakestraw Kent, all living in Mason County, Illinois.

On this journey the family rode in an immense wagon built for the purpose, of the sort known in pioneer history as the prairie schooner. To this wagon six oxen were yoked. A spring wagon was drawn by two horses with a colt and two saddle horses following. They drove before them a herd of fifteen cattle, a flock of thirty sheep, and carried great coops of chickens. In the big wagon were stowed potatoes, turnips, cabbage, onions, flour, meal, cured meats, maple sugar, maple syrup, feather-beds, bedding, clothing, furniture,—in fact, it was a pioneer home moved on wheels.

The journey occupied three weeks, the women sleeping in the wagon, the men under it, and the meals were cooked in camp.

In crossing the Sangamon River the ferry-man refused to take the big wagon on board, thus decreeing that I and all of my portion of the generation of the Marshalls should be born. For in swimming the oxen across the river all of the contents of the wagon were thoroughly wetted. In drying out their possessions the family had to unload everything, and the Mason County relatives persuaded my grandfather Freeman Marshall to settle here.

Consequently, land was entered on Quiver creek, near the McHarry Mill. To the land entered my grandfather added by purchase and this became the family home.

During the first winter they lived in a rented log cabin owned by Samuel Walker, while the father and son, Henry, felled trees and built the new home.

The log cabin in time gave place to a comfortable frame building.

Here the family lived and labored after the fashion of pioneers everywhere.

The father and mother were faithful members of the New Light Church. While they lived in Indiana they had a church of their faith about six miles from their home. After they moved to Illinois there was no congregation of New Lights near them so they attended services in the school-house at Quiver where a Campbellite service was held.

They and their children endured the hardships that belong to pioneer life without ever realizing that they were hardships. They achieved unbelievable things with an ease that made labor light, and they enjoyed rude but real pleasures with a zest that we may well envy. The husking bees, barn raisings, log rollings, spelling matches, and country dances may have gathered some glamour in the oft repeated relation, but even allowing for that there was genuine pleasure mixed with their incredible labors and their lives were neither sordid nor sad.

My grandmother died in 1858. About three years later my grandfather married a widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorrell. About the year 1865 they moved to Havana where their last days were spent.

Freeman Marshall was a successful farmer, an abundant provider for his family, and a tireless worker. He had a quiet persistence that revealed itself in early youth. When a lad of fourteen he spent the winter feeding stock for a brother who was ill. He arose before daylight, ate a breakfast of cold bread and milk, walked three miles to feed the stock, and then walked back to school. Add to this the fact that he was dressed in tow breeches with low home-made buckskin shoes, and the rigor of a winter of that sort may be imagined.

His work at school was equally creditable. His great-grand-son is the proud possessor of an "arithmetic" compiled by this pioneer lad in which all the fundamentals of arithmetic are included—rules, tables, and examples, all written in a hand that resembles copperplate.

The thing that most distinguishes my memory of my grandfather, however, is his blamelessness. I have never known a word of criticism to be applied to him by child, step-child, relative, friend or acquaintance. I have never heard him spoken of in any but of the highest terms during his life-time or since. I never heard him utter a hasty or unwise word.

One morning in early April, 1893, after rising and dressing as usual, he lay back upon his bed and died quietly and painlessly, of no recognizable ailment except a gradual failure of all functions of life. He lacked one week of being eighty-six years of age.

Eliza Elizabeth Rakestraw

Eliza Elizabeth Rakestraw was born in New Jersey, December 11, 1804. When she was eighteen years of age, her mother died, leaving her in charge of a family of eight children, all younger than herself. Soon after the death of her mother she moved with the family to Cincinnati. A little later they moved to Greene County, Ohio, where she was married to Freeman Marshall. After that, her history is told in that of her husband.

There are few lives even in pioneer days that exceed this one as a record of house-hold knowledge and labor for others. She raised a garden that fed her family all the twelve months of the year. She gathered and prepared the herbs that served them as medicine. She gathered from nature's sources what she needed to manufacture her own dyes. She spun, dyed, and wove the flax and wool that clothed her family, made the garments with her needle, and even sewed for others. She spun the wool and knit the stockings for her flock. She spun and wove all her bed and table linen, all her bedding of wool and flax. She gathered straw from the fields and plaited the hats of her men-folk and hats to sell to others—in fact, every need of her household was supplied by the labor of her hands.

One of her bed spreads is still in my possession. My grandfather sheared the sheep and carded the wool, my grandmother spun and dyed and wove it into a spread that is falling apart in places from its century of wear, but its colors are still a bright, clear, red, white, and blue, woven and blended as beautifully as the spotless life record of the brave woman who toiled so many years ago.

One fall during her life in Indiana, she wove on an open porch. She became chilled by a drizzle of cold rain. The cold that she contracted never left her. For fifteen years she lived and continued her labors, but her increasing illness finally triumphed over her sturdy strength and iron will.

During her last months, when illness had stayed her busy hands, with her head nodding in weakness on her poor thin neck, she pointed with toil-crooked fingers and spelled out slowly the eternal promises of the old Book that has lighted the way for so many a toil-worn pilgrim, through the Valley of the Shadow, into the light.

She died in the spring of 1857, aged 53 years.

I never see hundreds of cars parked about our little town on gala days that I do not think of the ones who paid for those cars and all that they represent. The prosperous, pleasuring young men who own them did not pay for them. I know that they signed the check. But that check represents machine made wealth made under conditions that were brought about by other hands and other days.

My grandfather and grandmother and their generation, my father and mother and their generation, paid for those cars. In their fire-lit, candle-lit log cabins they earned the tungstens and mazdas of our furnace heated homes. By their eighteen daily hours of unremitting battle for existence, they cleared the forests, turned the prairie sod, built the schools and churches, laid the rails and strung the wires that led to these days of luxury. They paid for these cars with all that they typify.

The least that we can do is to acknowledge our debt and try to live worthy of the sturdy generations who paid the price.

JULIA ANN MARSHALL

AIV No. 57

Julia Ann Marshall was the first child of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall to survive infancy. Their first children were a pair of twins who died as babies.

Julia was born in Greene County, Ohio, January 31, 1829. The history of her early life has been told in that of her parents.

She was married in 1847 to Fulcard Sebring, a native of New Jersey. Her husband was a skilled workman in masonry, but they purchased a farm near the Marshall homestead. Later they bought a farm in Iowa and lived there a short time. On returning to Illinois they settled in Manito where Mr. Sebring worked at his trade of masonry until his death in the early eighties.

"Aunt Jule," as she was affectionately called, was, like her father, of a singularly blameless character. She was all kindness to her friends, all indulgence and patience to her children,—absolutely without malice or guile.

She was an excellent cook, and I always counted it a red letter day when I was permitted to go to her house. She put enough sugar in her apple pies to suit me, and she called me "Honey."

She was a Marshall in appearance. My grandfather said she resembled her Aunt Lunbeck and judging by Aunt Lunbeck's picture, she certainly did.

With all her gentleness, she could stand very firm on her convictions of right. My most vivid recollection of her, however, is of a patience that never tired, and a loving kindness that never failed.

She died in Peoria, where she lived with her youngest daughter during her last years, in the year 1908.

MARY E. SEBRING

AV No. 147

Mary E., eldest child of Julia and Fulcard Sebring, was born in Quiver Township, Mason County, about the year 1849. She was married at the age of sixteen to Louis E. Howell.

My only recollection of her is when she lived, a widow, with her father and mother in Manito. Her natural brightness of mind was evident, although she had not the opportunity of development farther than the common school.

She moved to Canton, Illinois, in my girlhood, and died there.

WILLIAM E. HOWELL

AVI No. 188

Familiarly known as "Bud," William, the son of Mary and Louis Howell, was the incarnation of everything lovable in boyhood. He was as handsome as a picture, jolly and kindly, and a natural musician. He could play the violin like a master. I do not know where or when he learned, or whether he ever learned, but I know that he read music as I read print,—and how he did play!

He married a Miss Griggs and the sound of his fiddle was gone from my hearing. I know no more of him except that he moved to Wisconsin, and that they had six children, as will be seen on Chart A. The daughter Mary married Howard Shaffer, and died leaving three daughters.

I have never seen Bud since he was about eighteen, and I have difficulty in picturing him as a grandfather. I remember only a lithe young rascal with a rosy, laughing face bending over a violin that sang and laughed and wailed at his bidding,—the very incarnation of boyhood.

DELLA HOWELL

AVI No. 189

Della, daughter of Mary and Louis Howell, is a delightful woman who lives in Canton. She is married to a Mr. Fowle. I have seen her but once since we were children. No children.

WILLIAM H. SEBRING

AV No. 148

William, oldest son and second child of Julia and Fulcard Sebring, was born about the year 1852 on the farm in Quiver Township.

My memory of him is of a witty, genial young man, adored by his family and extremely popular with the young people of his town.

He led a happy, blameless life that had a tragic end. He was a skillful skater and in a skating frolic he skated down hill backward. He fell, crashing his head violently on the ice. An abscess on the brain resulted, from which he died after dreadful suffering, at the age of twenty-one.

He was conscious to the last moment, and the courage and resignation that showed in his cheerful good-byes to his family and friends have always been an inspiring memory.

LUCY F. SEBRING

AV No. 149

Lucy F., second daughter and third child of Julia and Fulcard Sebring, was born June 18, 1856. She was married to John Carrington on February 22, 1874.

Lucy looks like her father, but in disposition she is very much like Aunt Jule. She has always been the kindest mother imaginable. She is a handsome woman,—though not in the least conscious of the fact. She lives in Warsaw, Illinois.

Her children are nearly all farmers or wives of farmers. John and Charles live in Mineral; Roscoe in Wisconsin; Josephine, wife of Thomas Powell, near Warsaw; Clara, wife of William Ide, near Avon, Illinois. Their children are listed on the chart.

LINCOLN A. SEBRING

AV No. 150

Lincoln A., was the youngest son and fourth child of Julia and Fulcard Sebring. When a child, while cutting a strap from a strip of leather, the knife slipped and cut out his right eye. I have never seen him since I was a young girl. He died a bachelor.

DOLLIE B. SEBRING

AV No. 151

Dollie Bell was the youngest child of Julia and Fulcard Sebring. She was born in Manito about the year 1870.

She, like her nephew "Bud," was an unusual musician. The music that the two of them made, he as a violinist, she as his accompanist, is one of the bright memories of my childhood.

She married Robert F. Seelye in 1890. Their son, Robert F. Jr., was born on his father's birthday in 1891. Two years later, also on the father's birthday, a daughter, Marie, was born.

Robert Seelye was an industrious young man whose end was most untimely. He was employed in the store of John A. Marshall, leading hardware merchant of Manito. A thoughtless boy who has just purchased a scythe, tickled Robert on the back of the neck with the sharp point of the blade. The startled man threw up his hand and seized the scythe blade, cutting his fingers to the bone. Blood poison resulted, and in a few weeks he was dead, leaving his young wife with two helpless children, victims of the prank of a boy.

Robert F. Seelye, the younger, is a soldier and his story will be found in another place in this history.

Dollie is married the second time to a Mr. Bayless, and lives in Mineral. She says she is more interested in poultry than music, which I think is a pity. Many women can raise chickens. Even I could do that. Few are born in a generation with so rich a gift as Dollie's music.

ROBERT F. SEELYE

AV NO. 197

Robert Floyd Seelye, son of Robert and Dolly Sebring Seelye, was born in Manito, Illinois, in 1891. After the death of his father, he went with his mother to Peoria, Illinois, where he grew to manhood.

He enlisted in Peoria, Illinois, in 1918, and was sent to Laredo, Texas, and joined Troop K, 14th U. S. Cavalry, at Fort McIntosh, Texas. He was transferred to Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, in 1918.

While a private doing guard duty along the coast, he was made corporal, and is still doing duty as such.

His certificate reads, Corporal Troop "K" 14th Cavalry, of the Regular Army of the United States.

HENRY RAKESTRAW MARSHALL

AIV No. 58

Henry, elder son of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall, was born in Greene County, Ohio, April 10, 1830. He was educated in the common schools of Indiana and Illinois, and his early history is that of all boys

whose parents move from new settlement to new settlement, preparing the way for a great civilization.

He was married to Mary Severns in the year 1858. Eight years later the young mother died, leaving three little daughters, the eldest of whom was six years.

About the year 1869 he was married to a Mrs. Edith Page Graham, a widow with two sons. He died in the fall of 1873, leaving his wife and two more little daughters.

Henry Marshall was characterized all his life by an unflagging industry. He wrested prosperity from a wooded soil under the most adverse circumstances. He was always a farmer, living one year on his father's farm and after that purchasing a farm of his own north of Quiver Creek, near a lake of the Illinois River.

He was a Marshall to the back-bone, determined, honest, with the ability to bring things to pass that would have made him prosper in any walk of life.

He died of pneumonia at the early age of forty-three. His habit of working whether he was physically fit or not and the lack of adequate medical attention in early days were contributing causes to his untimely death,—the history of scores and hundreds in those stern times.

MARY MARSHALL RAKESTRAW

AV No. 152

Mary Elizabeth, eldest child of Henry and Mary Marshall, was born in Quiver Township, Mason County, in 1860. She married her cousin second remove, Millard Fillmore Rakestraw, May 29, 1878. To him she bore fourteen children, eight of whom are living.

In spite of this long season of child bearing and the hard work that accompanies it on a farm, Mary retained to the day of her death all the slenderness and grace of body that were hers as a young girl. Or perhaps it was because of this rather heroic regime that she retained at nearly sixty years of age the lines of a girl at twenty. The authorities, I believe, are not agreed upon the point as to whether child bearing improves feminine beauty or not. At any rate, Mary never shirked her duty either as mother or housewife. Her house was immaculate, her meals abundant and beautifully cooked, her children and herself suitably clad, and a welcome hand out to all who might visit her home. Besides all this, she was the first to serve at the bed of sickness in a neighbor's household, always willing and ready to "lend a hand."

Her husband died in 1906. Her boys are nearly all farmers,—big, handsome fellows who are making their way in the world. George, Harry and Millard live near Mineral, Illinois. Everett lives in Manito, Bert in Canton. The girls are handsome, amiable women; Ethel, wife of Arthur Schoneman, lives in Canton; Garnet, wife of Richard Eberly, lives in Peoria; and the baby of the family, Laura, a beautiful girl of seventeen lives with Garnet.

Lulu, the oldest girl, who died at the age of nineteen in 1900 was one of the most beautiful girls in Mason County.

Mary died April 18, 1919. She was found dead at the foot of a steep flight of stairs in her home. The verdict of the coroner's jury was apoplexy.

KATE MARSHALL

AV No. 156

When my grandfather Freeman selected Elizabeth Eliza Rakestraw as a proper grandmother for me, in 1827, he set a precedent that is still being followed. The Marshalls and Rakestraws in more than one branch of the family have intermarried, until it is the common thing to hear my mother say in describing relationships, "Let me see! He is my second cousin on the Marshall side and my third cousin on the Rakestraw side," or some other complicated pronouncement.

Kate Marshall, youngest child of Henry Marshall, and the only living member of the family from either marriage, was the daughter of Edith Page Graham. She was born in April, 1872. She was always a nimble, sprightly little thing and takes great pride in the fact that she taught me to walk, although I am three months her senior.

True to tradition, she married a distant cousin, Thomas Rakestraw. They live in Canton and have five children. Harley, the oldest son, made doubly sure that the Rakestraw family should not languish and married a cousin by the same name. Kate's daughter Pearl is the only one of her children that I have ever seen. She is an amiable young mother of four children.

Kate is a jolly, energetic woman who takes life joyfully and meets its trials bravely.

Her older sister, Louie, lived to marry and had two little girls, but her health was always miserable, and she died in 1901.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AIV No. 59

Elizabeth, third child of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall, was born in Greene County, Ohio, May 12, 1832.

She was married to Smith Mosher October 28, 1858. Uncle Smith was a druggist and a man of unusual intellect. My most vivid memory of him is that he was one of about three men whom I have known who could read. Not recite, or speak, or orate, but just read out loud from a book. Of women I have known but one—a teacher I had as a child.

The young couple,—to return to them,—moved to Spring Lake, then a small village. Later, and before my earliest recollection, they moved to Manito where they lived until after Uncle Smith's death. Aunt Lib then moved to Galesburg to be with her daughters who had settled there, where she died in 1904.

Aunt Lib looked like her mother. She was in disposition much like Aunt Jule, kindly, patient, a faithful, devoted, indulgent mother.

She was the best neighbor ever put in a house, I think. She would have shared her last crust, and she gave just as freely of herself.

After her death, several women of Manito with whom I had never associated this aunt whom I had loved in childhood, came to me and asked me to write a fitting tribute to her memory. One said, "She took me in when I was a friendless waif, and cared for me." Another, "She did not help me with money or care. I did not need that. But I was a young inexperienced girl when I married and had the good fortune to live neighbor to her. She taught me to cook and keep house." And so it went. I knew that Aunt Lib would have been the last to think of these old kindly deeds. I can hear how she would have said, "Law me, Honey, that was nothing."

"Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or athirst and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?"

Oh, the blessed "In-as-much" and the good deeds of these unconscious, home-spun saints! How much they have done to redeem the world from woe!

HORACE C. MOSHER

AV No. 157

Horace, eldest child of Elizabeth and Smith Mosher, was born in Spring Lake Township, Tazewell County, Illinois, November 11, 1859.

He was educated in the common schools of Manito. When fourteen years of age he went into the railroad office of the old Peoria, Pekin and Jacksonville, and at sixteen took a supplementary summer course in school under Frank Colburn, who afterward became my brother-in-law. He learned telegraphy in the R. R. office at Manito and for two years was agent here. From 1882 till 1894 he worked over most of the United States and the Territories of the northwest as telegrapher.

In 1894 he was stationed at Wilbur, Colorado, with the Florence and Cripple Creek,—“The Golden Circle Railroad” that is said to have cost a million dollars a mile. He was there until 1900.

From 1902 to 1916 he worked with brokerage firms in Florence, Colorado, as operator and manager. From 1916 to 1920 he was Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Florence. During his period of service in this capacity, the organization secured a new \$20,000 station on the Denver and Rio Grande, a thing that had been attempted in vain for fifteen years.

With the assistance of the City Council, the Chamber of Commerce also secured during this period, The Florence Municipal Camping Ground in the San Isabel Forest Reserve, in 1918; better street lighting; Carnegie Public Library costing \$10,000; and general improvement along all lines.

Last April they started an Industrial Store proposition with a \$50,000 corporation. Of this enterprise Horace is also Secretary-Treasurer, and Manager.

It reminds me of the old days in Wilbur. “Hod” was the station agent and operator, owner and manager of the chief store, postmaster, mayor, and father of a couple of lusty youngsters who kept him running for drinks most of the night. The enterprises have grown a bit with the larger town, and the boys probably fetch their own drinks, but the days must be about as full.

Horace is a Mosher in appearance, quiet like his father, with his mother’s kindly disposition.

The last time I saw him he ran down from Peoria between two trains about two years ago, on a flying trip to Illinois. He said he was sixty years old; he looked about thirty, and walked like a slim youngster of twenty.

Whatever labor there may in the building up of western towns, it does not seem to age this builder.

Hod is a member of the Presbyterian church; he is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and is at present Chancellor Commander of the lodge. He joined the Order of Railroad Telegraphers in

1896, and is still a member; Secretary-Treasurer of the Fremont County Irrigation Ditch Company under which hundreds of acres of land are irrigated; President of the Fraternal Aid Union, an insurance organization instituted in 1901.

He was Treasurer, during the war, of all the Liberty Loan drives, of the Red Cross, of the Jewish Relief, and of all the drives and organizations of that restful period.

If there are any new enterprises launched for the good of his beloved town of Florence between now and the publishing of this book, he will be Secretary-Treasurer-Manager of those, too.

He was married to Anna E. Anderson, of New Boston, Missouri, February 21, 1894. They have had five sons, of whom three are living—Irving, Albert Neal, and John.

Of the other children of Aunt Lib I know little. Two daughters, Keziah and Anna, both lived and died in Galesburg. Ruth Mosher Scanlon, the only living daughter, lives in Mineral, Ill. Charles, the younger son, died last February.

ALBERT NEAL MOSHER

AVI No. 224

Albert Neal, second son of Horace and Anna Mosher, was born in Wilbur, Colorado, March 26, 1899. He enlisted as private in the headquarters of Company 7th infantry, February 2, 1918, at Pueblo, Colorado. He embarked for France in March, 1918. He was in the battles of Marne, June and July, 1918. He was gassed, and after recovery transferred to police duty at St. Nazaire. He arrived at Camp Hill, Virginia, March 12, 1919, with Casual Co. No. 163 from St. Nazaire, France. He was honorably discharged March 28, 1919, at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming.

He re-enlisted November 26, 1919, at Fort McDowell, Calif. He was assigned to M. T. C. No. 24 Presido of San Francisco, November 26, 1919. Transferred to Dept. M. T. C. Fitzsimmons General Hospital No. 21, Denver, Colorado, until discharged. Honorable discharge was received November 25, 1920.

REBECCA MARSHALL (VENARD-SPAITS)

AIV No. 60

Rebecca, fourth child of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall, was born in Greene County, Ohio, August 30, 1834.

She was one and a half years of age when the family moved to Indiana, and ten years of age when they came to Illinois.

She attended the typical pioneer school in Indiana. It was a log house, with one long, high window, underneath which ran the long desk for writing. This desk was made of a puncheon log supported by pegs driven into holes bored in the ends. In front of this desk ran a puncheon bench supported in like manner. On this bench without a back, the children sat facing the center of the room. When it came time to write, each swung his legs over the bench and faced the wall and the long desk. But they learned to write. Quill pens made of goose feathers by father or master, home-made ink made from the bark of the black walnut, and a limited amount of fool's cap paper, were their tools and materials. But they learned to write.

They had the old blue-backed Webster's speller from which they learned their "a-b abs" on through to i-n, in, c-o-m com, in com, p-r-e pre, in com pre, h-e-n, in com pre hen, s-i si, in com pre hen si, b-i-l bil, in com pre hen si bil, i, in com pre hen si bil i, t-y ty, INCOMPREHENSIBILITY!!! But they learned to spell. They were taught to read by the alphabet method which the Ladies' Home Journal would tell you is an impossibility, and they read from any old reader that happened to be in the house and from the Bible, which is not lawful in these so Christian times. But they learned to read.

There were no blackboards, but they had slates and pencils and old fashioned arithmetics in which there was a rule for everything, and every rule must be learned and said off by heart. Any teacher's journal would tell you that this must never be done. But they learned to cipher.

The end of the room was all fire-place, and the base of the chimney was nearly as wide as the house. A horse was hitched to a log on Friday evening and the log was dragged,—by the horse!—into the room to be put in the fire-place for a back-log for the next week.

And on these benches, and warming her little toes by this fire, among many others of her kind, and leading them always both in class and mischief, was Becky, with round, rosy cheeks and bright black eyes, and a great rope of black hair switching down her little linsey-woolsey dress. This dress reached to the tops of her low buck-skin shoes that Grandfather made. And her pantalettes hung down lower than that—pantalettes fastened just above the knee. A linsey-woolsey skirt and a linsey-woolsey dress, with a little three-cornered shawl of home-spun wool and a little hood, ditto, completed Becky's attire. We must not forget, however, the warm,

home-spun, home-knit wool stockings. This seems a meager protection against the rigors of the same kind of winters that we know, but the fact remains that Becky and her generation thrived and were exceedingly happy.

Christmas brought an apple from the "master" at school, and a man made of dough-nut dough, with eyes and nose and mouth of currants at home. There were skating parties and sleigh rides and neighborhood frolics galore.

As a teacher, and an instructor of teachers at times, I should be sorry to even seem reactionary. I by no means should welcome a return or an approach to a return, to the conditions and methods of pioneer days. What I should welcome is a return to the moral and physical fiber that could get results from such conditions. Much of the success that they enjoyed is due to the fact that so few and so simple things were required, of course, but when due allowance is made for the simplicity of their task and the complexity of ours, the fact remains that I for one, feel that our accomplishment is scarcely worthy of our opportunity.

To return to our subject, Rebecca was married to Harrison Venard in 1860. Mr. Venard was a handsome young lawyer whom ill health had forced to abandon his profession. He was a young man of exceptional intellect and high courage. Two children were born to them. They lived in Topeka, and later in Havana, where Mr. Venard died in 1866.

In 1870 Rebecca married J. G. Spaits, a farmer of Manito Township. They lived on the farm until 1900 when they came to Manito where the husband and father died in 1920.

Three children were the result of this marriage, a boy who died in childhood and two daughters who live with their mother.

In writing of the two older daughters of my grandfather's family, no chronicler could fail to mention them as indulgent mothers. I do not know that this applies to my mother. She is said to be "all Marshall." If that is true, the Marshalls were an energetic race. Energy, pride of family, and self respect have been out-standing traits of this vivid woman ever since my first knowledge of her, and are as strong today at eighty-seven. She is as anxious today, to "keep her head above water" as she phrases it, as she was as a girl.

We passed through the not uncommon struggle of early day farmers, when money was scarce or not to be had, when flood or drouth or fly took all the crop, when interest ate like a cancer into the tiny income,—and yet there was never a time when we could not go out looking respectable and even up to the minute,—as good or

better than the best-to-do of our neighborhood. Likewise, there was never a time when the chance stranger or invited guest did not eat and praise with gusto at our table. It was not until I came to years of discretion that I began to realize the executive ability and the never ending labor and management that it took to "keep your head above water" when there was a baker's dozen of young ones to feed and clothe on less than nothing a year. For my father was a widower with six children and my mother brought two to the family and they speedily added three more. The baby of my father's first family went to live with an aunt, and the girls soon began to marry, but there was still a houseful of us in three rooms.

There was one other trait of my mother's that hinders me from characterizing her as indulgent. She always wanted to know where we were. I remember her routing my father out of bed, and I remember seeing him as I came hurrying in, stumbling out, drunk with sleep, grumbling a bit, but going just the same, to hunt me up because I had stayed at a neighbor's two blocks away until TEN o'clock at night. And I was a woman of thirty at the time! If all the mothers of this America of ours were to make up their minds today to "hunt up" their girls of thirteen to thirty tonight and every night from this time on forever, wouldn't it solve a good many problems of state and church and school?

If it were to cloud up and rain mothers like that, who will work and scheme to "keep the family's head above the water," but who see to it that the said family are not going to get away from the right way if eternal vigilance will keep them there,—well, I believe next to a disarmament conference that will disarm, that would be the biggest thing that could happen to this so-called human race in all this world.

Becky at eighty-seven is spry and energetic as ever, does all the family mending, does a good share of the housework, goes a-pleasuring on occasion, and although a little deaf, she is as keen of mind as she was as fifty.

She has never been a lodge woman, and looks a little askance at even the Royal Neighbors, but she has always been active in the Church. She was a member of the Campbellite Church in her youth, and since I have known her, has been a member of the Methodist congregation. At Ladies Aid she can still construct the finest buttonhole made there, quilt the straightest line, and sew the finest seam.

HARRISON VENARD

Harrison, son of James and Jerusha Venard, was born in Miami County, Ohio, August 15, 1836. He was educated in the excellent

common schools of that county. His father died when he was a child. There was little money, so that even candles were too dear a luxury. But the boy lay prone on the hearth rug through the long evenings, and piled brush on the fire that he might study by the fire light.

At the age of fifteen he started to college, where, I do not know, but he made the journey by coach. The inside passengers were smoking and the air grew so offensive to the sensitive boy that he took his seat with the driver outside. He rode in a light, steady rain all that early fall day. Although he did not know it, he was sickening with the measles. The cold that he contracted and the measles together left him with diseased bronchial tubes which were to blight his life and bring him to an early grave.

In spite of his ill health, he graduated in his law course and was admitted to the Bar. He practiced for a time and won immediate success. He was a young man of unusual personal beauty, a brilliant speaker, and had a grace of bearing and speech that would have carried him far. But his health failed, and he had to give up his profession.

He came to Illinois in 1857. He chanced to go into the little country post office at Howellton in Mason County, to inquire for his mail. The postmaster,—who was also blacksmith and farmer,—was absent. His daughter, however, was stripping sorghum in a field near by. Her sun-bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, her skirts were pinned high in an attempt to avoid the sand-burrs. Vain attempt. Stockings, dress, and all were a mass of burrs, and bore traces of Sorghum juice and dust besides. But her eyes were very black, and they snapped. Her cheeks were like two red roses, and she walked into that little post office as if she owned the earth.

The young man was grave, and very polite; he wore a gray coat of fine broadcloth, with flowing sleeves lined with blue silk; he had dark brown almond-shaped eyes, that drooped at the outer corners; his hair was like dark brown silk, and his cheeks were pink through their dark transparency,—alas, even then, too pink! He was graceful and low of voice and had an air of breeding, for he was fresh from the East.

I do not know whether the young lady stripped sorghum with undivided attention for the rest of the afternoon or not. She was not easily won, I imagine. But the young man went back to the house of his friend, and calmly announced, "I met my wife down at the post office."

And so they were married on September 26, 1860, Harrison Venard, and Rebecca Marshall. The husband taught school and kept store, and prospered at whatever he did. He was that kind. His health failed and failed, however, and he died of tuberculosis on September 9, 1866, in Havana, Illinois, at the early age of thirty years.

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN VENARD

AV No. 164

The son by the first marriage was George Brinton McClellan Venard, born April 4, 1864. He has always been an odd genius, who picked up learning as a pigeon picks up peas. All that was necessary was to expose him. He attended a German Sabbath School in his youth, as did all of us. But while we picked up "Ah, bay, tsay," and possibly "Ja" and "Nein," and a few more isolated words, he was reading, writing, and speaking German like a native.

He has been a rover since early boyhood, and the proverbial rolling stone that gathers no moss has another justification in him. But he seems quite content and finds a couple of suitcases an embarrassment of riches and a hindrance to free movement, at times.

As he would say, "What does a fellow want to be covered with moss for, any way?"

He is a bachelor, probably looking upon a wife and a prospective family as different varieties of moss that would hinder free rolling.

He is of a happy, care-free disposition, a friend of all the world and quite delighted to share the last rag or crust with any one who may apply.

ETURA VENARD (HEYL)

AV No. 163

Eutra, daughter of Harrison and Rebecca Venard, was born in Topeka, Illinois, October 10, 1861. She attended the schools of Havana where the family afterwards lived, and the country schools of Manito Township, where she lived after her mother's second marriage. She later attended high school in Delavan, Illinois.

She was a beautiful child, and one day, when she went with her step-father to a cider mill in the Whiteford neighborhood, she attracted the attention of a stranger visiting at the Whiteford homestead. He was a brother-in-law of the Whiteford proprietor,—childless, and very wealthy. He wanted the little girl,—wanted her on any terms. Her mother would not give her to him, but because the little girl was of delicate health and the farm life was hard, she lent her to him.

From this time till the time of her marriage, she lived most of the years with Franklin Sylvester and his wife at their country home near Medina, Ohio. She was sent to school,—a woman's college, I judge it was, and given musical instruction and all sorts of advantages and pleasures. She was dressed in a style that set off her gifts from nature, and when she returned at various times we were all quite thrilled at her appearance. We were not alone in this, for when she visited the County Seat she was declared to be the most beautiful girl that had ever walked the streets of Havana. She will probably tear this page out of her copy of this history, but, really, she was a mighty, mighty, pretty girl.

She looked like the Venard's, however, almost entirely. She had almond-shaped, soft brown eyes that drooped at the outer corners, a great pile of soft brown hair, a dark, rosy oval face whose features looked as if Phidias might have carved them in one of his happiest moments. Her figure was just right, tiny hands, and feet, and above all, a look of vitality and—life, as if a candle were lit behind her face.

I find myself writing "had." She is still a handsome woman and a very lovely grandmother, but I am thinking of her as she started to Havana that day when I was a long-legged lass of ten with bare feet and a freckled face and a conviction in my very soul that I was an ordinary looking young one and that I should never be better in that respect. So I took a sort of vicarious delight in this vision in black satin topped with a big white hat with a plume that hung down to the middle of her back. So may Marie Antoinette have looked to a goose girl on one of the hills of France, if by chance she passed that way. Should not the goose girl remember?

"Tute," as we called her, must have met many men in Ohio. There were certainly men there, with eyes in their heads, too. But there was no sight in those beautiful brown eyes that could see a Buck Eye. For there was a blond young farmer at home in Illinois, with whom she had gone to country school, and he filled all her vision. He fills it yet. He has never stopped filling it.

They were married in the little country church out home in the fall of 1882, William E. Heyl, and Eutra Venard. They passed through the usual struggle of young farmers, and Tute cut up some of her beautiful gowns to make dresses for a most adorable little lady who tried to please both parents by having blond hair and black eyes. This little lady had an older and a younger brother, too, who claimed their share of the mother's attention. Tute might look like the Venards, but she out-Marshalled every Marshall of them all in energy and manage-

ment. She has business ability enough to manage any big concern and make it pay. And she had the industry and tenacity to work eighteen hours a day, day in and day out, for years and years. She had the grit to do this in the midst of ill health that would have killed a weakling in youth. She has had a major operation of great seriousness, most of the diseases on the chart, if that is where they are listed, and yet when all of her was gone but just the will that said, "hold on," she came through smiling.

It all went to the care of her husband, home, and three little country children. Somehow, to those of us that know the children, it looks like a worth while job.

With all her home work, she has done a lot of community service besides. She was the heart and soul of the Red Cross rooms, and her loss is bemoaned in every neighborhood in which she has ever lived, and from which she has moved.

They moved to a stock-farm near Danville in 1898. Later, to Washington, Illinois, and sixteen years ago to Manito, where her husband was manager of the Granger's Elevator. After bringing that organization from a state of \$20,000 indebtedness to where they are paying dividends, my brother-in-law moved last fall to Peoria where all three of their children live. They have a bungalow, and one would think that my sister might be taking life easy, but I have no doubt that she is working eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon, looking after her Heyl Dozen—there are four grand-children,—and whatever else of Peoria needs her attention.

They have always been active church people,—in the Evangelical, Methodist, and Congregational Churches, respectively, as these sister branches were one or the other, near the place where they lived.

CLARENCE WALTER HEYL

AVI No. 233

Clarence, oldest child of William and Etura Heyl, was born on a farm in Manito Township, Mason County, Illinois, May 14, 1884.

He was educated in the country school of that neighborhood, in the grade schools of Danville, Illinois, and in the high school of Washington, Illinois. He graduated from Brown's Business College of Peoria, and from Illinois Wesleyan University, in Bloomington, in 1908. He graduated from the law school of that institution with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. On account of studying during vacation periods, he passed the bar examination at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, in December 1907, about six months ahead of his class. He started the

practice of law in Peoria, but returned to Bloomington and took his examination for degree in June 1908.

In Oratorical Contest of 1907, he won second place, missing first by three-quarters of a point, in a contest of eleven entrants. The nearest competitor was seven points below his grade.

He taught in the Business Practice Department of Brown's in 1902, and taught the law class of Lincoln-Jefferson Law School at Peoria for two years.

When he was admitted to the Bar in 1907 he went into the law office of Sheen and Miller, of Peoria, until 1909. For a year he was with Stevens, Miller and Eliot, but went in for himself in 1910.

He was joined in 1915 by his younger brother, Harry, and since that time the boys have worked together, building up a practice that occupies all their time and far more strength than they should give.

Besides his heavy law practice, Clarence has a finger in more pies than I can set on the shelves of my memory. He is President and Director of the Peoria Cafeteria Company; Secretary and Director of the Venard Film Corporation of Peoria; Vice-President and Director of General Finance Corporation of Joliet, Illinois; Director and General Counsel of Chas. C. Adams Co., (corporation).

He was married in Paragould, Arkansas, to Mayme Randolph, December 25, 1909. They have two children, Helen Grace, and William Randolph. The family are members of the First Congregational Church of Peoria, of which Clarence is a Trustee. Mayme is an excellent house-keeper and an accomplished musician. They have a beautiful home, where it is a delight to visit.

Clarence's social life is as full as his business life and once more his orders and degrees of excellence tax my memory. His Greek Letter College Fraternity is the Phi Gamma Delta, his professional ditto is the Phi Delta Phi. He is a member of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, thirty-second degree; of the Mystic Shrine; the Knights of Pythias; of the Modern Woodmen; of Creve Couer Club of Peoria; University Club of Peoria; Peoria Automobile Club; Graduate Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta of Peoria; Illinois Bar Association; Peoria Bar Association; American Bar Association.

He was elected President of the Peoria Bar Association in 1921, on January 3; he was Section Chief for the states of Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity for the years 1913-14-15; he was elected to this office by the Ekklesia of the Fraternity in National Convention at Atlantic City in 1913.

If there are any more orders or clubs in Peoria he is probably a member of those too.

Physically, Clarence is a big broad fellow, a combination of Venard and Heyl. He is devoted to his profession and if he has a hobby, I think it is The Law. When he was a child I used to stop the horse when he was riding with me, to let him shoot the Indians who were in hot pursuit, and many a hair-breadth escape have we had from wild men and wilder beasts. The imagination that peopled his child world and made it hard for other children to play with him,—for they could not see what he saw,—has stood him in good stead in his profession. When all is said and done, imagination is the biggest, finest thing about us. It not only distinguishes us from all other animals but it pays the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker. It brings returns in joy and in dollars and cents. It has given this young farm lad who had to pull himself up by his own boot straps, the ability to know what the other fellow is thinking, which is the open door to success for a lawyer.

I did not want this chap to study law. I wanted him to teach school! Of course, I have always known that the most honorable and the most joyful and the most useful profession in the world after that of motherhood, is school teaching. As he was not physically qualified to be a mother, I wanted this choice product of ours to be the next best thing. But he insisted on a try at the Law, and, judging from the size of our respective spheres of influence, to say nothing of our purses, it would seem that he chose well.

ELSIE TUCENELDA HEYL

AVI No. 234

Elsie, only daughter of William and Etura Heyl, was born on the farm near Manito, Illinois, June 2, 1888. In childhood she was pet-named "The Princess" and she still retains the title and looks the part.

She went to the country school, to school in Danville, and graduated from the Washington High School, Washington, Illinois, at the age of sixteen. She took first honors in her class; distinguished herself at Normal, Illinois, where she attended a year later, and was a very successful teacher in both rural and town schools where she taught for a few years.

She would doubtless have had a happy scholastic career, if she had been permitted to go on with it. But her eyes were too black and her hair was too blonde, and she was altogether too palatable a confection to be allowed to escape Dan Cupid.

She married Rev. Arthur McLaughlin, a young minister of the Congregational Church in 1910. They have two children, Venard Sayler, and Shirley Frances. They live a happy life where the body is

well cared for, but the mind and spirit take first place, and receive first consideration.

Her husband is associate pastor of the First Congregational Church of Peoria, and in the discharge of his multiplied duties, he is aided and abetted by his lovely wife.

HARRY CHRISTIAN HEYL

AVI No. 235

Harry, third and last child of William and Etura Heyl, was born at the home farm in Manito Township, Mason County, December 6, 1893.

He was educated in the schools of Washington, Ill., and of Manito, where he graduated from high school in 1909. He attended the Bradley Polytechnic Institute in Peoria, graduating in 1911; graduated from The Illinois Wesleyan University, in Bloomington, in 1914, with the L. S. B. degree. He could not take the Bar Examination in December, 1914 as he was not yet twenty-one years of age. Hence he was admitted to the Bar in February, 1915.

During his school and college years, he was prominent in athletics. He made the highest record on 100-yard dash at Bradley, and still holds the record. He belonged to the track team, had his proud bosom covered with medals and his mother fretted half sick between pride in his fleet legs and worry for fear of an over-taxed heart.

He entered the First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Illinois Company Number 10, Fort Sheridan, Ill., May 14, 1917. He was sent to hospital on account of injury June 20, 1917. Submitted to a surgical operation there, and was discharged in July. He was drafted June 1918, and sent to Camp Wheeler, Georgia, 118th F. A., 31st Division. Transferred to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, August, 1918. Transferred to Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky., Field Artillery, Camp Officers' Training School, Sept. 1918. Commissioned Second Lieutenant Field Artillery, and received honorable discharge December 22, 1918 at Camp Zachary Taylor.

He is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta and Phi Delta Phi fraternities; of B. P. O. Elks, Peoria Post No. 2; Modern Woodmen; American Legion; Fort Sheridan Association, Chicago, Peoria Consistory, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, 32nd degree, Ancient Accepted Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and the University Club of Peoria.

He was elected City Attorney of Peoria, Illinois, in April 1919, by a majority of 3751, at the head of his ticket. He was appointed City Attorney of Peoria, May 2, 1921.

He was elected Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. Elks in January, 1920, and re-elected in March 1921. He was sent as a delegate to the national Convention of Elks held in Los Angeles, California, in 1921. He and his wife spent a month there.

He was married to Cephas Ryan in Chicago, in February, 1920. She is a lovely girl and their home is an ideal one.

Harry is rapidly forging ahead in his chosen profession. He adds to a brilliant mind a tenacity of purpose that characterizes the entire family. It demonstrated itself in the days when he was getting his education. He was delivery clerk for a grocery store, he served as a barber's apprentice, he turned an honest penny whenever and wherever an honest penny was caught unaware.

He won his way to excellence in his scholastic career in the same way,—persistent effort added to natural ability. He is winning business success in the same fashion. His career is really only begun, and we may look forward to big things for him.

Jacob G. Spaits

Jacob Grepps, son of Jacob and Maria Spaits, was born in Neiderhause on the Rhine, in West Bavaria, Germany, December 26, 1833, in a house occupied by his forbears for more than three hundred years. He came of sturdy stock. For seven generations in his father's family the eldest child had been a son, had been named Jacob, and had lived for more than eighty years.

At the age of eight years he came with his mother and four younger brothers to America to join the father who had come earlier to find a home for them in the new land. The voyage occupied one hundred ten days on the sea.

They settled in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, in the mining district. Here the little boy who should have been in school, worked in the mines, as breaker boy, as mule driver below the earth, and in most of the forms of child slavery of those good old times.

The family moved to Belleville, Illinois, in 1844, and to Mason County in 1846.

He was married to Susan McGalliard in 1856. To them six children were born, two of whom are dead. Oney, the only son, was killed in a railroad wreck at Chatsworth, Illinois, en route to Niagara Falls. Susie died in 1893.

Of the others, Mrs. Tillie Colburn lives in Los Angeles, California; She has one daughter, Mrs. C. C. Luttrell, a fine young matron; Mrs. Minnie Perrill, in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, with her two lovely daughters, Emma and Fannibelle. Mrs. Ellen Graham lives in Havana; she has five nice children. Mrs. Jennie Firth lives in Green Valley; she has eight splendid children, six sons and two daughters.

The wife and mother died in 1869. He was married to Rebecca Marshall Venard in 1870.

He served as school trustee for forty years, as supervisor at different times, and as President of the Farmers' Institute for more than seventeen years.

He was confirmed in the Lutheran Church as a child, but united with the Evangelical congregation near his farm home, and after moving to Manito with the Methodist.

He passed through the struggles of pioneer days with but six weeks of schooling, but he came to maturity with a strong mind well stored with knowledge and to the day of his death he was thoroughly conversant with the affairs of import in the world. He had a strong love of the law, and if he had not been denied the privilege of schooling would doubtless have made that his profession. As it was, he took the keenest pride and delight in the work of his step-grandsons, the Heyl Brothers, who are mentioned heretofore in these pages, and in the modest platform work of his daughter, your editor.

He was a man of strong nature, keen intellect, strong likes, vigorous hates, a big voice, a ready tongue, and a strong faith. He was noted for his cheerful friendliness. Countless sick beds were cheered by his presence, countless passing souls comforted by his prayers, countless dead laid away by the help of his hands.

He met death as he had lived,—cheerfully, and so unafraid that all of its terrors were removed from the hearts of those who held him by the hand and led him through the Valley of the Shadow beyond which there is no death.

He died after awful suffering, with an abscess on the colon, June 7, 1920, aged eighty-six and a half years

The little boy of this marriage was named Jacob. For five generations over in West Bavaria, Germany, the eldest of the "Specht" family had been a son, named Jacob. My father broke the line. His first child was a girl, and the second and third time the stork played him false. The fourth child was a boy, but I do not know just why he was named Harvey Oney. When my little brother was born he fell heir to the old tradition, and was called Jacob Marshall. He

was a brilliant, high spirited, handsome little lad of exceeding great promise. He fell ill with diphtheria and died seeing visions in the sky. God knows what glory may have awaited. He seemed glad to go to get whatever it was he saw. He asked "Is it for me?" On being told that everything good was for him, he looked a little longer at something that caused his beautiful face to shine, then turned to lie down, and journeyed out of sight.

FANNIE SPAITS MERWIN

AV No. 165

The oldest child of the second marriage has taken great pleasure in trying to edit these pages and in writing this chapter. As may have been surmised, she is a confirmed addict to the habit of school teaching especially in a rural district. She has taught more years than the pension and retirement fund requires, in four schools, all of which are in Manito Township, and she has never boarded away from home a teaching day. She visited country schools as county superintendent for four years, and she talks about country schools in teachers' institutes, before women's clubs, and wherever else she can get a hearing.

Otherwise, there is nothing interesting to say about her.

(And thus our editor dismissed the history of herself by stating that there was nothing to be said. I was of a different opinion, and proceeded to find proof of it, with the most agreeable results. I find great pleasure in making it a part of this history, as follows: The Author.)

FRANCES M. SPAITS (MERWIN)

AV No. 165

(By Elsie Heyl McLaughlin)

Frances Maude Spaits was the first child of Rebecca Marshall's second marriage. She was born on January 16, 1872, at the country home about four and one-half miles south of Manito. Early in life she gave evidence of an unusual mind and as she grew year by year, a wonderful personality developed.

When a mere baby she learned to read and write, and during her sixth year she read the Bible through. Her early girlhood was spent on the farm, and every school day found her trudging across the road to the little white school house where later she taught the neighborhood children for many years. After she had completed the work in the country school she was sent to the high school in Havana; here

her record was remarkable—the three year course was mastered in fifteen months, and in 1890, she graduated at the head of her class. A number of years following this she was a country "schoolma'am," and in her school room, methods were used that were unheard of at that time—methods far in advance of those days. Every child under her care received much more than instruction in the three R's—real character was builded, and the foundation laid for better and happier lives.

During this time "The Country Girl" made her appearance in the Peoria Journal; for several years a column appeared in each issue of this paper signed by "The Country Girl," and every article was enjoyed by friends and strangers.

In 1900, the family gave up the country home and made a new home in the near by village; the primary room in the Manito School found a new instructor, and more life-long friends were added to Fannie Spait's long list of devoted ones. Never a sick bed among her flock at which she did not minister; never a wedding among her families whose bride she did not dress; and never a death that she did not offer the service of hand and heart.

At the present time (1921) she is teaching another rural school which has become dear to her through a dozen years of service, and the members of the "Hickory Grove" School District have only love and loyalty in their hearts for "Teacher."

One of the greatest honors that can come to an educator in the home county came to her when she was elected County Superintendent of Schools in November 1910. A splendid record is hers—new schools were started; teachers were trained, and much inspiration was sent out from the little office in the Havana Court House. From the beginning to the end of the term she spared neither time nor strength to make the schools of Mason County better schools and to make the children of Mason County better fit for the life before them. During this time she was made a member of the P. E. O. Sisterhood and is greatly beloved by this fine society of women.

Many honors and splendid positions have been offered her both in the political and educational world, but she has refused one after another because of home ties. One of the most beautiful things in the world is her devotion to her aged mother, and because the mother is very frail and cannot be moved, Aunt Fannie is happy and content to do what lies at hand. Her spirit is one that cannot be daunted, for as she says, "I like to do whatever I am doing better than anything else."

Volumes could be written about her—her talents and her good works; a splendid cook, an artist of no small ability, a poetess, an

author, a student, a public speaker, a fine instructor,—all these and many other accomplishments are hers.

A number of magazines—both popular and educational have published her articles and short stories. She is a member of the National Pen Woman's Club, and at the present time several of her poems are being set to music by the Instructor in Music in the State Normal University. Some of the little poems written for small nephews and nieces are being used by wee tots in the next generation, and are enjoyed all the more because they were written by Aunt Fannie.

During her term as County Superintendent of Schools her fame spread, and every year she has an increasing number of engagements as Instructor in County Institutes; her lecture rooms are always crowded, and the big feature of each institute which she attends is Mrs. Merwin's work. Young teachers frequently remark "We have never forgotten what Mrs. Merwin said at our first institute." The subject she likes best to discuss is something like this: "Methods in Rural Schools," and on one occasion she made an address on Rural School work before the Constitutional Convention in our State Legislature at Springfield, Illinois.

She was married in 1903 to Frank D. Merwin, a druggist in Manito, and although no children came to their home, she is mother to every child that needs her. For a long time she was Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in Manito, and indeed, the churches always have had a great share of her interest and support; she is a woman of deep religious convictions and is a living testimony to the Faith.

What more can be said? Her daily life is more eloquent than any words here written—too modest to give herself more than passing notice in this book, this sketch has been written by a niece.

JESSIE SPAITS

AV No. 167

Jessie, the last child, is a spinster, too much devoted to her mother to get far from her even at the beck of any young man, though he may have been beckoning for twenty-six years.

WILLIAM HAINES MARSHALL

AIV No. 61

William, fifth child and second son of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall, was born February 18, 1838.

He was a blacksmith by vocation, and a fiddler by avocation. In his childhood he could make a corn stalk fiddle that would yield an

elementary, (or is it rudimentary?) tune, and as a lad he could make wonderful music on a real fiddle.

He was a handsome, straight, broad shouldered lad, a Marshall in features, as my mother has always told me. He was pleasant and popular and happy.

He had a wart on his hand and one of those early day doctors whose work was probably sincere, but looks tragically clumsy to me as it is described, took it off. I suppose it must have been infected, for his hand, swelled to the capacity of two hands, kept him plunging about the house all night in agony—Where, oh, where was the ease-giving anesthetic?—and finally, apparently to the surprise of family and doctor alike, he lay down and died.

Well, modern life has brought us many things which we might spare, but it has brought and is bringing cures for many ills, and a blessed unconsciousness for pain too great to be borne, that may even ease us into the Valley of the Shadow beyond which there is no pain.

One of the tragedies of my life has been the thought of this splendid young uncle dead at twenty-three who should have lived out his life, and probably have been living yet, enjoying his nieces and all the other good things of these fortunate days.

ANN ELIZA MARSHALL (VENARD)

AIV No. 62

Ann Eliza, last child of Freeman and Elizabeth Marshall, was born in Warren County, Indiana, September 7, 1841.

She was married to George W. Venard March 13, 1862. They moved to Kansas in April 1869, where she died taking with her a new born baby, July 7, 1874.

I do not remember this aunt who used to rock me to sleep with all sorts of crooning pet words on her tongue. But her pictures are so almost exactly like my mother that I know that she must have been a Marshall in looks and a Marshall in temperament as my mother is said to be. Bright, quick, fine looking, energetic to the point of wearing the flesh thin,—that is what I judge her to have been. And the touch of hasty temper that goes with great energy, that both these women had,—is that Marshall, too? Or is that a throwback to some far-away ancestor too remote to care for our decisions?

Aunt Ann left three splendid children, the oldest of which has been one of my very choice possessions among cousins all my life. A sketch of him will follow this.

Etta, the older daughter, I have seen but once when she came to Illinois on a visit. She lives in Burlington, Kansas, not far from the farm-home where her young mother died so many years ago.

She is a lovely woman with three sons. Her aged father shares her home.

Minnie, the younger daughter, I never saw, to remember, but we corresponded for many years. Her photographs and her friends told me that she was a beautiful girl of great promise, but death took her at twenty-one.

WILLIAM FREEMAN VENARD

AV No. 168

William, oldest child of George and Ann Eliza Venard, was born near Havana, Illinois, February 5, 1863. He received a common school education with one year at Baker University, Baldwin City, Kansas, where he graduated in dentistry. He went to Nebraska and practiced dentistry until November, 1888, when he went to Florence, Colorado. He returned to Burlington, Kansas, for his interest in Coffey County and took her back to Florence with him. Miss Mary Abbie Throckmorton, became his wife and has been the other woman of our family whose devotion to her husband has passed into a proverb,—one of those little family jokes that bring tears of tenderness to the eyes.

Well, Will was fortunate in the woman he chose to be the mother of his children. They lived together beautifully the crudities and hardships that attended the early days of Colorado's oil-fields.

Will went into the oil business in August 1890, leaving his dentist's tools to sharpen or dress tools for well drivers. I visited them while they were living in the oil region near Florence, Colorado. Will was then in charge of a series of wells, and was drawing what looked to me like fabulous sums in the way of wage. They lived in one of the little temporary looking houses on the oil field, with oil derricks in every direction. The houses were unpainted and in that dry air the look of new wood never left them. Inside they were lined with white muslin, and combined with this was the handsome furniture that they had brought from their home in Florence. It gave a sort of piquancy to the home,—such crude surroundings combined with so much grace of living.

The soil looked and acted like grease, and after a rain I dared not step out for fear of a minor catastrophe. But such flowers and vegetables as that soil did produce! This with Cousin Molly's exquisite cookery added additional grace to life on the oil plains. Pikes Peak

raised his benevolent old head in the near north-east, and after a night of snow—on the peak—he looked like an old gentleman who had pulled a white cap over his bald head.

The family moved to Coalinga, California, in December, 1899. Here Will worked at tool dressing and drilling until June, 1904. Then he returned to Florence where he worked at drilling until 1910. They returned to Coalinga where Will was appointed Superintendent of the Good Luck Oil Company which position he still holds.

At various times he invested in fruit land near Dimba, California. Since 1913 he has bought and sold several times, always at a good profit, for that's the kind of a trader he is; he still owns a raisin vineyard near Dimba, after making enough to keep several packs of wolves from many doors.

He was elected a member of the Florence City Council by the Law and Order League, and served from 1907 to 1909. He helped make Florence a decent place to live in; any one who knows a western town will be able to read much into those words.

He is a member of the Presbyterian Church; of the F. and A. Masons, of the Royal Arch Masons, of the Mystic Shrine, a Knight Templar and Scottish Rite, Fresno Consistory No. 8, thirty-second degree of Masonry, and the Eastern Star.

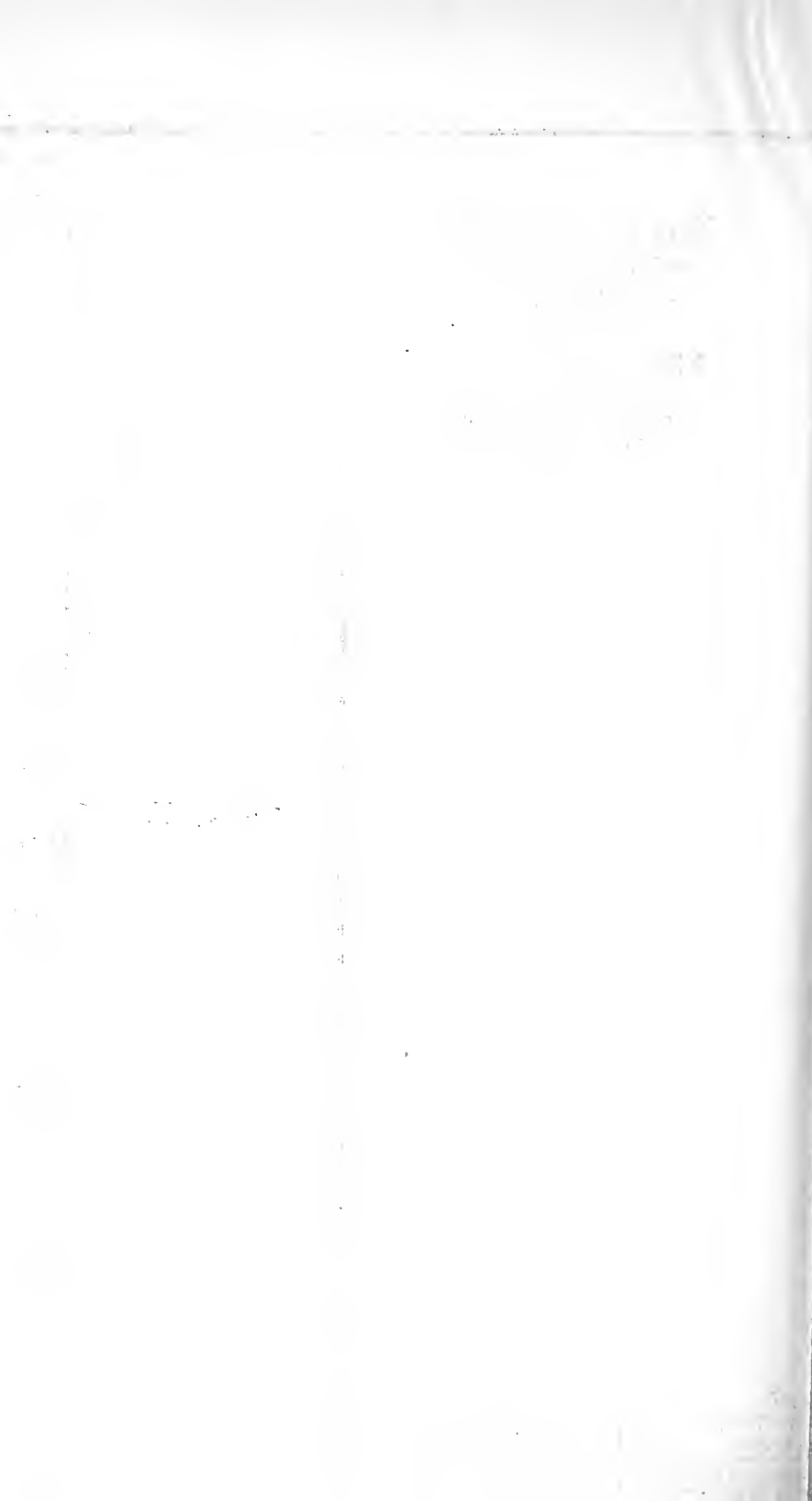
He is mostly Venard in appearance, tall, broad, and straight without an ounce of superfluous fat; with a keen, argumentative turn of mind, extremely well read, and has a tongue like the pen of a ready writer. Altogether, a very attractive sort of a chap. He and my other Western cousin, Horace Mosher, have been choice possessions listed in my wealth of cousins and heavy depositors in the Bank of Riches of the Heart, where most of my wealth lies.

Of his children, the oldest, Charles Ellery, was born in 1891. On being examined for service in the Great War, he was rejected on account of tuberculosis. He was engaged in fruit raising, but sold his ranch and spent six months in Pottinger Sanatorium at Monrovia, California, and a year camping in the mountains. He is completely recovered, and owns an oil service station at Orland, California.

The second son, William Archibald, volunteered in the aviation department of the service and was rejected on account of heart trouble. He then volunteered in the coast defense of the navy and was accepted. He was sent to San Pedro for training but after six weeks, was discharged on account of his trouble. He was bitterly disappointed as he thought it his duty to serve, and he had all the young man's desire to prove fit. The findings of the examining board were only too

correct, as was sadly proved. Will went with a party of friends on a hunting expedition to Huntington Lake, California, on May 6, 1920. On making the climb to the cabin, it was discovered that the boy was exhausted. Friends went to his relief, but he died before reaching the house,—at the age of twenty-seven.

The daughter, Eleanor, was born in 1894. She was graduated from the Coalinga High School in 1912, and from Heald's Business College in 1917. She entered the employ of the First National Bank of Coalinga as stenographer in 1917. She was promoted to head bookkeeper in January, 1918. Two years later she was promoted to teller of the Savings Department, which position she now holds. She is responsible for \$90,000.00.



CHAPTER XIII

BENJAMIN MARSHALL

AIII No. 9

Benjamin Marshall (twin brother of Sarah Marshall) was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on September 16, 1809.

He was married in Greene County, Ohio, on January 3, 1831, to Caroline Sellers.

He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Allen, in Louisa County, Iowa, September 27, 1904. He was nearly ninety-five years of age when he died.

He was but a small boy when he came with his parents to Ohio.

Nearly eight years after his brother John had settled in Iowa, in September 25, 1845, he left Ohio, overland, for that state. He had married a Sellers, a name familiar to me in Ohio. I supposed his wife, with him, would have been a pioneer in Iowa of that name.

While searching the cemeteries near Cairo, Iowa, I found many of the Sellers buried there who had been there long before Benjamin and his wife went there. So they likely followed the Sellers family as well as the Marshall clan.

Mr. Harry O. Weaver, of Wapello, Iowa, who knew Benjamin Marshall for many years, has sent me the following:

Benjamin Marshall, a brother of John Marshall, came to Iowa a number of years after John reached the territory of Iowa and settled in Marshall Township and reared his family. He was a man of wonderful physique; was about five feet, nine inches in height and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds; in ordinary health; was wonderfully quick in action, and of great strength. In the early days he was a wrestler; had a wonderful chest, arm and shoulder, and with his alertness, it was said, a very hard man to master. He followed farming, as did his brother John. He brought with him to Iowa many of the traits of Virginia and Ohio, which left their impression.

With a squirrel rifle he had few equals, and at the old fashioned shooting matches he was usually the star.

In the early days of this State, he attended a traveling circus performance in company with some other pioneer friends, and as

was usual, the shows of that day were filled by very many rough characters. They were getting the tent ready for a show and some little boys, curious to see a show, crawled under the side of the tent and were lying on the ground with their feet sticking out of the tent. The foreman of the circus gang, a burley fellow seeing these little boys, grabbed one of them by the feet and threw him out from under the tent. This was noticed by Ben. Marshall, then a young man in his prime, who challenged the circus man to a contest of strength. It was said by the old settlers that he had an easy time walloping this big fellow, as well as two others who interfered with the quarrel.

He was a kind hearted man; a good neighbor; a lover of horses.

He was ninety-five years of age when he died; buried with his brothers in Fulton Cemetery, Marshall Township.

SARAH MARSHALL

AIV No. 63

Sarah Marshall was the first child of Benjamin and Caroline Marshall. She was born in Greene County, Ohio, in 1832. She moved to Iowa with her parents in 1845. She was married in Iowa to John Tindall. She died in 1890. John Tindall was born in 1822, and died in 1895. They are buried in the Fulton cemetery, near Cairo, Iowa.

Tindall is another Ohio name. There were many of them in the old Marshall neighborhood near Selma, Ohio. You have seen many of them noted in the Eleanor Marshall family.

ELIZA JANE TINDALL

AV No. 172

Eliza J. was the first child of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall. Have no record of any family and she is deceased.

BENJAMIN TINDALL

AV No. 173

Benjamin, second child of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall, born in Louisa County, as all this family were, married Sarah Marshall.

She was of another family of Marshalls as I understand. They have four children living at this time as follows: Josie Tindall, AVI No. 247, who married A. Owens; Velma Tindall, AVI No. 248, who

married Roy Brown; Nellie Tindall, AVI No. 249, who married a Mr. Ball; and Frederick Tindall, AVI No. 250.

ROBERT TINDALL

AV No. 175

Robert Tindall is the fourth child of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall. He was born in Iowa in 1863. He married Minnie Maeden.

They have two children—John Tindall Jr., AVI No. 251, who married a Miss Martin, and Velma Tindall, AVI No. 252, who married Calvin Todd.

NANCY TINDALL

AV No. 176

Nancy Tindall, daughter of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall, married Loban Sanders.

They have two children—Bert Sanders, AVI No. 253, who married a Miss Martin, and William Sanders, AVI No. 254, who married Blanche Eslack.

WILLIAM TINDALL

AV No. 177

William Tindall, son of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall, married Lillian Jackson. They have two children—Lee Tindall AVI No. 255, and Mary Tindall AVI No. 256.

SARAH TINDALL

AV No. 178

Sarah Tindall is the daughter of Sarah Marshall and John Tindall. She married Lyman Ogier.

They have two children—Ethel Ogier AVI No. 257, who married Judge Berkshire, and Charles Ogier AVI No. 258, who married Mabel Mewhirter.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AV No. 66

Elizabeth Marshall is the second daughter of Benjamin and Caroline Marshall.

She was born in Greene County, Ohio, on August 10, 1840. She came to Marshall Township, Louisa County, Iowa, with her parents in the fall of 1845 when she was five years of age.

She was married to Henry Allen in Iowa in 1864, with whom she lived for fifty years until his death in 1914. At this time (January, 1922) she is eighty-one and one-half years of age, and I should judge from her strength of mind, she may live as long as her father did.

I visited her at her country home near Winfield, in February, 1921. At that time all of Benjamin Marshall's children had passed away except her.

She has a good memory and for one nosing about for family history and folk lore, and having just arrived at the place where they could be found, you may imagine the satisfaction and pleasure there was in that visit.

She has a nice big house on the farm, and her son, William and wife live with her.

At the time I visited her, I had not yet found the old family Bible of William Marshall, Senior, and was trying to get the correct record of his family. She had most of them right but a memory running back seventy-five years to five years of age, will make some mistakes.

That is true of all of us when depending on the memory alone. All the names and dates given herein of the old folks are from the Bible or Court records, and are correct.

Mrs. Allen is proud of her family and their record, and frequently mentions the many kind qualities of Benjamin, her father, of John her uncle, who died in her home, and of her grandfather, William, who died at her father's home.

They had born to them eight children. Three of them (one pair of twins), died in infancy. The others are as follows:

WILLIAM ALLEN

AV No. 182

William, son of Elizabeth and Henry Allen, was born in Iowa in 1866. He married Nellie Enke.

They have four children—Maud Allen AVI No. 259, born in 1891, who married Joseph W. Fleagle; Henry Allen AVI No. 260, born in 1895, who married Hallie Hooper, has one child, H. Burdette Allen AVII No. 148; Lou Allen AVI No. 261 and Guy Allen AVI No. 262.

ANNIE LAURIE ALLEN

AV No. 183

Annie Laurie Allen is the daughter of Elizabeth and Henry Allen. She was born in Iowa in 1869. She married S. A. Humphrey. He died in 1904.

They have three children as follows—Olive Humphrey AVI No. 263, born in 1893, and married Boyd Jennings. James Humphrey AVI No. 264, born 1895, and married Mary Teeman; they have one child, Steven Allen Humphrey AVII No. 149. William Humphrey AVI No. 265, born in 1901.

JESSIE ALLEN

AV No. 184

Jessie Allen, daughter of Elizabeth and Henry Allen, born in 1872. She married John Collins who died in 1912. They have nine children as follows: Frank Collins, AVI No. 266, who married Hazel Oberman; they have two children—Marvin Collins, AVII No. 150; and Mary Lou Collins, AVII No. 151. Roy Collins, AVI No. 267, born 1899; Merle Collins, AVI No. 270, born 1897, who married Vivian Routh; they have one child, John Routh, AII No. 152, born 1917; Ferrell Collins, AVI No. 271, born 1901; Alton Collins, AVI No. 272, born 1905; Dwane Collins, AVI No. 273, born 1909, and Henry Collins, AVI No. 274, born 1912.

EFFIE ALLEN

AV No. 185

Effie is the daughter of Elizabeth and Henry Allen, born in 1880. She married Rouse Hardy, and had two children—Helen Hardy, AVI No. 275, born in 1903, and Bruce Allen Hardy, AVI No. 276, born in 1905, and died in 1909.

AUSTIN E. ALLEN

AV No. 186

Austin Allen is the son of Elizabeth and Henry Allen. He was born in 1883, and married Dot Reece.

They have two children—Betty Allen, AVI No. 277, born 1912, and Ruth Allen, AVI No. 278, born 1919.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AIV No. 67

William, son of Benjamin and Caroline Marshall, was born in Iowa in 1848. He married Rosaline Nellis. He died in 1917.

They had one child—Linnie Marshall, AV No. 187, born 1876. She married W. S. McConnaughey and they have four children as follows: Jesse E., AVI No. 279, born 1897; William, AVI No. 280, 1898; Bessie, AVI No. 281, 1901, and Alvin, AVI No. 282, born in 1904.

CHAPTER XIV

SARAH MARSHALL

AIII No. 10

(By William Marshall Phares, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, and Mrs.
C. C. Willmore, of Hebron, Nebraska.)

(William Phares)

Sarah Marshall was the fourth daughter, and twin child (with Benjamin Marshall) of William Marshall, Sr., and Elizabeth Cole.

She was born in Frederick County, Virginia, about fourteen miles from Winchester, on September 16, 1809.

She moved with her parents when about six years of age to Greene County, Ohio. She was married to Samuel C. Phares on February 21, 1828. She died on the old home farm in Macon County, near Maroa, Illinois, October 17, 1877.

The writer can trace her ancestry only to her grandparents, William and Nellie Cole. *The former served his country seven years in the Revolutionary War.* It is hearsay (not a matter of record) among our people, that Nellie Cole was wholly or partially of Indian blood. (She was Welsh, born in Wales. Author.)

William and Nellie Cole had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married William Marshall, father of the subject of this sketch. William and Elizabeth were the parents of twelve children. All deceased. Their names and places of decease are as follows:

Hannah (Townesley), a daughter, Urbana, Ohio.

John A., Iowa.

Nellie (White), Greene County, Ohio.

James, Charleston, Ohio.

Elizabeth (Lunbeck), Atlanta, Ohio.

Freeman, lived and died at Havana, Illinois.

Benjamin, Iowa.

Sarah (Phares), twin of Benjamin, died near Clinton, Illinois, Smith, Iowa.

Robert, Clark County, Ohio.

William, Ohio.

(Look up the facts in this book, and see how closely this great grandson was to the truth. The twelfth child, Mary Ann, died unmarried. The Author.)

When Sarah Marshall Phares was fifteen years of age, her grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Cole, came to Ohio, to live with her people, and probably died at Xenia.

SAMUEL CLEVINGER PHARES

Samuel C. Phares, the husband of Sarah Marshall, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, August 15, 1808, and died at Clinton, Illinois, February 23, 1901, at the age of nearly ninety-three years. He was but nineteen and one-half years of age when married. He was the seventh child in a family of ten, and outlived them all.

His father, Robert Phares, was a native of New Jersey, and a son of one of the original emigrants, three in number, from England. Robert Phares was born October 16, 1764, and lived seventy-five years, dying in Ohio, November 16, 1839. His wife was Mary Willis, of London County, Virginia. She was born February 2, 1777, and died in Ohio, November 16, 1850.

This family emigrated from New Jersey to Ohio in the year 1803, coming down the Ohio River in a flat boat, and must have been subjected to all the harrassing difficulties incident to those perilous times on the Ohio. In their new home they raised a family of ten children, seven boys and three girls. Their names in order are: Sarah (Kirby), Aaron, Amy (Goodrich), Robert, Lydia (Jones), John A., Samuel Clevinger, Joel, Allen W., and Martin.

When he was a boy the parents of Samuel Clevinger Phares moved to Xenia, Ohio, where he met and married Miss Sarah Marshall, a member of the illustrious Marshall family of Virginia, on February 21, 1828. They were the parents of thirteen children, as follows: Robert H. and William Marshall (twins), Elizabeth (Edwards-Hall), John Allen, Henry Clay, Francis Marion, Melissa J. (Kegarice-Waldo), Amy E. (McGraw), Sarah Louisa (Payne-Golze), Juliet A. (Lafferty-Wilson), Margaret (Woodard-Mattix) (twin of Juliet), Mary Edwards (Harrison), and Samuel C. At this date (June, 1921), only the last three named are living.

None have attained any great station in life, but many have been more than prosperous, while all have been of the calibre that make patriots and good citizens. They have served their cities, towns, communities, and their country in various capacities.

The subject, Samuel C. Phares, left behind him a record of twenty-one continuous terms as school teacher in Butler County, Ohio, and was conceded to be the brightest member of his family. His intellect was keen and his religious zeal fervent. In Ohio, he was a member of the state militia; was made a lieutenant, then cap-

tain, and upon retiring and moving to Illinois, he held the rank of colonel. He enlisted in the Mexican war but was not called to the front. At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion, he volunteered and served in the 68th Illinois volunteers, Company C.

Mr. Phares was one of the prominent and well beloved citizens of DeWitt County, and was well known to thousands in Central Illinois. For more than twenty years it was an annual custom with the family to hold reunions on the anniversary of his birth, at which there was always a large assembly, and these were continued for a short time after his death.

The only fraternity with which he affiliated was the Grand Army and his religious faith was placed with the Christian (Disciples) church.

Politically, he was a staunch Republican all of his days.

His burial place is in beautiful Woodlawn, at Clinton, Illinois, by the side of his wife Sarah Marshall Phares.

Samuel C. Phares with his family, made his way in pioneer style to Illinois in the year 1847, and settled on a farm near Waynesville, in DeWitt County. After spending five years on a farm near that town, they located in Clinton, the county seat, and that was his life long home.

There he engaged in the butcher business, and carried on that business for five years.

In early life he had studied and practiced veterinary surgery. he then turned his attention to that profession, and in that he met with excellent success.

This patronage extended throughout DeWitt and adjoining counties. In Clinton his family grew up, and their descendants are numbered by the hundreds, now being scattered to the uttermost borders of the country.

WILLIAM MARSHALL PHARES

AIV No. 71

William Marshall, twin of Robert H. (eldest children of Samuel C. Phares), was born in Greene County, Ohio, November 21, 1828, and moved to Illinois with his parents in 1847. He became a farmer and followed this occupation all of his life, at his death being possessed of considerable real estate, and was accounted one of the county's leading farmers. His death occurred November 3d, 1904, at the ripe old age of seventy-six years. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and had attained the degrees of Knight Templar.

October 7, 1858, he became husband to Elizabeth Nageley, of an old DeWitt County family. She died on the old homestead three and one-half miles northeast of Maroa, Illinois, February 18, 1896, aged over fifty-six years.

They were parents of the following children: Oscar M., Edgar C., Emma, Eliza, and Will G., all of whom are living except Edgar C.

OSCAR M. PHARES

AV No. 192

Oscar M. Phares, not married, is a retired farmer living at Decatur, Illinois. Until about 1918, he and the younger brother, Will G., farmed the old home place. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity.

EDGAR CLAY PHARES

AV No. 193

Edgar Clay Phares, second son of William Marshall Phares, was born near Clinton, Illinois, October 10, 1858, and died at Sedalia, Missouri, August 18, 1906. His remains are interred in Woodlawn, at Clinton, in a beautiful family vault.

Mr. Phares married Miss Mary Craig, of a prominent DeWitt County family, and she survives; residence, Decatur, Illinois. For many years he was a lumber dealer, and was engaged in this line when death came.

Their children are: William Phares, AVI No....., lumber dealer, Maryvillem, Missouri, and Kyle Phares, AVI No....., shoe dealer, Decatur, Illinois.

EMMA PHARES

AV No. 194

Emma Phares, eldest daughter of William and Elizabeth Nageley Phares, grew to womanhood on the old home place, and married Howard Ray, of Maroa, who is now a shoe dealer at Decatur. They have one daughter, Helen, AVI No. 287.

ELIZA PHARES

AV No. 195

Eliza Phares, second daughter of William and Elizabeth Phares, during her young womanhood, was a favorite among many hundreds of young people in DeWitt and Macon Counties. She was a beautiful woman with a beautiful disposition and character.

She became the wife of Clarence Sigler, a well known and popular traveling salesman, and they have a magnificent home—one of the finest in Decatur, Illinois.

Their children are Beth Sigler, AVI No. 288, and Phares Sigler, AVI No. 289, and two daughters at home.

WILLIAM G. PHARES

AV No. 196

William G. Phares, youngest child of William Marshall Phares, followed the occupation of farming all his life on the old homestead, until about 1918, when he retired and moved to Decatur.

His wife was Arabella Wilt, of Maroa, Illinois. Their living children are Lucile Phares, AVI No. 289, and Helen Phares, AVI No. 290.

Miss Lucile became the wife of Thomas S. Hickman, of Clinton, on February 7, 1918, at the age of nineteen. They have one child.

ROBERT H. PHARES

AIV No. 69

Robert H. Phares, twin of William M. Phares (eldest children of Samuel C. Phares), was born in Butler County, Ohio, November 21, 1828, moving to Illinois with his parents in 1847. His death occurred at Clinton, Illinois, October 24, 1886.

September 25, 1851, he married Catherine Hull. To this union were born Edgar Frank, Arthur, Willie, Etta, and Hattie Phares.

Robert H. was a carpenter by trade, and followed this occupation all of his life. He was an uncompromising Republican and served his town (Clinton, Illinois), as alderman for several terms. This was his only political ambition, but he also had served as assessor and tax collector. His was first death among the thirteen children.

His wife (Catherine Hull) was born in Summerford, Ohio, in 1827, married in 1856, and died in Bakersfield, California, April 14, 1898, aged seventy-one years. Burial was made beside her husband in Woodlawn, at Clinton, Illinois.

EDGAR FRANK PHARES

AV No. 189

Edgar Frank Phares, son of Robert H. Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, February 15, 1858, and died in that city August 14.

He was a graduate of the Clinton High School, and in a business way chose to follow the mercantile line. He became a clerk in

a clothing store and stayed with it until he became a partner in the firm of Frendenstein, Phares & Company, remaining in the business until about a year previous to his death.

He was a victim of appendicitis. E. Frank Phares was one of the most popular men who ever lived in Clinton, being endowed with a genial disposition and a generous nature.

On May 31, 1883, he married Miss Mary Magill, a member of one of the old and respected families of Central Illinois, who is still living. In April, 1910, she was elected to the office of Justice of Peace, and held the office for several terms. She had the distinction of being the second woman in Illinois to hold such a position.

They were the parents of two children, Hugh A. Phares, AVI No. 264, and Day Phares, AVI No. 265, both of whom are living, the latter at home.

HUGH A. PHARES

AVI No. 264

Hugh A. Phares, son of E. Frank and Mary Phares, was a graduate of the Clinton High School, and has followed various avocations. For a number of years he was employed in railroad work, but since about 1909 has been in the service of the United States navy, and at present is its paymaster at San Diego, California.

His first marriage was to Miss Oma Huff, of Maroa, Illinois. The second marriage was to a San Diego girl, and they have two fine children.

DAY PHARES

AVI No. 265

Day Phares, son of E. Frank and Mary Phares, who resides with his mother at Clinton, is in railroad work. He served his country in the Great War, and was a Corporal with the 399th Field Artillery at Camp Dodge.

ARTHUR PHARES

AV No. 190

Arthur Phares, second child of Robert H., was born in Clinton, but went west when a young man and died in that country.

ETTA PHARES

AV No. 188

Etta Phares, elder daughter of Robert H., was born in Clinton, and graduated from the public schools. While a young lady, she married Abram W. Razey, a prominent business man, now deceased. She resides in Fresno, California.

Her children are Edna Razey, AVI No. 283, and Cecile Phares Razey, AVI No. 284. Both reside in Fresno, and both are married, the latter being the wife of James Wesley Gearheart. They were married at Napa, California, July 11th, 1910.

HATTIE PHARES

AV No. 191

Hattie Phares, daughter of Robert H. Phares, married O. J. Wagoner, of California. They have two sons, names not known.

ELIZABETH M. PHARES

AIV No. 72

Elizabeth M. Phares, eldest daughter of Samuel C. Phares, was born in Ohio, August 6, 1830, and emigrated to Illinois with her people in 1847.

Her first marriage was to Elisha Edwards, and by this union there was one child. Following his death she married Caswell Hall. The larger part of her life was spent in and near Leroy, Illinois, though some years were spent at Nettleton, Missouri, where Mr. Hall died.

Elizabeth Hall lived almost eighty-two years, dying at Breckenridge, Missouri, May 15, 1912, and all this time was a well beloved personage to all who knew her. She, like most of her brothers and sisters, possessed a marked resemblance to her mother, Sarah Marshall Phares.

Her children were Laura Edwards (by first husband), Ida, Ella, Frank, Elizabeth and Lester (twins), and Clyde.

LAURA EDWARDS

AV No. 197

Laura Edwards, daughter of Elizabeth Phares Edwards, was born in Leroy, May 27, 1853, and there grew to womanhood. In 1870 she married Thomas Cusey, a farmer of that locality, and soon thereafter moved to Farmer City, Illinois, which was her home until the summons came July 21, 1915.

IDA HALL

AV No. 198

Ida Hall, the second daughter of Elizabeth Phares, was born January 3, 1858. In early life she became wife to Milton Crum-

baugh, belonging to one of the prominent families of McLean County. Their children are Lawrence and Helen, a music teacher and single. Family home, Hamilton, Missouri.

ELLA HALL

AV No. 199

Ella Hall, third daughter of Elizabeth Phares, was born December 11, 1860. She married John Oliver, and their children are Alene, Lucille, and Dorothy. Residence, Nettleton, Missouri.

FRANK HALL

AV No. 202

Frank Hall, eldest son of Elizabeth Phares, was born September 20, 1863, at Leroy, where he has followed a mercantile business all his life, and is one of the substantial citizens of that locality.

He is an active member of the I. O. O. F. His wife, Laura Neelley, a splendid and likable lady, was born November 3, 1868. They have no children. Residence, Leroy, Illinois.

ELIZABETH HALL

AV No. 200

Elizabeth Hall (twin of Lester), daughter of Elizabeth Phares, was born July 27, 1868. Her husband is R. J. McIntyre, and their residence, Los Angeles, California.

LESTER HALL

AV No. 201

Lester Hall (twin of Elizabeth), son of Elizabeth Phares, born June 27, 1868, now resides at Joplin, Missouri. He has been married twice, and there are two children by the first marriage, both of whom live with their mother (married again) at Oklahoma City. The oldest of these two boys is Phares Hall, a bright and industrious young man of about eighteen years.

CLYDE HALL

AV No. 203

Clyde Hall, youngest child, of Elizabeth Phares, was born at Leroy, February 13, 1877. He is married and has one child, Virginia. For a number of years he has been connected with the American Express Company, and resides at Kansas City, Missouri.

JOHN ALLEN PHARES

AIV No. 73

(By Sadie Phares Cackley)

(Clinton, Ill.)

John A. Phares (my father), was born in Xenia, Greene County, Ohio, June 2, 1832, and was fifteen years of age when he came to DeWitt county. He spent his early life on a farm belonging to his wife.

He was married to Margaret J. McGraw. She was born September 3, 1839, and passed away in May 8, 1876. Seven children were born to this union, all of whom are living.

CHARLES L. PHARES

AV No. 205

Charles L., son of John A. and Margaret Phares, of Willon Springs, Missouri, was united in marriage to Katherine Anghinbaugh, March 1880. Six children were born to this union, Hilda married to Elmer Hood, of Tonapah, Missouri, (no family); Mabel married Samuel Ramsbottom, of Missouri, three children born to them. Elmer, single, living in Tonapah, Missouri. Wanda married Walter Cook, Scott Bluff Nebraska, one child. Pauline married Mr. McGraw, of Sedgenich, Colo., they have two children. Walter Phares, of Tonapah, single, served in our World War; was in the thickest of fighting twenty-one months; was shell shocked and gassed. He is in very bad health and receives a pension from the government.

Charles L. lost his wife, then married a lady from Missouri. They have two sons, Marshall Dye and Allen Cackley.

SADIE J. PHARES

AV No. 204

Sadie J. Phares, daughter of John and Margaret Phares, was married to Thomas W. Cackley, November 6, 1879. (No family.)

MARY E. PHARES

AV No. 206

Mary E. Phares, second daughter of John and Margaret Phares, married William L. Staggs September 3, 1880. (No family.)

FRANCIS M. PHARES

AV No. 207

Francis M. Phares, second son of John and Margaret Phares, was born August 21, 1862. Married Effie Holliway in 1889. Three children were born to them. John William, married and has four children. Hazel Del, married George Hinshaw. Living at Akron, Ohio. Gertrude, who lost her husband in World War. Living in Akron, Ohio. (No family.)

EFFIE MAY PHARES

AV No. 208

Effie May Phares, third daughter of John and Margaret Phares, was married to Samuel O'Banion. Three children born to this union, Jennie married to Lew Curtis, of Decatur; Clyde, living in south, works for Uncle Sam, has been in navy for nine years; married; has three children; Carle, of Decatur, a soldier in World War, has bad health, is married, no children; Effie later in life married Lorin Hildreth; they have two children, Margaret and John.

JOHN ALLEN PHARES

AV No. 209

John Allen Phares, third son of John and Margaret Phares, married Myrtle Ball, of Clinton. Three children were born to them. One (deceased). Ruth and Arthur at home.

ELLA M. PHARES

AV No. 210

Ella M. Phares, fourth daughter and youngest child of John and Margaret Phares, first married Chas. Richey. They have one daughter, Anita, who married Valentine Streicher, of Los Angeles.

Later Ella married Delmar Bryant, of Clinton. (No family.)

Sadie and Thomas Cackley raised John Allen and Ella M. from four and one-half and two and one-half years of age, our mother dying when they were babies.

HENRY CLAY PHARES

AIV No. 74

Henry Clay Phares, son of Samuel C. and Sarah Marshall Phares, was born in Butler County, Ohio, March 31, 1834, and died at Weldon, Illinois, September 15, 1917, at 9:30 a. m., following the death of his aged wife by only a few hours, she having died at

7:20 the evening before. All of his life was spent in DeWitt county, where he was a successful farmer for thirty years. Later he was postmaster at Weldon for seven years, resigning in 1906 because of ill health.

He served his country in the Civil War, enlisting in "E" Company, 20th Ill. Vol. Became first lieutenant May 10, 1861, but resigned the office in January, 1862, because of alleged unfair treatment by superiors.

He married Nancy F. Peddicord on June 6, 1861, while in the service. She was born in Madison County, Ohio, February 11, 1840. Their children are:

Florence Phares, AV No. 211, deceased. Married Thurston Walters. Children, Lotus and Theron. Residence, Aurora, Illinois.

Nevada Phares, AV No. 212. Married Lewis Trummell, now deceased. Children, Mabel, ———, Milzer, Lloyd and Theron. Lloyd served during the World War as aerial observer with the Fourth Aero Squadron at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. Residence, Clinton.

Alice Phares, AV No. 213. Married Emmet Gray. Parents of four boys and two girls: Jesse, Virgil, William, ———, ———, ———.

U. S. Grant Phares, AV No. 214. Married Eliza Mawhinney. Children, Blye, Cecil, Lotus, ———. Farmed many years on the old homstead near Weldon; now farming near Ligonier, Indiana.

Maude Phares, AV No. 215, now deceased. Married Samuel Mawhinney, Weldon.

Minnie Phares, AV No. 216. Married James Rhodes. Lived at Weldon many years, now at Cromwell, Indiana.

Wallace Phares, AV No. 218. Married Belle Risher in Chicago, May 21, 1910. In business at Clinton.

Edna Phares, AV No. 219. Died at Weldon, August 25, 1898, aged seventeen years, nine months, twenty-seven days.

FRANCIS MARION PHARES

AIV No. 77

Francis Marion Phares, son of Samuel Clevinger and Sarah Marshall Phares, was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, January 28, 1836, and emigrated to Central Illinois with his parents in the year 1847, and with the exception of two years spent in Kansas that was his life-long residence.

For practically seventy years he was a familiar figure to the people of Clinton and DeWitt County, and died with the good will of the people of the community following him to the grave.

In his early life he followed the occupation of farming, and also served the people in minor civil capacities. Later in life he conducted a tile manufacturing plant at Clinton, and for a number of years preceding his death, he was engaged in conducting a pool and billiard parlor, which, it must be said to his credit, was managed in a clean and orderly manner. Accumulating years and a slight stroke of paralysis, caused him to retire from an active and hardy life, and his last days were spent with his daughter, Mrs. Amy Walters, at Winterset, Iowa, where he succumbed to the inevitable on August 30, 1919. His body rests in beautiful Woodlawn at Clinton.

Early in life, at the outbreak of the Civil War, he enlisted in Company C, Forty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served till August 20, 1864, when he was mustered out as sergeant.

He participated in the following engagements: Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Hatchie (or Metamora), Coldwater and Vicksburg, and fifteen engagements on the Red River expedition. He was a member of the G. A. R., but had no other fraternal affiliations. He never affiliated with any church organization, but his preference was with the Christian (Disciples) church and during the last years of life was regular attendant and supporter. Politically, he never wavered from the Republican faith.

In choosing a mate, he selected Elizabeth Rebecca McPherson, daughter of Rev. William Alexander McPherson, then pastor of the Baptist church of Clinton, Illinois, who in turn was the son of Dr. Jesse C. McPherson, also a minister, but a physician as well.

These McPhersons were natives of Taylor County, Tennessee, and the last named was the first treasurer of DeWitt County, Illinois. Elizabeth Rebecca Phares preceded her husband to the great eternity on December 7, 1900.

They were the parents of six children, the first born, Frankie, dying in infancy. The others are Louis Sheridan, Paul Clay, Amy Lorena, William Marshall, Ina Hume. The first two named are deceased.

LOUIS SHERIDAN PHARES

AV No. 229

Louis Sheridan Phares, eldest son of Francis M. and Elizabeth R. Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, May 26, 1865, and died at New Grand Chain, Illinois, January 21, 1900.

Mr. Phares was a man who, though never having acquired any particular trade or profession, was respected by all with whom he came in contact. He was one who easily made friends and held

them. No truer attest of this fact could be cited than the vast throng of friends who gathered at his grave to pay a last tribute to his memory. His life was spent at hard work, and though small in stature, he possessed a remarkable physique, and was hardy and strong above the average man.

He grew to manhood in his boyhood home, but his late years were spent at the scene of his death, where he was employed at bridge work on the Big Four railroad. While employed in this capacity, he met with an accident in a diver's suit in the Ohio River at Cairo, which about a year later induced paralysis, resulting in his death after a few days.

His wife was Elsie Stevers, of New Grand Chain, who was of German extraction. They were the parents of four children, only two of whom are living, Bessie and Paul, the latter residing at Clinton, Illinois.

This son, Paul aspired to take part in the great war, enlisting in both the army and navy, but was rejected because of physical disabilities.

The youngest son, Louis Sheridan, was a martyr to his country, having met his death in France on July 21, 1918. According to a letter received from Lieutenant Randolph L. Wadsworth of the Fifth Artillery, Louis S. Phares was on the line between Soissons and Rheims during the great allied offensive, and the enemy at the time was subjecting our lines to a fierce bombardment. Young Phares was killed by the explosion of a 77M bomb in close proximity to where he and a number of companions were seated. He was only eighteen years old, and his remains are buried at Mounds, Illinois, which is the home of his mother, now a Mrs. Wheeler.

The father, Louis S., subject of this sketch, was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, who had charge of his funeral, and who educated two of his children, Bessie and Paul, at their magnificent home at Lincoln. He was not a member of any religious body, but a devout believer in the Gospel, his preference being placed with the Christian (Disciples) church.

The eldest child, Bessie, was born at Clinton, Illinois. On attaining womanhood, she married a man named Cassidy, machinist at the Wabash shops, Decatur, Illinois.

Two children were born to them. Later she married C. J. Nelson and there is one child by this union. Her present address is 6004 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago.

AMY LORENA PHARES

AV No. 231

Amy Lorena Phares, elder daughter of Francis M. and Elizabeth R. Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, March 15, 1869. Here she grew to womanhood, and graduated from the public schools of that city. For several terms she taught country schools in that vicinity.

Here she met and married F. Eugene Walters on April 26, 1888, who at that time was a locomotive fireman on the Illinois Central. Shortly following this they engaged in farming, which has since been their life occupation and at which they have been successful. Their present home is on their own property near Mason City, Iowa.

To them were born six children, as follows: Leila Maude, born June 3, 1889; William Marcellus, born September 20, 1893; Cecil Lloyd, born May 26, 1899; Stella May, born May 16, 1901; Verneille Louise and Louis Verdette, twins, born October 20, 1904.

Leila Maude married Ray Douglas Robbins on March 7, 1911, at Sioux City, Iowa. Present address, Route 5, Clear Lake, Iowa.

William Marcellus, married Ellen Pederson on February 15, 1916, at Clear Lake, Iowa. Their children are Maxina Vernadette, born May 7, 1917; Robert Pershing, born November 27, 1918. Present address, Route 4, Clear Lake, Iowa.

Cecil Lloyd married Lillian Emma Ransona on September 2, 1920, at Clear Lake, Iowa. He graduated from the public school at Holstein, Iowa, and during the World War served in the S. A. T. C. at Drake University, Des Moines, for a period of three months. Present address, Route 5, Clear Lake, Iowa.

The mother and all children are members of the Christian (Disciples) church.

PAUL CLAY PHARES

AV No. 230

Paul Clay Phares, second son of Francis Marion and Elizabeth Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, June 9, 1867, and died in Topeka, Kansas, April 9, 1918, being buried in that city.

His schooling was cut short and at an early date he entered the service of Richard Butler in the office of the Clinton Public, and followed the occupation of printing all of his days.

At the age of about sixteen years he went West and located at Red Cloud, Nebraska, which was always considered his home,

though he lived some years in Topeka and was employed on the Topeka Daily Capitol at the time Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," edited that paper for one week.

At Red Cloud, on October 26, 1886, he married Barbara Newhouse, daughter of a pioneer merchant of that place, and of full German blood, though American born. To them were born four children, as follows:

Charles, Henry, Sheridan, and Frederick. There is no information concerning these children, but Charles is a farmer living at Red Cloud, Nebraska. Another of the boys is a farmer in Kansas, another an attorney, probably at Lincoln, Nebraska. The youngest boy, Frederick, served his country in France during the great war.

WILLIAM MARSHALL PHARES

AV No. 232

William Marshall Phares, third son of Francis Marion and Elizabeth Rebecca Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, March 19, 1875. Here he grew to manhood, attained a common school education, and on March 5, 1891, was apprenticed to the printing trade in the office of the Clinton Public, a weekly publication, owned by Richard Butler.

After eleven years of continuous service in this office, he decided to try the new and growing West, going to Red Cloud, Neb., with the idea of entering the newspaper business with his brother, Paul C. Finding the field overcrowded, he returned to Clinton and was employed in the office of the Clinton Register for about one year and a half. On January 1, 1904, he became part owner of the Clinton Public (then a daily and weekly), with E. B. Bentley, a school professor, and E. H. Porter, a printer, as co-partners. This partnership continued for a period of three years, during which time Mr. Phares occupied the position of city editor of the publication. He then sold his interest to his partners and moved to Muskogee, Oklahoma, where for fourteen years he followed the trade of printing. Because of a strike of the commercial printers on May 1, 1921, he sought new fields.

Politically, he has been an unfailing Republican, and was the candidate of this party for the office of State Labor Commissioner of Oklahoma at the election held in November, 1914.

His religious faith since childhood has been placed with the Christian (Disciples) church, and he has been honored by this organization in more ways than one, having served in the capacities

of Sunday School Superintendent and Deacon, both in Illinois and Oklahoma, and has always been connected with church choir work.

Fraternally, he is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias (past presiding officer of both), Masons and Modern Woodmen. He is also a Royal Prince of the D. O. K. K. He is a member of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Oklahoma, and has received numerous honors at the hands of this order, having been district deputy grand master of his lodge for a period of seven continuous years (at this writing), president of the first real county organization of Muskogee county, actively assisted in the organization of the great Eastern Oklahoma District Association, comprising twenty-two counties, and is the author of a "lecture" used in passing candidates in the initiatory work of the order, which has met with universal favor over the state.

On Christmas Day (Sunday), 1898, he was united in marriage to Mary Edda Hale, of Clinton, Illinois. The ceremony took place in their own home, furnished complete, which had been purchased from his meager salary of eight dollars per week.

To them was born one son, Hale, on November 28, 1902. This boy received his education in the public schools of Muskogee, Oklahoma, and graduated from that institution in the spring of 1920. Early in life he developed an inclination towards music, and expended every effort to perfect himself in that line. He is a finished flutist, his first professional engagement being with Harold Bachman's Millian Dollar Band en route from Muskogee to Palm Beach. He was then with a winter band at Jacksonville, Florida, for several weeks, and later connected with the famous Arcade theatre orchestra at Jacksonville.

He was a member of the Third Regiment, Oklahoma National Guard, Headquarters Company, at Muskogee, for a period of three years beginning July 24, 1918.

Mr. and Mrs. Phares are also the foster parents of Mildred Clare Turner, a half orphan and daughter of Clarence W. Turner, Jr., member of one of the old pioneer families of Muskogee.

This child was a twin, being born at Lawton, Oklahoma, while her father was in the military service of the World War and located at Ft. Sill. Her birth took place on July 19, 1918, her twin brother dying at birth, and her mother, Mildred Spaulding Turner, living only a few weeks. The child has been in possession of this family since Labor Day, 1918.

INA HUME PHARES

AV No. 233

Ina Hume Phares, younger daughter of Francis Marion and Elizabeth Rebecca Phares, was born in Clinton, Illinois, February 27, 1879. She attained a common school education in the public schools of that city, and was married to George Kehr, of Bloomington, Illinois, in the fall of 1893. This union lasted but a short time, and in the year 1909 she became the wife of John Brown, of Memphis, Tennessee. There are no children by either marriage.

Soon after this second marriage her health began to decline, and for several years her home has been at Kankakee, Illinois.

MELISSA JANE PHARES

AIV No. 75

Melissa Jane, daughter of Samuel Clevinger and Sarah Marshall Phares, was born in Ohio, December 27th, 1837, moving to Illinois with her parents in 1847.

She died at Breckenridge, Missouri, April 17th, 1901, aged sixty-three years, and was buried in Woodlawn, at Clinton, Illinois.

Her first marriage was to James J. Kegarice, (now deceased), and they lived a long and happy life together.

He served in the Civil War in Company F, Forty-first Illinois Vol. Inf., being discharged January 1st, 1863.

Their children were Katherine, Ella, Jeanette, Adda Jane, and Winnifred, all born at Clinton, Illinois.

Later in life she married Asel Waldo (now deceased), a retired business man of Breckenridge, Missouri.

KATHERINE KEGARICE

AV No. 220

Katherine Kegarice married Allen Tweed. For a number of years they resided at Clinton. They were parents of two children, Jessie and Fozie, both deceased. Residence, St. Joseph, Missouri.

ELLA KEGARICE

AV No. 221

Ella Kegarice married William Dawson and they lived at Clinton a number of years. They had two children, Louise and Lucas. Louise married one Humphrey, and they had one child which died. Residence Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

JEANETTE KEGARICE

AV No. 222

Jeanette Kegarice married Lincoln Kelley, son of Judge W. Riley Kelley, who in early days was a prominent attorney and politician of Central Illinois, but in later years was general solicitor for the Salt Lake and San Pedro Railroad.

Their children were Riley and Winnifred Phares. For a number of years they residence at Lincoln, Nebraska, and Kansas City, Mo. After the death of Mr. Kelley, Jeanette married O. J. Blandin, and their home is at Eaton, Colo.

ADDA JANE KEGARICE

AV No. 223

Adda Jane Kegarice married Frank C. Davidson, of Clinton, September 29, 1881. They had one child, Helen, born Frebruary 25, 1884, and the mother died in young womanhood.

Helen married Fred Shell, an attorney and stenographer of Clinton. He is now district court stenographer for Macon County at Decatur. They have one child.

Frank C. Davidson was a prominent business man and politician of DeWitt County, and for thirteen years was postmaster of Clinton under Republican administration. He was prominent not only in politics, but in social and fraternal affairs, being identified with the Knights of Pythias and B. P. O. E.

He was born in Champaign County, Illinois, December 28, 1853, and died at Clinton, May 19, 1918.

WINNIFRED KEGARICE

AV No. 224

Winnifred Kegarice married Allie Newman, a merchant of Clinton. They shortly moved to Missouri, which has since been their home at Breckenbridge. They had five children, Lynn, Sylvia, ———, Melissa and Elmira.

AMY ELLEN PHARES

AIV No. 76

Amy Ellen Phares, daughter of Sarah Marshall and Samuel Clevinger Phares, was born in Ohio, July 19, 1840, and died at Clinton, Illinois, May 5, 1905. She became the wife of Leander McGraw, son of

Judge John J. McGraw, and her home was always at Clinton. The husband died many years ago.

Leander McGraw was captain of Company D, 107th Ill. Vol. Inf., in the Civil War.

Their children:

JOHN J. McGRAW

AV No. 225

John J. McGraw born on March 13, 1862 at Clinton, and raised there. Most of his life spent at Joplin, Missouri, where he followed mining. Now in New Mexico recuperating health.

SAMUEL PHARES McGRAW

AV No. 226

Samuel Phares McGraw born October 28, 1865, raised and educated at Clinton, Illinois. Most of life spent at Joplin, Missouri, where he died in 1919. Married Temy Orea, of Joplin, who died in 1918. Was engaged in mercantile business latter part of life, but had spent much time at mining.

EDDIE LULU McGRAW

AV No. 227

Eddie Lulu McGraw born June 6th, 1888, reared and educated at Clinton. Married Charles Jeffery. She died during the "flu" epidemic (1918?).

Children:

Anita, born and educated at Clinton. Married Marion Johnson, son of prominent farmer. They are parents of four children, three living; one of a pair of twin boys (born June 3, 1913) died after one day of life.

Children: Woodrow, Hulda Alice, Joseph, and Louise Johnson.

Leonard, born and raised at Clinton. Married Roselle Kemp, March 25, 1912, ceremony performed by Justice Mary I. Phares. Served in World War. Sergeant Co. A, Water Tank Train No. 302. A. E. F.

Other children who with the father all live at Clinton are: Manford, Maude, Charleen, Helen.

Bliss married Louise Delbridge. Three children, Charles, Helen, Louise.

Maude, stenographer, Chicago.

Charleen married John Greer. One child, Norma Lue.

HALLIE McGRAW

AV No. 228

Hallie McGraw born February 13, 1878, and raised at Clinton. Married Raymond Bowden, a printer of Maroa, Illinois, their home. Children: Halmond, Evelyn, Bonnie, Shon, and Martha Margaret,

SARAH LOUISA PHARES

AIV No. 78

Sarah Louisa Phares, daughter of Sarah Marshall and Samuel C. Phares, was born in Ohio, March 25, 1843, and died at the home of her son in Decatur, Illinois, June 25, 1908.

She was married twice, first to James Payne, a photographer. Some years after his decease she was again married to ————Golze (now deceased), who had a son William, a railroad telegrapher with the Illinois Central at Clinton. Nearly all of her life was spent in and near Clinton, where she was well known. There was only one child.

WID S. PAYNE

AV No. 256

Wid S. Payne, son of Sarah Phares Payne, born in Clinton, Illinois, about 1866. He was married to Maude Kent, daughter of a prominent merchant of Clinton. They were parents of two children, Marie and Elizabeth. Marie married Merle M. Myers in December 1908. Mr. Payne, in early manhood, and for many years, was a barber and conducted a successful business, both in Illinois and California. Present family residence, Decatur, Illinois.

MARGARET M. PHARES

AIV No. 79

(By Mrs. Belle Woodward Willmore)

Margaret M. Phares, daughter of Samuel C. and Sarah Phares was born in Butler County, Ohio, February 4th, 1846.

She came with her parents to DeWitt County, Illinois when a child. She was a twin sister to Juliett A. Phares.

She was first married to John P. Woodward. To this union six children were born—Fred Oliver, Francis Free, Sarah Isabelle, Helen Maud, Nellie Blanche, and John J. Woodward.

Her second marriage was to Ira Mattix, and to this union one son Vance Vorhees, was born.

Margaret Mattix resides at Lanes, Illinois.

FRED WOODWARD

AV No. 237

Fred Woodward, son of Margaret and John P. Woodward, was born October 1st, 1865, in Clinton, Illinois.

He married Martha A. Hurley, (deceased), who was an accomplished musician. To this union two children were born, Lloyd Esel and Olive Belle Woodward.

Lloyd E. married Maurine Miller. Both were graduates of the Clinton high school. They have one daughter, Martha Mae Woodward. Their home is at Lane, Illinois.

Olive Belle Woodward was born in Lane. She graduated from Clinton High School. She studied music at Bloomington, and attended business college at Decatur. Attended summer school at Champaign in 1920.

FRANCIS FREE WOODWARD

AV No. 238

Frank Woodward was born at Clinton, October 28, 1867. He married Alta Margaret Stone of Lane, Illinois. He engaged in farming and school teaching.

To this union three children were born—Opal Fern, Bly Laverne, and Helen Audrey Woodward.

Opal Fern Woodward married John Renolds. To them was born one daughter, Helen Marie Renolds.

Bly Laverne married Ora Lucille Jenkins. They have one daughter, Roberta Woodward.

Helen Audrey Woodward graduated from Clinton high school in 1920. Went to Normal in 1920 and taught the winter of 1920-1921.

SARAH ISABELLE WOODWARD

AV No. 239

Sarah Isabelle is the daughter of Margaret and John P. Woodward, born January 22, 1870, near Maroa, Macon County, Illinois. Before her marriage she was engaged in dressmaking. (From this relative, on February 23, 1921, I received a letter which I believe to be the first communication from the Phares family with any of the family east of Illinois in sixty years. In her first letter she gave me most of the names in the chart. I thank you, Belle. The Author.)

She was married to Charles Curtis Willmore, who was born east of Clinton, Illinois, March 17, 1873.

They were married April 12, 1905 at Lincoln, Nebraska, by Rev. Franklin of the Christian Church.

Their first occupation was farming, and later entered the cream and produce business at Hebron, Nebraska, where they now reside.

The hereditary twin incident again returns in this family. They were the parents of five children—Arthur and Wanda, twins, Kenneth Burdette, and Ruby and Ruth, twins. Arthur and Kenneth died in infancy. Wanda Margaret was in the gradating class of High School in 1921. Ruth and Ruby are in school at Hebron.

HELEN MAUD WOODWARD

AV No. 240

Helen Maud Woodward, daughter of Margaret and John P Woodward was born February 21, 1872 near Maroa, Macon County, Illinois.

She married Tillford Willmore, brother of C. C.

They were first engaged in farming and in the real estate business. He is at present post-master of Hebron, Nebraska.

Three children were born to them, one dying in infancy. True to family form, the next two Zelma and Velma born February 26, 1903. Both graduated from the Hebron High School in 1920. Both are teaching, Zelma at Staddard, Nebraska, and Velma at Gilliad, Nebraska. Their home is at Hebron.

NELLIE BLANCHE WOODWARD

AV No. 241

Nellie B. Woodward is the daughter of Margaret and John P. Woodward, born July 9th, 1875, near Lane, Illinois. She married Lee Thompson.

To this union six children were born—Forest Lee, Sylva D., Phares Gay, Bulah, Frederick, and Freda Lee Thompson. Their home is at Ospur, Illinois.

Forrest and Sylva both served their country in France, and Phares was in training when the war closed. Forrest married Bulah Bentley, in Clinton, in 1920.

JOHN J. WOODWARD

AV No. 242

John J. Woodward is the son of Margaret and John P. Woodward born November 5, 1877, near Lane, Illinois.

He married Lee Graham, of Lane. They moved to Nevada, Missouri. He was a school director for thirteen years, a farmer and merchant later.

They have two daughters—Bernice and Oleta. Both in school at Nevada.

VANCE VORHEES MATTIX

AV No. 243

Vance V. Mattix is the son of Margaret Phares and Ira Mattix, her second husband. He was born July 29th, 1882, near Lane.

He married Gay Fosnaugh at White Heath, Illinois. They are the parents of three children—Brent, Margie, and Wils Mattix. Their home is near Lane, Illinois.

JULIETT AMANDA PHARES

AIV No. 80

(By William Marshall Phares)

Juliett Amanda Phares, twin of Margaret Miranda, and daughter of Samuel Clevinger Phares, was born in Butler County, Ohio, February 4, 1846. Moved to Illinois with parents at the age of one year.

First marriage was to James Lafferty, a prominent farmer of DeWitt County, by whom all her children were born. After his death, and in late life she married a Mr. Wilson, now deceased.

Juliett Amanda died at Jacksonville, Illinois, July 21st, 1918. and was buried in Woodlawn at Clinton.

Her children—

ELIZA ELLEN LAFFERTY

AV No. 244

Eliza Ellen Lafferty, born in Clinton, where she grew to womanhood, graduated from the high school, and was prominent in social circles. Married Elmer S. Nixon, bank cashier.

Later moved to Kansas City, Mo., and died at Melbern, Kansas, March 22, 1917. Buried in Woodlawn at Clinton, Illinois.

Their children: Henry L., Chicago; Dean, Melbern, Kansas.

MINNIE L. LAFFERTY

AV No. 245

Minnie L. Lafferty, born and reared at Clinton, Illinois. Married Henry W. Schumacher, an attorney of Eldorado, Kansas, their home. Children: Allene and Julia.

KATE LAFFERTY

AV No. 246

Kate Lafferty, born and raised at Clinton, Illinois, where most of her life has been lived. Now with sister at Eldorado, Kansas. (We are indebted to her for valuable records of William and Nellie Cole. Author.)

ALICE E. LAFFERTY

AV No. 247

Alice E. Lafferty, born at DeWitt, Illinois, December 25, 1872. Lived in Clinton most of her life, and died there January 30, 1914. She was ill most of her life, but maintained a cheerful disposition through it all.

The entire family are Methodists.

MARY EDWARDS PHARES

AIV No. 81

Mary Edwards Phares, youngest daughter of Samuel Clevinger Phares, was born near Maynesville, Illinois, February 22, 1848.

She was raised and educated at Clinton. Became the wife of William Henry Harrison, who served Dewitt County as Circuit Clerk from 1872 to 1880. They went west and for many years lived at Leadville, Colorado, where Mr. Harrison was interested in mining propositions, and was also City and County Judge for several terms. He died at South Marshfield, Oregon, August 10th, 1917.

Mrs. Harrison died in January 1922. Their children:

LLOYD HARRISON

AV No. 248

Lloyd Harrison, born at Clinton, Illinois, married, and living at Leadville.

LOUISE HARRISON

AV No. 249

Louise Harrison, born at Clinton. Married Edward D. McArthur. They have two children, William and Mary McArthur. Residence, South Marshfield, Oregon.

SAMUEL MARTIN PHARES

AIV No. 82

Samuel Martin Phares, youngest child of Samuel C. and Sarah Marshall Phares, was born near Waynesville, Illinois, July 3, 1850.

At maturity, he married Elizabeth Morgan, whose death occurred at Leroy, Illinois, in November 1907.

For a number of years they followed farming near Farmer City, later they moved to McLean County where Mr. Phares became post-master at Sabina. He conducted a general store in connection, but after a few years, returned to farming near Leroy.

Their children were: Oscar M. and Welby.

OSCAR PHARES

AV No. 250

Oscar Phares, born near Farmer City, is a prominent and successful clothing merchant at Leroy.

His wife was Clara LaMonte, and they have one child.

For a number of years he has been Secretary of the Leroy Fair Association.

WELBY PHARES

AV No. 251

Welby Phares married Alice Moore, and resides at Hedges, Mont., where he homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres in 1908.

His father lives with him.

CHAPTER XV

SETH SMITH MARSHALL

AIII No. 11

Seth Smith Marshall was the youngest son of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall. He was born October 27th, 1813.

He was married in Greene County, Ohio, on November 10, 1836, to Jane Van Brant. It is a question undecided with myself whether Smith Marshall was born in Virginia or Ohio.

He was the youngest child of William and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, excepting Mary Ann Marshall, who was born in Ohio, February 4, 1816. Mary Ann died before her parents left Ohio, and we have no record of her being married.

Smith Marshall, after his marriage, lived with his parents on the old home place near Cortsville, Ohio. Six of his children were born in Ohio. In the year 1849, his brothers, Robert and William, and his two sisters, Elizabeth Marshall Lunbeck and Mary Ann, had passed away. His brothers, John, Benjamin, and Freeman, and his sister, Sarah, had all left Ohio, leaving but one sister, Eleanor Marshall, besides himself, in Ohio with the old folks.

On April 8, 1849, Seth Smith Marshall, his wife, six children, and his father and mother left Ohio for Louisa County, Iowa, where two of his brothers had previously settled. They went to Cincinnati, thence down the Ohio river, and up the Mississippi to Burlington, and then overland to Cairo, Iowa, where they settled on one hundred and sixty acres of land near his brother, John Marshall. At that place he reared his family.

He died on January 12, 1877. After reaching Iowa, there were three children born to them. At this time (1922) there are five of his children still living, whose names appear farther on.

Smith Marshall's wife, Jane Van Brant, was certainly a remarkable woman. In 1921, when I visited Iowa, and was driven many miles over Louisa County, at every stopping place I heard something of Jane Van Brant. Wherever I went among her family, I was shown samples of her handiwork. Among them, a purse made of beads of various colors that she had made in 1831; another a splendidly designed quilt, and many other articles. She was certainly a woman of marvelous industry.

SHEET No 5 of 6

GENEALOGICAL

CHART

OF THE

MARSHALL FAMILY

WINDHAM, OHIO, INDIANA,
ILLINOIS AND IOWA.

PII
John Marshall
Quaker
Born 1743, in
Presumed in Christian
County, Pennsylvania
County, Pennsylvania
County, Maryland
County, Maryland
Died Jan 10, 1832
in Adams County, Iowa

PII
William Marshall
Born in Chester County,
Pennsylvania May 8, 1770
Cousin, Adams County Iowa
Married Dec 1792
Elizabeth Cole
Frederick County, Maryland
Died Jan 10, 1832
in Adams County, Iowa

ELIZABETH COLE
Was the daughter
of

WILLIAM COLE
Born about 1745.
Died after 1815
Married about 1770,
NELLIE FREEMAN
Born 1748 in Wales,
Died 1850, in Ohio.
Buried at South Charleston.

WILLIAM COLE, in 7th, 11th, and 15th Regiments Virginia,
Line troop, and Navy, for SEVEN YEARS
REVOLUTIONARY WAR

PII
John Marshall
Died Jan 10, 1832
in Adams County, Iowa

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John Marshall
Died Jan 10, 1832
in Adams County, Iowa

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Died Jan 10, 1832
in Adams County, Iowa

George S. Marshall, her grandson, writes me the following:

"In regard to anything that I remember of my grandfather's day, will say that he died when I was about four years old. So don't remember anything about him. But in regard to my grandmother, will say that she was a "clipper." She was left alone about forty-three years ago, and all she had was a lot of debts.

Well, she had Jersey blood in her, and she set to work to put things in shape. She would raise garden truck and deliver it to all towns within twelve or fifteen miles of her home. She lived alone for quite awhile, and at the age of ten years I went to stay with her, and Oh Boy! how my back would ache when she would keep me hoeing in the garden on hot days.

She made good and paid off all debts, and had some money left when she died. Her only aim in life was hard-work, and she surely did her share. She passed away August 24, 1901."

Of the large family of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant, whose descendents are many, most of them are located in and about Louisa County.

WILLIAM H. MARSHALL

AIV No. 83

William H. Marshall was the first son of S. S. Marshall and Jane Van Brant Marshall. He was born in Ohio, March 23rd, 1837 and died March 14, 1887.

William H. Marshall enlisted in the 19th Iowa Regiment of Volunteers in 1862. He was severely wounded at Perry Grove. After he was discharged he returned to his home in Louisa County, Iowa, where he died.

He married Rachel Fox on March 14th, 1857. They were the parents of seven children, as follows:

CHALMERS MARSHALL

AV No. 252

Chalmers Marshall, the son of William H. and Rachel Marshall, was born in Iowa, and married Lizzie Chrisman.

They were the parents of three children, William Marshall, Armina Marshall, and Lucile Marshall, William Marshall enlisted at Brownley, California. Served in the World's War.

CORA MARSHALL

AV No. 253

Cora Marshall was the second child of William H. and Rachel Marshall, born in Iowa and married Ralph Butler.

To them were born three children as follows: Estella Butler, AVI, who married E. E. Higgenbottom; Alice Butler, AVI, who married Louis Otto. They have two children, Pauline Otto, AVII, and Richard Otto, AVII. Drury Butler, AVI, who married Louise Powers. They have one child, Ralph Butler, AVII.

WILLIAM MARSHALL

AV No. 254

William Marshall, third child of William H. and Rachel Marshall was born in Iowa and married Lizzie Welch.

They have three children as follows. Matae Marshall, AVI, Dale Marshall, AVI, and Chalmers Marshall, AVI.

MAYME MARSHALL

AV No. 255

Mayme Marshall, the fourth child of William H. and Rachel Marshall was born in Iowa and married Frank Fulton, to whom were born two children, as follows: Jesse Fulton, AVI, and Mene Fulton, AVI. Jesse Fulton enlisted and served in the World's War. Now living at Iowa City.

JESSE MARSHALL

AV No. 256

Jesse Marshall was the fifth child of William H. and Rachel Marshall, born in Iowa, and married Laura Bakie. They have three children as follows: Ralph Marshall, AVI, Ruth Marshall, AVI, and Morris Marshall, AVI, who enlisted in the S. A. T. C. Co. L 350th Infantry 88th Division. Received his training at Camp Dodge, Iowa. Died at Columbus Junction, Iowa, in 1920.

AUSTIAN MARSHALL

AV No. 257

Austian Marshall was the sixth child of William H. and Rachel Marshall, born in Iowa, and married Anna Headrick.

They have one child, Lucile Marshall, AVI.

ALPHA MARSHALL

AV No. 258

Alpha was the youngest child of William H. and Rachel Marshall.

He married Fannie Isett. They have six children as follows: Clara Marshall, AVI, Lillian Marshall, AVI, Dorothy Marshall, AVI, Mary Marshall, AVI, Harold Marshall, AVI, and Howard Marshall, AVI.

LEVANNAH MARSHALL

AIIV No. 85

Levannah Marshall was the first daughter of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant. She was born in Ohio, December 10, 1840.

She married Jerome Mullen, in Iowa. They lived together fifty years. Mr. Mullen died four years ago, and Mrs. Mullen and her daughter, live at the old home place near Headrick, Iowa.

In February, 1921, I visited Mrs. Mullen at her home. She was then past eighty years old, but is an exceptionally well preserved woman for her age. We had a very pleasant hour's chat, and her memory is quite clear of events back seventy years ago. She gave a very interesting account of their trip from Ohio down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and overland to Cairo. She is authority for the statement that her grandfather William Marshall, and grandmother, Elizabeth Cole, were very religious people. She also stated that when in Ohio, they considered her Uncle William Marshall the aristocrat of the family. When he would visit his father, he would bring his family in a carriage, and a carriage at that time was a curiosity in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Mullen has been a very strong character. Her countenance displays it, and her conversation is extremely interesting. They live in a beautiful agricultural country, and in a nice home, where she is passing the sunset of life, pleasantly surrounded by her family.

They were the parents of six children as follows:

ADDIE MULLEN

AV No. 259

Addie Mullen was the first child of Levannah Marshall and Jerome Mullen. She married William Chissinger.

They have three children, Lloyd Chissinger, AVI, Willie Chissinger, AVI, and Pearl Chissinger, AVI.

CHARLIE MULLEN

AV No. 260

Charlie Mullen was the second child of Levannah and Jerome Mullen. He married Linnie Skinner.

LEANDER MULLEN

AV No. 261

Leander Mullen was the third child of Levannah and Jerome Mullen.

LOTTIE MULLEN

AV No. 262

Lottie Mullen was the fourth child of Levannah and Jerome Mullen. She married William Hunter.

They have three children as follows: Ray Hunter, AVI, Leroy Hunter, AVI, and Wilma Hunter, AVI. Leroy Hunter enlisted June, 1917 in the Rainbow Division. Mustered out in 1919.

ELSIE MULLEN

AV No. 263

Elsie Mullen is the fifth child of Levannah and Jerome Mullen.

ETHEL MULLEN

AV No. 264

Ethel Mullen is the sixth and youngest child of Levannah and Jerome Mullen.

She married Miller Owens. They have two children, Gladys Owens, AVI, and Lester Owens, AVI.

As I understand it, the family of Levannah Marshall all lived in the neighborhood of Headrick, Iowa. I met a few of them and they are fine types of American citizen.

ELLEN MARSHALL

AIV No. 86

Ellen Marshall is the second daughter of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant. She was born in Ohio February 8, 1843.

She married John Humiston. They are living in Columbus Junction, Iowa. I heard quite a little of Ellen Marshall Humiston before meeting her at her home. She is entirely different from her sister Levannah. She is slim physically, and is lively and active as a girl of twenty. She has the reputation of continually keeping things going. When I met her, I was satisfied that she was fully worthy of the reputation,—a very pleasant lady.

It was at her home that I definitely settled the problem that had been bothering me for a long time in regard to our great grandfather, William Marshall's family. It was in her home that I found the old Bible containing the dates, names, etc., of all of the family, which is copied verbatim in the William Marshall Senior history. I

had put in much time trying to get that record straightened out with Mrs. Rebecca Spaits, with Mrs. Henry Allen and Mrs. Jerome Mullen. It was a fortunate finding, when I found that Bible.

I had but a short time to spare when visiting her, and was not aware that there was a host of the other branches of the family in Columbus Junction when I was there. Had I known it, and taken a day or two's time, I could have added many other relatives to my acquaintance, and doubtless had much more information to record.

John Humiston enlisted and served in the War of the Rebellion in the First Missouri Engineers. After being mustered out of the service he returned to Louisa County where he died in 1918.

The Humistons are parents of five children as follows:

CHARLES HUMISTON

AV No. 265

Charles Humiston, first child of Ellen Marshall and John Humiston, married Cora Van Horn.

They are the parents of five children as follows: Hattie Humiston, AVI, (deceased), left one child Glenn. Glenn Humiston, AVI, married Louise Haitsock. Walter Humiston, AVI, Paul Humiston, AVI, and Harold Humiston, AVI.

LEWIS HUMISTON

AV No. 266

Lewis Humiston was the second child of Ellen Marshall and John Humiston.

EMMA HUMISTON

AV No. 267

Emma Humiston was the third child of Ellen Marshall and John Humiston. She married William Van Horn.

They have four children as follows: Verrel Van Horn, AVI, Bertha Van Horn, AVI, married Lynn Devore and have three children, Ruby Devore, AVII, Lucile Devore, AVII, and Frances Devore, AVII. Bernice Van Horn, AVI, a twin sister of Bertha, married William Warner. Floyd Van Horn, AVI, Dorothy Van Horn, AVI. Verrel Van Horn enlisted February 22, 1918, in Co. 2, 1st Bn. 163rd D. B. He was discharged December 12, 1918. Received his training at Camp Dodge, Iowa. Died November 12, 1921.

OLLIE HUMISTON

AV No. 268

Ollie Humiston is the fourth child of Ellen Marshall and John Humiston. She married Glenn Helmick.

EDNA HUMISTON

AV No. 269

Edna Humiston is the youngest child of Ellen Marshall and John Humiston. She married Carl Grandy. They have three children, Lucile Grandy, AVI, Carl Grandy, AVI and Melvin Grandy, AVI.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

AIV No. 87

Elizabeth Marshall is the third daughter of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant. She was born in Ohio, March 26, 1845.

She was first married to Benjamin Watts, and was married the second time to Samuel Tribble. They live in Louisa County. Their children were as follows.

ADDIE WATTS

AV No. 270

Addie Watts, first daughter of Elizabeth Marshall and Benjamin Watts, married Richard Partington. They have two children as follows: Clyde Partington, AVI, who married Anna Wince; they are the parents of eight children as follows: Helen AVII, Belva, AVII, Mildred, AVII, Ethel, AVII, Ruth, AVII, and Vera Partington, AVII, who married John Dickey and have two children, Viola, AVIII and Verlee, AVIII, Neva Partington, AVII, and Dorothy Partington, AVII, who married Floyd Bolton. They have one child Floyd Bolton, AVIII. Royce Partington, AVI, who married Clara Warner, has one child, Russel Partington, AVII.

JOHN WATTS

AV No. 271

John Watts was the son of Elizabeth Marshall and Benjamin Watts.

ZOLA TRIBLE

AV No. 273

Zola Tribble is the daughter of Elizabeth Marshall and her second husband, Samuel Tribble. She married Edward Finley, and has one daughter Lula Finley, AVI.

BEVE TRIBLE

AV No. 274

Beve Tribble is the son of Elizabeth Marshall and Samuel Tribble. He married Addy Finley. They have three children, Erma Tribble, AVI, Charlie Tribble, AVI, and Helen Tribble, AVI.

BESSIE TRIBLE

AV No. 275

Bessie Tribble is the daughter of Elizabeth Marshall and Samuel Tribble.

She married Charles Brimer. They have one daughter, Nora Brimer, AVI.

BIRDIE TRIBLE

AV No. 276

Birdie Tribble is the daughter of Elizabeth Marshall and Samuel Tribble.

She married Jesse Ives.

JOHN FREEMAN MARSHALL

AIV No. 88

John Freeman Marshall, the second son of Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant was born in Ohio, August 4th, 1847.

He came with his parents to Cairo, Iowa, in 1849 and is living there at the present time, 1922. He married Lunettie Littsey.

John Marshall is one of the ten first cousins of my father that are still living, whom I met in February 1921. He resides in the little old town of Cairo, near where he has lived all his life.

His wife is a very attractive, pleasant woman. She reminded me somewhat of a reputation of Jane Van Brant, her husband's mother. Her hospitality is something that one who visits her will never forget. I was mighty glad to get these two of the few remaining members of the Fourth Generation.

They were the parents of nine children.

NORMAN W. MARSHALL

AV No. 277

Norman W. Marshall is the son of John Freeman and Lunettie Marshall. He married Minnie Biggs. They have three children, Elmer Marshall, AVI, who married Lillian Vollmer. They have one son, Keith Marshall, AVII. Walter Marshall, AVI, who married Myrtle Silverly. He was in the World's War. Cecil Marshall, AVI who was in the World's War, six months over seas.

GEORGE S. MARSHALL

AV No. 278

George S. Marshall was the second son of John Freeman Marshall and Lunettie Marshall. He married Dora Speck.

It was from George S. Marshall in 1909, that I received the first information that I ever had of the Marshall family in Iowa. In February 1921, I went to Wapello where he lives.

George S. Marshall is a fine, upright, clean, manly, fellow. He is a good business man, and is engaged in the automobile business in Wapello, Iowa. He owns one of the best brick buildings in the town. He is a highly respected citizen of that neighborhood. He very kindly drove me all over the country. On our trips for miles and miles, nearly every house we came to, he pointed out as where some of the Marshall descendants lived.

They were the parents of six children, five of whom are living as follows: Verne H. Marshall, AVI, who married Hazel Blunt. He was in the World's War. Russel Marshall, AVI, was in the World's War and is now living at Hollywood, California. Harry O. Marshall, AVI, who is in the United States Army, and at present is at Vancouver, Washington. Ona L. Marshall, AVI, (deceased), Ervie M. Marsall, AVI, and Rex E. Marshall, AVI.

LEWIS A. MARSHALL

AV No. 279

Lewis A. Marshall was the third son of John Freeman and Lunettie Marshall. He married Della Hartman. They were the parents of four children as follows: Floyd Marshall, AVI, who served in the World's War. He married Viola Rice. Lloyd Marshall, AVI (deceased), Beatrice Marshall, AVI, married Henry Arthur. Merritt Marshall, AVI.

BENJAMIN F. MARSHALL

AV No. 280

Benjamin F. Marshall is the fourth son of John Freeman Marshall and Lunettie Marshall. He married Ola Congrove. They had four children as follows: Goldie Marshall, AVI, Lela Marshall, AVI, Leslie Marshall, AVI (deceased), and Ronald Marshall, AVI.

NORA B. MARSHALL

AV No. 281

Nora B. Marshall, fifth child of John Marshall and Lunettie Marshall married C. H. Smith.

They were the parents of five children as follows: Vera Smith, AVI, Harold Smith, AVI, Merle Smith, AVI, Raymond Smith, AVI, and Darwin Smith, AVI.

FRED MARSHALL

AV No. 282

Fred Marshall is the son of John Freeman and Lunettie Marshall.

HARRY O. MARSHALL

(Deceased)

JOSEPHINE MARSHALL

AV No. 284

Josephine Marshall, daughter of John Freeman and Lunettie Marshall, married Bailey Van Horn. They have one child, Miriam Van Horn, AVI.

JOSEPH MARSHALL

AV No. 285

Joseph Marshall is the youngest son of John Freeman and Lunettie Marshall. He married Susan Cody.

REBECCA MARSHALL

AIV No. 89

Rebecca Marshall was the daughter of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant. She was born in Iowa on November 5th, 1849.

She married W. W. Williams. W. W. Williams was in the Iowa Cavalry and served during the entire Civil War. They live in Wapello. She is another of the living first cousins of my father.

They are the parents of two children.

EVERETT WILLIAMS

AV No. 286

Everett Williams is the son of Rebecca Marshall and W. W. Williams. He married Minnie Wince, and they have three children, Roy Williams, AVI, who was in the United States Army; Bernice Williams, AVI, who married Blain Hawkins; and Doris Williams.

BLANCHE WILLIAMS

AV No. 287

Blanche Williams is the daughter of Rebecca Marshall and W. W. Williams. She married Lafayette Hare. They have one daughter, Dorothy, AVI.

LUCY MARSHALL

AIV No. 90

Lucy Marshall was the daughter of Smith and Jane Marshall. She was born May 3, 1852, in Iowa.

She married George Maddux. They have four children as follows.

EDWARD MADDUX

AV No. 288

Edward Maddux was the son of Lucy Marshall and George Maddux. He married Mary Russell and they have three children, Flossie Russell, AVI, Arthur Russell, AVI, and William Russell, AVI.

MAY MADDUX

AV No. 289

May Maddux (deceased), was the daughter of Lucy Marshall and George Maddux. She married Alvin Sellers.

FOREST MADDUX

AV No. 290

Forest Maddux was the son of Lucy Marshall and George Maddux. He married Mary Shupe. Forest Maddux was in the World's War.

ORPHA MADDUX

AV No. 291

Orpha Maddux was the daughter of Lucy Marshall and George Maddux. She married Bud McGill. They have one daughter, Estella McGill, AVI.

SMITH FREEMONT MARSHALL

AIV No. 91

Smith Freemont Marshall was the youngest son of Seth Smith Marshall and Jane Van Brant. He was born September 6, 1856, and died in October 1884.

He married Edith Woodruff, and to them were born two children.

BEUNA MARSHALL

AV No. 292

Beuna Marshall, daughter of Smith Freemont Marshall was married to Jack Hozard.

BERTHA MARSHALL

AV No. 293

Bertha Marshall, daughter of Smith Freeman Marshall died when eighteen years of age.

CHAPTER XVI

CONCLUSION

In beginning this last chapter, for the first time I am undecided as to what to write. It is not for lack of words, or even of ideas. Many incidents and developments of my year's research crowd my mind for expression, and the question is, not what I think, not what has so interested me with my narrow outlook, but what will be of interest to those who will read this book, and not be a waste of printer's ink.

Above and beyond the many interesting individuals and incidents herein recorded, is the thought of the large number of descendants from one son of the original John Marshall. We know he had one other son, and maybe several more. With the thousand or more whom we know, it is interesting to speculate of the many, many others that are a part of the good citizens of this great country, from one end of it to the other.

Another thing that has been of absorbing interest is the finding of so many kindred of whom we never heard, and of whose existence we had no idea.

To me the brightest page of all this was the discovery in my early search of the Freeman Marshall Family, from whom we had not heard for more than sixty years. You recall the forty odd pages of his history further back in these pages.

To appreciate those kin-folks, you should meet them face to face as I have, and among them you would find the best in education, the most consistent culture, profound professional ability, and as much feminine beauty as any family can boast.

That little incident of "Phares" in electrics, resulted in as much interest to me as the Guiding Star did to those Wise Men of the East.

To Fannie Spaits Merwin of that family, we are largely indebted for whatever of credit there is in the completion of this book, since her encouragement, her advice, her patience and good-will have been a constant spur to my activity in its production, besides deleting from it bad breaks and bad grammar.

I wish that every member of the Marshall Family could meet this splendid, industrious, educated woman, her fine Mother of eighty-seven years, and her courageous, beautiful sisters. The Marshalls are notor-

iously a proud set wherever you find them. If you meet these people as I have, you will step just a little higher.

Another family of great interest to me is the Phares Family. My information in this case was more complete.

I knew where they settled in Illinois, but like the Freeman Marshalls, nothing was heard from them for sixty years.

It was comparatively easy to find them, and learn there had been thirteen children, including three pairs of twins. Sarah Marshall was a twin sister to Benjamin Marshall. Her brothers, Robert and James, were twins. Robert had one pair of twin boys, and Freeman had twin boys, all of whom died when small children.

So it seems the twin incident was hereditary.

I was not so fortunate for a time in finding a member of this family who could give as complete a history of the family as I should have liked to have.

The granddaughter, Mrs. C. C. Willmore, of Hebron, Nebraska gave me a very complete record of the whole family, and did her best to supply a history of the family.

Many of her relatives failed to supply her with information, and that they are not mentioned is their fault and not hers. With her family cares, and all, we are thankful for the help she has given to have her family properly recorded.

To William Marshall Phares, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, we are indebted for further and complete information. An item of first importance, mentioned by him will be presented further on in this chapter.

I have met and been acquainted with some of the descendants of all but two of the eleven children of William Marshall. The Phares family is one, and Eliza Marshall Lunbeck, the other. I have no doubt I have seen some of the Phareses and did not know it, since thirty years ago I was about Clinton and Maroa, Illinois, when there were many of them there.

We found our first ancestor of whom we have information, John Marshall, a Quaker, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. His son, William, was born there.

From the shores of Delaware Bay we then traced him over the hills to Frederick County, Maryland, and thence through wondrous views to the pass in the mountains, where the Potomac River makes its way to Washington, which City, the Capital of our country did not exist when he journeyed there. Over the rocky bed of the Potomac he surely passed at Harper's Ferry. Up the steep hills from there, he wended his way to Frederick County, Virginia, thirty miles away.

In the little old court-house at Winchester, we found in the old records, of his marriage to Betsy Cole (Elizabeth Cole), and the bond given with his marriage, one hundred and thirty years ago. There, nine hundred feet above Washington on the wide plateau, between the two mountain ranges, their eyes viewed in the East the beautiful Blue Ridge, and on the West the North Mountains in their majestic magnitude.

From thence, over the Alleghenies and the rivers without bridges, and the hills to Greene County, Ohio. There after a pause, on, still on, over the prairies and Mississippi River to Iowa, his final resting place.

We have located his descendants in many states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and up into the north lands of Canada, and down in the southern states.

We have found them in all the occupations and professions of the country.

We have found them respectable, honest, upright citizens, doing their full share of life's work, wherever they have been, and wherever they are. Not once have we discovered where even one has been a criminal nor has had a door locked upon him. Nor has there been a stain or disgrace left upon the fair escutcheon of the Marshall name by any lineal descendant that has come to our knowledge after all this research and investigation.

Our biographical sketches and mention of many others, may leave an impression to the reader that they were all an easy going people, without the usual elements of human nature, except that many of them lifted themselves by their boot-straps from comparative poverty to affluence and influence.

Never believe it. The history of people for centuries discloses that those of the Quaker Faith are the most dogged in their ways and opinions. In the colonial days they were whipped, fined, stocked, and hung, without a change in their nature.

Our Marshall ancestors including William Sr., were Quakers. Since his time the large majority have been Methodists. When Quakers and Methodists, or any other modern denominations, have gone into the melting pot, and been fused, the result is aggression and nothing less.

Ambition for better or different things has been manifest throughout this family.

There were those of the *artistic temperament*, who with the handicaps of environment and opportunity, strove for years with the brush and palette to produce the elusive masterpiece. There have been others

toiling laboriously and persistently, step by step up the rugged side of the mountain, reaching within one step of the top, only to see *fame* like an angel with wings soar away in space, leaving them with their arms outstretched in vacancy.

And there have been those who, by reason of ill health, adversity, or fate, all beyond their control, have gone to their graves, with broken hearts. And among our women there have been those who have renounced the pleasures of home and family, and consecrated their lives to the good of others by teaching the young, caring for orphans and the sick, furnishing pleasure for others, with no hope of other reward than the glorious conscience of a life well spent.

And almost to a certainty, in each individual family there has been the tragedy of the twenty year old boy, whose heart has been once, twice, or thrice broken to fragments and has wailed, "Life is not worth living." And likely, after a few years when the same boy had been married to the most beautiful and trustful woman of the neighborhood, adventure impelled him to risk his life in swimming a river to make love to a wry and freckled faced goose girl. And since the sojourn on the Potomac there have been brown eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes, and black eyes, (but no green eyes) fixed like stars in their frames of beauty, beneath a canopy of massive, glistening hair of variation in colors, the possession of our women, who are also the descendants of Eve.

If they had not acquired a knowledge for the use of such attributes, intuition has supplied the deficiency, and in exercising their feminine privilege and right, many a gallant swain has been pierced by Cupid's dart and driven to drink or the devil, while the lovely lady serenely went on her way until she met her prince. Reprehensible? Oh no. Men come to women. Women cannot go to men.

The spirit of love and passion starts a conflagration within the hearts of men and women, who are of a red blooded race, that results in both tragedy and comedy.

Our people are of that race, and tragedy and comedy are mile posts all the way from Delaware Bay to the Pacific Ocean wherever they have lived.

I have never known or heard of one of our people, man or woman, who had a jelly-fish countenance or did not have back-bone. Neither have I known of one whose spinal cord was filled with quince juice.

They have always been ready to fight for their own whether it was love, politics, or business.

If I had the knowledge to describe all the scenes the Moon has shone upon for the last one hundred years, where we had representa-

tion, it would take so many sheets of paper that if singly flattened out they would cover the state of Indiana.

SEARCH FOR REVOLUTIONARY WAR ANCESTORS

Among my papers possessed for twelve years, there was a Revolutionary War record attached to one of the ancestors of the descendants of William and Robert Marshall, sons of William Senior, by reason of their marriage to Catherine and Sarah Huffman.

I had been asked by many of our women-folks if they were eligible to the D. A. R's. From the information at hand, I replied they were if the facts necessary could be proven. In my first research for this book I fully investigated, and much to my discomfiture I found no foundation in fact for the information that had been given to me and others.

As I proceeded with my work in September, 1921, I received the sketch of Sarah Marshall Phares and her soldier husband, Samuel C. Phares in Chapter X, by William Marshall Phares, of Muskogee, Oklahoma.

In that it was stated William Cole and Nellie Cole were the parents of Elizabeth Cole, my great grandmother, of whom all the Marshalls are descendants. And that *William Cole was in the Revolutionary War for seven years.*

If you had been preparing this work, and knew the interest of so many patriotic women concerned, you could imagine the jump that statement gave me.

In all the records, I never found a word of those two people. It remained for the member and officer of the Ohio Militia, a member and officer of the Illinois Militia, a soldier of the Mexican War, and a Veteran of the Civil War to recount from patriotic memory to his children and grandchildren the great service of their ancestor in the Revolutionary War. Immediately, I asked for proof of the statement quoted on the record. Letters were sent to the few of the fourth generation still living. Again came supporting evidence from the Phares Family in a copy of the family record, in the possession of the granddaughter, Kate Lafferty, of Eldorado, Kansas.

That record again gave William Cole and Nellie Cole as Sarah Marshall's grandparents, and repeated the statement of William Cole's serving seven years in the Revolutionary War. It was stated that Nellie Cole came to her daughter in Ohio, and died there, and was buried in Ohio.

This was confirmed by Mrs. Henry Allen, (daughter of Benjamin Marshall) then eighty years of age, who remembered of her grandfather's often reciting that "Granny Cole," was gored by a bull and saved by two men from death, and of his turning her over in bed for a long time.

At that stage I was stalled. None of the others had any recollection of the Coles. I made preparations, and on September twenty-sixth, accompanied by my wife, I started in an automobile overland for Ohio, Maryland, Virginia and Washington, to trace William and Nellie Cole.

From that day until October twenty-second, those two names filled my mind and dreams like an unfilled promise to every Cole descendant. From my daughter-in-law in Washington I had received a record showing there had been four William Coles listed in the Virginia Troops and one in the Navy.

In the Adjutant General's office in Washington, I got the records of their service. Two of them were immediately eliminated by their pension records, showing they had served but a short time, together with the names of their families. Two of the other names that I had, was one and the same man who had served six years in the war under General Daniel Morgan in the 7th, 11th and 15th Regiments of the Virginia State Line Troops. The following is a copy of the report furnished by the Adjutant General's office.

WILLIAM COLE

Captain Brady's Company, 11th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Daniel Morgan.

And of Captain George Rice's Company, 11th and 15th Virginia Regiment commanded by Col. John Cropper.

And of Captain Slaughter's Company, 7th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Daniel Morgan.

On rolls May 16, 1777 to May 5, 1779. Date of enlistment not shown but enlisted for three years.

Discharged April 16, 1779. Private.

Roll, Company of 7th Virginia Regiment is a Battalion composed of different Regiments of the Virginia Line commanded by Lt. Col. Posey.

First Roll appears January 1st to April 1st, 1782, and is dated April 1st. Enlisted for five months and four days, and last appear on roll covering April 1st to Sept. 9th, 1782. Enlisted for twenty-one days. Private.

This record in the War office only revealed six years service whereas our tradition said *seven years*. It also lacked the dates and places of enlistments, and did not satisfy me, although the Adjutant remarked he was undoubtedly the man I was looking for, for the reason there was no other served anything like that length of time.

For several days I visited the libraries, the Census office and other government offices for records of William Cole. I was advised to go to Richmond to the State Library for further details.

So for Richmond we were bound. For the most part we passed over a bumpy road and through a miserable, though historic country, for one hundred and forty miles. Although settled for two hundred and fifty years, it had the appearance of a frontier settlement with some dilapidated old buildings instead of the pioneer type. Many bridges and roadways thereto were wide enough for only one machine for quarter mile distances. It consumed a whole day to reach Richmond.

There we explored the wonderful old state capitol building, constructed before the Revolution and designed by Thomas Jefferson. It contains thousands of interesting colonial exhibits, among them, a life size statue of George Washington, approved by him while still living, and placed there in 1790. There are various rooms where historical meetings of Revolutionary and Civil War activity took place. Whole books could be written of these many, many other interesting things. The striking feature to a Northerner, however, is that everything is of the Revolution and the *Confederacy*. Statutes, monuments, and remembrances of Rebel Generals, battles, and accomplishments, but not a vista or reminder of the Union.

The State Library contains thousands upon thousands of books, records, documents and manuscripts of Colonial, Revolutionary, and Civil War periods. There are found more complete records of the Revolution than is possessed in Washington. The librarian of the Archives department brought from the basement for me, written records of tax lists, yellow from one hundred and forty years of existence and covered with accumulated dust.

Answering an apology for his trouble, "Oh no," said he. "I have seventeen thousand documents down there, that have never been opened since I have been here, and it is a delight to get into them."

Here again, the walls are hung with large magnificent portraits, of men and scenes of Revolutionary times, and Confederates, but nothing of the North.

Before leaving Washington, I had wired a library worker in Richmond to search the library for the history of William Cole's War Record.

On the morning following our arrival, by appointment we met Mrs. Johnston at the Library. The results of her search are here given in full:

"Memorandum of William Cole's Enlistment—

He enlisted at James Carters with Capt. Morgan Alexander, February, 1776, and served three years, and he was discharged at Middle Brook by Major Posey.—He was first in Alexander's Company, then Calmes's, then Capt. Long's, then Capt. Slaughter's 11th Virginia Regiment, Lieutenant Barnes his officer.

Second Enlistment was with Capt. Fearn (?) at Winchester a Light Dragoon Captain, January 1, 1780, and he served till he had leave to List in the Navy—then served out his time in the Navy and got a clear discharge, dated April 1783."

From Manuscript known as "Wm. Cole, B. W."

In a volume known as "Saffell's Revolutionary Records" are lists of the officers and privates of Gen. Daniel Morgan's Regiment of Riflemen—William Cole appears on this list as having served as a Private in Capt. Morgan Alexander's Co., No. 2, in March 1777; in Capt. Brady's Company in June, 1777; and in Captain George Rice's Company in November, 1778.

In a series of volumes preserved at the State Library and known as "W. D." are photostat copies of the original manuscripts at the War Department. In W. D., 232, 1, are the pay rolls of Captains Gabriel Long, Abraham Shepherd, Thomas West and William Brady's Companies of the 11th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Daniel Morgan—William Cole appears as having served as a Private for the month of June, 1777, in Capt. Brady's Company; in July, 1777, in Capt. Long's Company; in August, 1777, in Capt. Long's Company, and in October, 1777, in Capt. Brady's Company—for which services he was entitled to the sum of six and two thirds dollars per month.

In W. D., 342, 1, is the pay roll of Capt. George Rice's Company of the 11th and 15th Virginia Regiment of Foot in the Service of the United States, commanded by Lieut. Col. John Cropper and Col. Daniel Morgan—William Cole appears as having served as a Private in this Command for the months of June, July, August, September, October, and November 1778. Said William Cole was sick at Millstone being absent from the Regiment during the months of June and July. This command was at Valley Forge.

In W. D., 159, 1, William Cole appears on the pay roll of Capt. Slaughter's Company of Foot in the Service of the U. S., of the 7th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. Daniel Morgan—He served in this command as a Private from December, 1778, to May 1779—being entitled for said service to the sum of six and two-thirds dollars per month.

In a volume known as "Navy 8," page 35, is a payroll of Mariners and Seamen belonging to the Navy of the State of Virginia, commanded by Commodore James Barron—William Cole appears on this list as having enlisted January 16, 1783—His enlistment being from out of the State's Service.

In a manuscript known as "William Cole, Navy," is this— "This certifies that the bearer hereof, William Cole, a Seaman belonging to this State is discharged from the Service by order of the Governor, he having behaved himself well during his enlistment.

Given under my hand at Hampton the 5th day of April, 1783.

JAMES BARRON, Com.

MILITARY CERTIFICATE.

Book No. 1.

Page 49.

Council Chamber, April 12th, 1783.

I do certify that William Cole is entitled to the proportion of land allowed a Private of the State Cavalry enlisted for the War, for three years service.

BENJ. HARRISON

THOS. MERIWETHER.

A Warrant, No. 319, issued to William Cole, April 12, 1783.

MILITARY CERTIFICATE.

Book No. 2.

Page 246.

No. 4239.

William Cole is entitled to the proportion of land allowed a Private of the State Line for three years service.

Council Chamber, December 13, 1786.

B. RANDOLPH

THOS. MERIWETHER.

A Warrant for one hundred acres issued to William Cole.

December 13, 1786.

I declare the above to be true copies and found as indicated at the State Library, Richmond, Virginia.

October 10, 1921.

REBECCA JOHNSTON.

Amen. In the foregoing certified copy our traditional record is fully proven. The thanks of a patriotic family are due to the memory of the *soldier*, Samuel C. Phares, who taught his children to remember the service of their ancestors to their country.

I believe it gives me more pleasure to write that paragraph than any other in the book. For the reason that this page shall furnish more pride and personal satisfaction to more descendants for many, many years to come, than any other.

We could find no other mention of William Cole at Richmond, except from the tax lists that he was a tax payer in 1802, in Frederick County.

Upon completing our work in the library, we returned to the street where we had parked our automobile. Calamity of calamities. My new grip, containing my clothes, and of all things, the whole manuscript and records of this book, were gone. Gone, stolen in our absence. Not only the labor of myself but of many others. I did not faint but surely went limp. I hadn't felt as much like crying in a good many years. I was beyond swearing, so just grunted.

All we could do was to report it to Police headquarters, place an advertisement, and start back to Washington. Fortunately, I had all the records secured on the trip in my pockets. A happy sequel to this incident was, a day or two after we arrived home, we were notified by the Police Department of Richmond that they had recovered the contents of the bag. In due time, I received it. The thief is welcome to the bag and clothing he kept. I got my cherished papers. Hence this work goes on.

On our way back to Washington, we stopped for a time in the interesting old city of Fredericksburg, Virginia. There viewing Mary Washington's home, where George Washington cut down the cherry tree, which is a well preserved building; visited the Mary Washington tomb; the lodge building where George Washington was made a Mason; the Battlefields; cemeteries; and many historical places of pre-revolutionary and Civil War days.

We visited the Fairfax County Court House, across the Potomac west of Washington, consisting of one room only, where Washington attended Court, still in use, with its walls hung with many portraits of the early heroes. In the Clerk's office, in the detached county office building, we were shown the original wills of both Martha and George Washington that were filed for probate. They were enclosed and sealed under glass, and the case is never permitted to be opened.

In this office we were shown record books of a thousand or more pages, about twenty by twelve inches printed or written by hand, with Old English letters, perfect in form, that had been written two hundred years. They were surely a delight to an engineering mind.

All of our records and traditions are that the Coles, and William Marshall, Senior, lived in Frederick County, Virginia. The foregoing record of William Cole discloses he enlisted the first time at "James Carters" and the second time at Winchester. (The County seat of Frederick Country.)

My problem was to locate this William Cole as our ancestor and that he enlisted *both times* in that County.

So again, in the Willys-Knight, and off for one hundred miles, to Winchester and Frederick County, a name familiar to all the older members of the family and those gone ahead, for one hundred and fifty years.

And herein, we met with a most pleasant surprise. From Frederick, Maryland, in memory imperishable, for Barbara Fritchie's "old gray head," our route pointed first to Harper's Ferry, thence thirty miles to Winchester. All through the mountains and hills we had driven for thousands of miles, viewing wonderful colorful views without productive land or agricultural scenes. A few miles from Frederick, and indeed on over to Winchester the view from the foot-hills of the mountains, over the plateau is the most beautiful agricultural scene it has been my privilege to see. Corn, wheat, fruit orchards by acres and acres, and pasture lands, and all cultivated to the limit. The corn shocks were twelve hills square and as large as any we see in the black prairie land. The land is yellow clay and grows anything. I had to revise my opinion of our forefathers' leaving a poor country for the West. I am now at a loss for a reason for their exodus.

We found Winchester a modern hustling city, with narrow, but congested streets.

The little old court house and detached county office building is more than two hundred years old, but still in use. There in the clerk's office we began our search. The marriage records reached back only to 1780. Therefore there was no record of the marriage of William Cole. But the record of William Marshall and Betsey Cole, married by William Harvey, December 29, 1792, finished my authentic dates in their record.

More than thirty great large order books we ran from end to end, and from them found that "James Carters" was located about five miles from Winchester. This established beyond question that Wil-

liam Cole's first enlistment was in Frederick County as well as his second.

These order books revealed the names of some other Coles, but no William, nor anything connecting them together.

We had now proven the war record of William Cole, of Frederick County, to the satisfaction of myself or that of any reasonable person, and as our ancestor.

We have only proven Nellie Cole as his wife so far by tradition. The lawyers of the family will immediately point out there is not *legal* proof that Nellie Cole was our ancestor, nor that she was the wife of the William Cole of the legal record.

That situation is granted, and I worried my active brain and some of the cells that were dormant in trying to get legal evidence for proof.

The land warrants noted above seemed the solution. So to the General land office we went. After a half day's search, no record had been found where the land had been taken up. The orders were of record all right, but no assignments of land.

We were informed that about all the assignments for the Virginia Line Troops were made in Kentucky. We applied to the Secretary of State of Kentucky and found the number recorded but the same blank as to assigned land. There that ends for the present, but I am not done on that lead yet.

I now had but one source left, that of the tradition of Nellie Cole in Ohio. Weary, both mentally and physically, we started for home with the intention of stopping two or three days in Ohio for that investigation.

After losing two half days on account of mechanical troubles to the profit of the garage men, and the tedious mountain trip, we arrived in Springfield in the evening, well fagged out.

Early the next morning, accompanied by my cousin, Jesse M. Marshall, we went to the old Marshall neighborhood. Searched the Selma, Blocksom and Cedarville Cemeteries for the grave of Nellie Cole without result.

Returning to Springfield near noon, we stopped at the beautiful home of Emma W. Wilson, where I knew rested my only hope of further knowledge. I had written her to search in her records for the information I desired.

She was ready. From a large book nearly three inches thick where for years and years, she had recorded the diary and remembrance of her remarkable mother, Delila Peterson Marshall Wilson, she read to me these words—"Nellie Freeman, mother of Elizabeth Cole, my grandmother, married William Cole. She was born in 1748 in

Wales, died in 1830, and buried at South Charleston, Ohio," and this ended my quest of more than two months.

Gradually failing strength prompted leaving for home at one o'clock without further delay.

On arriving home and consulting my physician, I was ordered home and to sleep for a week.

At the end of the week, I completely collapsed with heart failure. For a time, the finishing of this book seemed not for me. After seven weeks of suspension of labor, it was resumed slowly and I am striving for its completion.

It is forty years since I signed my first contract, and assumed the responsibility of fulfilling its stipulations.

Each year since, there have been others, and some times hundreds, in all running into the thousands.

When a contract was signed, its execution immediately began, and efforts never ceased until completion and acceptance. Sometimes it required but a short time, and at others, the days and weeks and months extended into more than a year.

It is now more than a year since I drew up in my mind and memory the plans and specifications for this record and history. There have been a few extras added to the original since, but not many.

I then made a contract with myself for its performance. From that time to this, not a wakeful hour has passed that some progress was not made.

I believe I have never been under a contract in my life's work,—that of an Engineer and Constructor,—wherein I have felt it more my duty to complete that contract, or been more persistent in its execution, than I have in this one, voluntarily assumed, and with no thought of compensation in money.

In actual practice it is impossible to comply literally and minutely with every technical requirement of a contract. The Courts of last resort have said that if the plans and specifications are substantially complied with, the work should be approved and accepted.

Our work is now completed the best we know how, with our limited knowledge and experience, and you are the Court to decide whether it is worthy of acceptance.

In devoting that which amounts to a year's time and the necessary accompanying expense in the preparation of this tribute to our ancestors, we feel that we have contributed sufficient for us, to their memory.

In Louisa and adjoining counties of Iowa there are today, and

have been for many years, more people related to the Marshalls than to any other family.

Is there not one or more among these many energetic descendants who will take up with the many other well to do relatives, the project of gathering the dust that remains in the old abandoned Slaughter Cemetery at Cairo, Iowa, of our Great-grandfather, William Marshall, Senior, and Elizabeth Cole Marshall, transfer them to the beautiful Fulton Cemetery where three of their sons are buried and have nice monuments, and there erect the largest and most imposing in the cemetery, a fitting monument to their memory, suitably inscribed, that will stand for ages?

With any who will undertake the initiative, we will cheerfully cooperate, and furnish the names and addresses of those who should assist in such a worthy undertaking.

To each reader of these lines, whether in our time or many generations after we are gone, whatever your position in life, or wherever you may be, the Author and Editor wish you happiness, peace, and prosperity.

WALLACE MARSHALL,
Lafayette, Indiana.

FANNIE SPAITS MERWIN,
Manito, Illinois.

POSTSCRIPT

We have just received information from Miss Emma T. Strider, Register General, in Washington, that the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution have accepted the record of William Cole as given in this history, which establishes the right of his descendants to become members of that society.

WALLACE MARSHALL.

May 1, 1922.

APPENDIX

VERSES

("The Bridge Engineer" is the only attempt at versifying by the author.)

THE BRIDGE ENGINEER

I have not "stood on the bridge at midnight,"
Where the tide ebbs and flows,
But I have dreamed of strains and stresses,
That none but the Engineer knows.
I have thought of the moments of inertia,
In sections that would meet the demand
Of a structure to carry in safety,
Over the treacherous miring sand,
All the frivolous confiding people,
Without a single serious thought,
Of the brains that worked at midnight.
And the wonders of science wrought.

I have wrested with angles and secants,
And imagined the human mass,
That might be easily concentrated,
And the danger point to pass.
And often I have wondered
What my position o'er there would be,
If the radius of gyration
In a bridge designed by me,
Should prove to be an error,
And let the structure fall,
Thereby sending a hundred people
To meet their all in all.

I have added to the squares,
And divided by the root,
Have subtracted the reactions,
And didn't care a hoot.
For the glories of the future,
To those who live aright,
Will have a termination
In their pleasure and delight.
The elastic limit of metals,
The finest ever cast,
Is analogous to human tissues,
All the centuries past.

As the Bridge is loaded to its limit,
The members suddenly part,
And the span of life is ended,
With the limit of the heart.
On the site of the old superstructure,
Arises a more beautiful form,
While from the heart that stops its beating,
Rises the Spirit in love-lit morn.

I have circumscribed the circle,
And proved from within its arc,
The secrets of all the universe,
Including Noah's Ark.
With the parallelogram of forces,
And those old instruments of mine,
I could bridge the Atlantic Ocean,
If I only had the time.
With channels, angles and bars,
And Tees and H's and I's,
I could bridge the Battleship Fleet
And replace the Bridge of Sighs.

The square and compass instruments
Are useful tools to me,
For making working drawings,
That workmen need to see.
We are taught to square our actions,
By the square of virtue, sound,
And circumscribe our passions
To keep within due bound.
Metaphysics is the basis,
For our spiritual life, benign,
While solid mathematics anchor
All the structures I design.

Thousands and thousands of men
Have crossed over bridges I planned,
And thousands have come to the Gulf,
That never has yet been spanned.
They have long been pleading with Lazarus,
While slowly scorching their feet,
And praying repeatedly to Abraham,
For surcease and relief from the heat.
And the only consolation received,
If such it may properly be,
Is the solemn injunction that they
Must patiently await there for me.

WALLACE MARSHALL.
Lafayette, Indiana.

July 17, 1921.

POEMS

(The following poems are a few of the many written by our versatile Editor during her many years as an Educator.)

THE LITTLE BROWN ROAD

There's a little brown road that leads over a hill,
A road that is winding and slow,
And it wanders and turns here and there at its will
In the way that such little roads go.
Past a cot near a wood where the shadows lie deep,
Past a school-house that stands by a stream,
It leads on past the church and God's Acre of sleep,
Fading out in the blue like a dream.

As I pass by the cot there's a baby's soft cry,
And a mother voice croons sweet and low,
And I think, while the brown road grows dim to my eye,
Of a mother who sang long ago.
By the school near the stream children shout at their play,
And I pause in my passing to weep.
For the children I knew all are gone far away,
Or beyond by the church lie asleep.

For that little brown road once led out of my youth,
To the future that no man may see,
And the spring-time of life with its beauty and truth,
Has passed into the autumn for me.
And whatever success in the world I have earned,
And the beauty of life I have owed
To the cot, church, and school, and the things that I learned
As I traveled the little brown road.

MY FLAG

(During the World War.)
Red of the prairie rose,
Child of the wind and sun;
Red of the East that glows,
When the new day's begun;
Red of the drops that start,
Drenching his warrior bed,
Warm blood of youth's brave heart!
My flag is barred with red!

White of the northern snows,
Where cold and short the day;
Men face each wind that blows,
Strong in their work and play;
White of the battle's toll,
Dead in the cause of right!
White of the hero's soul!
My flag is barred with white!

Blue of the southern skies,
Where long the days and fair;
Blue of love's waiting eyes,
When spring's breath warms the air;
Blue of the heart of truth,
Where ev'ry pulse beats true!
Staunch heart of hero youth!
My flag is starred in blue!

IN MEMORY

Night, and the purple shades falling,
Earth into soft shadow creeps;
Night bird to night bird is calling—
My baby sleeps!
My baby sleeps!
Joy that no waking hours capture
Through the glad night vigil keeps;
Rest is peace, waking is rapture—
My baby sleeps!
My baby sleeps!

Night, and the blackness is falling,
Rain o'er the sodden field sweeps;
Big gun to big gun is calling!
My soldier sleeps!
My soldier sleeps!
Blood-drenched the field where he's lying,
Death by his side vigil keeps;
Spent, midst the dead and the dying,
My soldier sleeps!
My soldier sleeps!

Night, and the soft purple shadow
Over the white crosses creeps;
Far in some fair alien meadow
My hero sleeps!
My hero sleeps!
God grant some sky may be brighter,
Some heart be glad that now weeps;
God grant some burden be lighter—
My hero sleeps!
My hero sleeps!

YOUR GIFT

(A big boy, seventy-six inches in height and every inch dear, brought me one morning a big box of wild roses. He and they were drenched with dew.)

The flush and glow of spring-time's early morn,
First breath of day on soft sweet zephyr borne,
The scent of earth new-washed with perfumed dew,
The calm of skies so clear heaven's light shines through,
The holy hush of Dawn—Spring's new-born child,—
All these you brought with roses of the wild.

I glory in my reading all the day,
The message that you brought me, writ by May;
The heavy-footed hours may bring dull care,—
'Tis morning in my heart! Dawn lingers there!
The changing year may threaten frost to bring,
Yet in my happy heart 'tis only spring!

Because you brought with roses wild to me
A gift more rare than gold could ever be;
Breath of spring's dawning? Flush of early morn?
Yes, these and more I found in leaf and thorn;
By age undimmed, by time's blight undefiled,
Youth, hope, joy, love, you brought with roses wild!

(This is a rhymed version of a foreword in a little magazine published for teachers by Mrs. Merwin during her work as County Superintendent of Schools. The magazine was named "The Call." The third stanza tells why it was so named.)

THE QUESTION

A sage who'd grown old in the service of men
Wandering forth on a fair April day,
Asked the question he'd asked many times and again
Of a child with the lambkins at play.
The child stopped his play for a moment to hear
The old bell-wether crossing the dell,
As he ran to his play he called back loud and clear,
"Life's a bell! Life's a clear tinkling bell!"

The sage wandered on while the year moved to May,
And afar in his questing he strayed,
Till a youth in the glory of strength crossed his way
With his hand in the hand of a maid.
At the question, the youth, with his eyes all a-dream,
As at music afloat in the air,
Answered low, in a voice like a murmuring stream,
"Life's a song! Life's a song, rich and rare!"

So the year moved along till the mid-summer sun
On the sage in his far questing fell,
Where a soldier who took up his knapsack and gun,
Bade the wife of his bosom farewell.
At the question the soldier, with calm, fearless eyes,
That not hardship nor danger appall,
Gazed afar where the smoke of grim battles arise,
"Life's a call! Life's a clear bugle call!"

But the sage journeyed on, till the long year had sped,
And his footsteps grew weary and slow,
And he met an old man smiling sweet as he led
His old wife by the hand through the snow.
"What is life?" Thus the sage from the weary heart cried;
In a voice that the years could not mar,
With a smile at his wife the old husband replied,
"Life's an echo! An echo afar."

A Song

RIDING THE TRAIL

Gray rags of cloud wiping out the moon's brightness,
Shadows that chase deeper shades o'er the plain,
Night-hawks that sweep past like gulls in their lightness,
Winds billow tall grass like waves on the main;
Over the rise and down through the hollow,
Skirting the aspen grove close by the swale,
Gray roads lead on where the eye cannot follow,—
Riding the home trail! We're riding the trail!

Riding the trail to the best of our findings,
Out of the gray shadow into the blue;
Riding the trail to the best of our findings,
Home-light, and hearth-light, and love-light,
And—You!

Night birds a-weary, their home ways are winging,
Wolf's mating call sounds out startling and shrill;
Swift-footed hours in their passing are bringing
Nearer the love that awaits on the sill;
Home speed the night wand'ers, weary of roaming,
Guiding a course through the maze without fail,—
Hearts that have strayed far from hearth-stones are homing!
Riding the home trail! We're riding the trail!

Riding the trail in all of its windings,
Out of the gray shadow into the blue;
Riding the trail to the best of our findings,
Home-light, and hearth-light, and love-light,
And—You!

(Written for an Armistice Day song for a boys' glee club in a university.)

THE TORCH BEARERS

On Flanders' fields the harvest moon,
Aglow from sunset sky,
Shines soft on scars across earth's breast
Where battle tide rose high.
The earth is wet with kindly dew,
Once drenched with other flood;
The tall grass grows so lush and green!—
Is it fed by our brothers' blood?

The torch was flung to our waiting hands!
Ours to bear it swift and far,
For the guns that rent fair Flanders' fields
On our hearts have left a scar.
Oh, ours is life with its heights to climb,
But theirs was the bitter loss!
And the upward trail leads into light
From the shadow of a Cross!

We caught the torch, and its holy light
Falls far on the trail's advance,
While the hands that lit its flame lie still
Near the shot-scarred heart of France!
There are shadows grim on the upward trail,
Though afar our light is hurled,
Where the shadow of the Flanders' Cross
Lies dark across the world!

The torch was flung to our waiting hands!
Ours to bear it swift and far,
For the guns that rent fair Flanders' fields
On our hearts have left a scar.
Oh, ours is life with its heights to climb,
But theirs was the bitter loss!
And the upward trail leads into light
From the shadow of a Cross!

(This song has been sung by Mrs. Merwin's school children, and others, for many years.)

CHILD DAYS' EVENING HYMN

The ev'ning shades are falling fast,
The night grows still and cold,
The weary cattle are at rest,
The sheep are in the fold;
The stars are watching in the sky,
God's angels watch o'er them,
Just as they did when Jesus lay,
A Babe at Bethlehem.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God holds the worlds within His hands,
His eyes their paths can see,
And yet He stoops to hear the child
Pray at its mother's knee.
He marks the sparrow in its fall,
He guards the babe at rest,
Just as He did when Jesus lay
Upon his mother's breast.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Good-night, God give you peaceful dreams,
And grant you holy rest,
God keep your love within His heart,
Your memory in His breast.
Good-night, and may you sweetly sleep,
Safe kept from harm, I pray,
Just as the Baby Jesus slept
Upon His bed of hay.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

THE MARSHALL HONOR ROLL

The names of those of the Marshall family who have served their country in the hour of need are herein enrolled, for the special honor that rightly belongs to them from every descendant of John Marshall and William Cole.

Revolutionary War

	Page
William Cole	23-24-247

Mexican War

David L. Marshall, AIV No. 35.....	200
Samuel C. Phares	247-248

Civil War

Freeman Marshall, AIV No. 36.....	200
John Marshall, AIV No. 38.....	200
Robert Townsley, AIV No. 5.....	34
Isaac S. Wade, AV No. 17.....	35
Erastus Weaver	43
Robert L. Marshall, AIV No. 16.....	56
Elmer E. Marshall, AV No. 53.....	56
Robert White, AV No. 58.....	62
Dr. William H. Darrow	45
John Sellers	40
Newton Sellers, AV No. 26.....	40-41-54
Chauncey Sellers, AV No. 28.....	40-42
Axam Lamb	41
Joseph E. Wilson	69
William Mills	69
Robert Fulton Marshall, AIV No. 22.....	74
Samuel Clark Marshall, AIV No. 28.....	78
Thomas E. Stewart	156
Henry Clay Phares, AIV No. 74.....	256
S. H. Marshall, AIV No. 31.....	107
William Mills	69
James T. Kegarice	263
William H. Marshall, AIV No. 83.....	273
W. W. Williams	282

Spanish-American War

All Wade, AVI No. 30.....	-----
Dr. Clarence S. Ramsey	80
Harold Marshall Wilson, AVI No. 113.....	80

World War

Charles W. Briggs, AVI No. 70.....	46
Harry D. Allen, AVI No. 71.....	46
John Marshall Davis, AVI No. 80.....	53
Harold Lewis, AVI No. 124.....	70
William Marshall McGinitie, AVI No. 135.....	89
Edward D. McGinitie, AVI No. 136.....	89
W. Paul Westfall, AVI No. 137.....	101
Leslie M. Westfall, AVI No. 138.....	101
Roswell Sawyer, AVI No. 139.....	101
Edgar M. Carver, AVI No. 141.....	102
Harry W. Marshall, AVI No. 145.....	107
Arthur B. Marshall, AVI No. 146.....	107
Alfred L. Marshall, AVI No. 148.....	107
George P. Haywood, Jr., AVI No. 156.....	129
Homer C. Cary, AVI No. 165.....	158
J. R. Wells	203
Jesse R. Holman	81
Wilbur Wilson, AVI No. 112.....	80
Cecil Marshall, AVI No. 402.....	280
Bly Woodward, AVI No. 330.....	267
Forest Thompson, AVI No. 337.....	268
Henry W. Marshall, Jr., ABVI No. 160.....	148
Elton Tindall, AVI	67
J. Marshall Wilson, AVI No. 118.....	81
Robert F. Seelye, AVI No. 97.....	216
Albert Neal Mosier, AVI No. 224.....	221
Day Phares, AVI No. 265.....	252
Lloyd Trummel	257
Louis Sheridan Phares, AV No. 229.....	258
Cecil Lloyd Walters	260
Frederick Phares	261
Leonard Jeffery	265
Sylva D. Thompson, AVI No. 338.....	268
William Marshall, AVI No. 358.....	273
Jesse Fulton, AVI No. 367.....	274
Morris Marshall, AVI No. 371.....	274
Leroy Hunter, AVI No. 383.....	276
Verrel Van Horn, AVI No. 394.....	277
Walter Marshall, AVI No. 411.....	280
Cecil Marshall, AVI No. 412.....	280
Verne H. Marshall, AVI No. 413.....	280
Russell Marshall, AVI No. 414.....	280
Harry O. Marshall, AVI No. 415.....	280
Floyd Marshall, AVI No. 420.....	280
Roy Williams, AVI No. 424.....	282
Forrest Maddox, AV No. 290.....	283
William Archibald Venard, AVI No. 237.....	239
Thomas B. Powell	81
Harry C. Heyl, AVI No. 235.....	231

INDEX

A

Adams, Janet, ABVII N. 169	126
Adams, Leona Haywood.....	125
Adams, Mary Ann, ABVII No. 168	126
Adams, Roy Elder	126
Alden, John	170-176
Alden, Priscilla	169-173
Alden, Sarah	170
Allen, Anne Laura, AV No. 183....	245
Allen, Austin E., AV No. 186.....	245
Allen, Betty, AVI No. 277.....	245
Allen, Charlotte Virginia, AVII No. 34.....	46
Allen, Clara Weaver	46
Allen, Dr. C. V.	46
Allen, Effie A.V. No. 185.....	245
Allen, Elizabeth Marshall	244
Allen, Guy, AVI No. 262.....	244
Allen, H. Burdette, AVII No. 148	244
Allen, Harry D., AVI No. 71.....	46
Allen, Henry, AVI No. 260.....	244
Allen, Henry	244
Allen, Jessie, AV No. 184.....	245
Allen, Lottie, AVI No. 73.....	46
Allen, Lou, AVI No. 261.....	244
Allen, Maud, AVI No. 259.....	244
Allen, Ruth, AVI No. 278.....	245
Allen, William S., AVI No. 72.....	46
Allen, William, AV No. 182.....	244
Anderson, Clair, AVI	63
Anderson, Cora, AVI	64
Anderson, Elizabeth R., AVII.....	64
Anderson, Elizabeth Tindall	63
Anderson, Frederick, AVI	64
Anderson, Jessie, AVI	63
Anderson, John,	63
Anderson, Julia, AVI	64
Anderson, Nellie, AVI	64

B

Babb, Lottie Allen	46
Babb, Miles T.	46
Baldwin, Frank	194
Baldwin, Jane Negley, BVIII No. 33	194
Barnes, Edna Bringham	116
Barnes, Samuel T.	117
Barnes, Samuel T. Jr., ABVII No. 66	117
Benjamin, Clara	35
Bowden, Bonnie	266
Bowden, Evelyn	266

Bowden, Martha Margaret	266
Bowden, Halmond	266
Bowden, Hattie McGraw	266
Bowden, Shon	266
Briggs, Alice, AVII No. 31.....	46
Briggs, Charles W., AVI No. 70..	46
Briggs, E. S.	45
Briggs, Hilton, AVII No. 30.....	46
Briggs, James, AVII No. 33.....	46
Briggs, Lucy Weaver	45
Briggs, Robert, AVII No. 32.....	46
Briggs, Weaver, AVI No. 69.....	45
Bringham, Edna, ABVI No. 151..	116
Bringham, Emma Marshall	114
Bringham, George W.	114
Bringham, Jennie, ABVI No. 149	115
Bringham, Lulu, ABVI No. 150....	116
Brown, Glenn, AVI No. 62.....	43
Brown, LeRoy, AVI No. 61.....	43
Brown, Lloyd, AVI No. 60.....	43
Brown, Pearl, AVI No. 63.....	43
Buell, Bessie, AVII No. 35.....	65
Buell, Frank	65
Buell, Franklin, AVII No. 40.....	65
Buell, Lester, AVII No. 37.....	65
Buell, Mary Miller	65
Buell, Ralph, AVII No. 36.....	65
Buell, Ruth, AVII No. 39.....	65
Buell, Ted, AVII No. 38.....	65
Buffinton, Mary	55
Butler, Alice, AVI	274
Butler, Cora Marshall	273
Butler, Drury	274
Butler, Estella, AVI.....	274
Butler, Ralph	273
Butler, Ralph, AVII.....	274

C

Carington, John	215
Carington, Lucy Sebring	215
Carson, Irene, AVI No. 58	42
Carson, Maud, AVI No. 57	42
Carver, Belle M., AV No. 100....	88-102
Carver, Edgar Marshall, AVI No. 141	102
Cartmell, Olive Negley, BVIII No. 32	194
Cartmell, Thomas	194
Cackley, Sadie Phares	255
Cackley, Thomas W.	255
Chissinger, Ada Mullin	275
Chissinger, Lloyd, AVI	275
Chissinger, Pearl, AVI	275

Chissinger, Willie, AVI	275
Cole, Elizabeth	20-22
Cole, Nellie Freeman	26-247
Cole, William	23-24-247
Collins, Alden, AVI No. 272	245
Collins, Dwane, AVI No. 273.....	245
Collins, Eugene, AVII	64
Collins, Ferrell, AVI No. 271.....	245
Collins, Frank, AVI No. 266.....	245
Collins, Frederick, AVII	64
Collins, Harvey	64
Collins, Henry, AVI No. 274	245
Collins, Jessie Allen	245
Collins, John	245
Collins, John Harvey, AVII	64
Collins, Mary Eleanor, AVII	64
Collins, Mary Lou, AVII No. 152	245
Collins, Marvin, AVII No. 150....	245
Collins, Merle, AVI No. 270	245
Collins, Nellie Anderson	64
Collins, Roy, AVI No. 267	245
Compact, The	174
Cory, Ada Spangler	158
Cory, Amie	158
Cory, Bessie A., AVII	63
Cory, Carl M., AVII	63
Cory, Cecelia Hilcoyne	159
Cory, Clair Anderson	63
Cory, Earl Stewart, AVI No. 164	158
Cory, Esther, AVII	63
Cory, Ethel Stewart	157
Cory, Frances M., AVII	63
Cory, Frank	63
Cory, Helen, AVII	63
Cory, Homer C., AVI No. 165....	158
Cory, John Wilbur	63
Cory, Martha Lucile, AVII No. 81	159
Cory, Mary Lucile, AVII	63
Cory, Mildred J., AVII	63
Cory, Robert	63
Cory, Robert F.	157
Cory, Robert Howard, AVII	63
Cory, Thomas Elder, AVI No. 166	159
Cory, Una L., AVII	63
Cozier, Brunn	193
Cozier, Estella Wright, B VIII No. 27	193
Creswell, Andrew Burdsall, AV No. 139	203
Creswell, Bennoni	202
Creswell, Bertha, AV No. 140....	203
Creswell, Charles C., AV No. 137	202
Creswell, Della, AV No. 136	202
Creswell, Etta L., AV No. 135	202
Creswell, Eva, AV No. 138	203
Creswell, Mary Marshall	202
Creswell, May Alma	202

D

Darrow, Dr. William H.	45
Darrow, Emily Weaver	45
Darrow, Helen, AVII No. 28	45
Darrow, John, AVI No. 68	45
Darrow, William, AVII No. 25....	45
Davis, Ira C.	31
Davis, John Alfred	31
Davis, John Marshall, AVI No. 80	53
Davis, Mary Eloise	31
Davis, Minnie Owens	31
Davis, Minnis Marshall, AV No. 45	53
Davis, Theo	53
Davidson, Ada Kegarice	264
Davidson, Frank C.	264
Davidson, Helen	264
Dawson, Ella Kegarice	263
Dawson, Lucas	263
Dawson, Louise	263
Dawson, William	263
Devore, Frances, AVII	277
Devore, Lucile, AVII	277
Devore, Lynn	277
Devore, Ruby, AVII	277
Ditmars, Lucy	101
Downey, Anna Marshall	53
Downey, Cecil, AVI No. 82	53
Downey, Helen, AVI No. 81	53
Downey, John	53
Downey, John Marshall, AVI No. 84	54
Downey, Thorne, AVI No. 83	54

E

Eddy, Silas	170
Edwards, Jonathon	168
Edwards, Laura, AV No. 196	253
Eldridge, Mercy	170

F

Fenton, Olive Wade	36
Fenton, Samuel	36
Ferguson, Bruce, AVII	64
Ferguson, Julia Anderson	64
Ferguson, Lawrence, AVII	64
Ferguson, Walter	64
Ferguson, Warren, AVII	64
Fields, Effie	33
Fink, Andrew	166
Fink, Glenn E., AVII	166
Fink, Glenna N., AVI	166
Fink, Jesse W., AVI	166
Fink, Minnie Marshall	166
Flatter, Helen Cory	63
Flatter, Joseph, AVIII	63
Flatter, Mary Leah, AVIII.....	63
Flatter, Phylis, AVIII	63
Flatter, Samuel Wayne, AVIII ..	63
Flatter, Virgil Cory, AVIII	63

Flatter, Wayne	63
Foster, Charlotte, AVIII	63
Foster, Mildred Cory	63
Foster, Rev. Ernest	63
Fulton, Frank	274
Fulton, Jesse, AVI	274
Fulton, Mayme Marshall	274
Fulton, Mene, AVI	274

G

Goodhart, Gladys, BIX No. 46	193
Goodhart, Guy, BIX No. 45	193
Goodhart, Jane Wright BVIII No. 19	193
Grandy, Carl	278
Grandy, Carl, AVI	278
Grandy, Edna Humiston	278
Grandy, Lucile, AVI	278
Grandy, Melvin, AVI	278
Gray, Alice Phares	257
Gray, Jesse	257
Gray, Virgil	257
Gray, William	257

H

Hall, Clyde, AV No. 203	254
Hall, Ella, AV No. 199	254
Hall, Elizabeth, AV No. 200	254
Hall, Frank, AV No. 202	254
Hall, Ida, AV No. 198	253
Hall, Lester, AV No. 201	254
Hanna, Gladys Gene AVIII.....	63
Hanna, Robert Cory, AVIII	63
Hanna, Wilson	63
Hardy, Bruce Allen, AVI No. 276	245
Hardy, Effie Allen	245
Hardy, Helen, AVI No. 275	245
Hardy, Rouse	245
Harcoff, Constantine	120
Harcoff, Jane, ABVII No. 67	120
Harcoff, Lila Marshall	120
Hare, Blanche Williams	282
Hare, Dorothy, AVI	282
Hare, Lafayette	282
Harper, Emma Townsley, AV No. 4	32
Harper, Eva	32
Harper, James	32
Harper, Newton	32
Harrison, Charles, AVI	64
Harrison, Grace	64
Harrison, John	64
Harrison, Lloyd, AV No. 248	270
Harrison, Louise, AV No. 249	270
Harrison, May Phares	270
Harrison, Nancy Tindall	64
Harrison, William, AVI	64
Harrison, William Henry	270
Haywood, Enid Carothers	127
Haywood, George P.	121-122

Haywood, George P. Jr., ABVI No. 156	129
Haywood, George P. Third, AB- VII No. 71	130
Haywood, Harris, ABVII No. 72	130
Haywood, Leona, ABVI No. 154..	125
Haywood, Marshall ABVI No. 155	126
Haywood, Marshall, Jr., ABVII No. 70	127
Haywood, Mary Marshall	121
Haywood, Mabel Harris	130
Heyl, Cephas Ryan	232
Heyl, Clarence Walter, AVI No. 233	228
Heyl, Elsie Tucenelda, AVI No. 234	230
Heyl, Etura Venard	227
Heyl, Harry Christian, AVI No. 235	231
Heyl, Helen Grace, AVII No. 143	229
Heyl, Mayme Randolph.....	229
Heyl, William E.	227
Heyl, William Randolph, AVII No. 144	229
Hildreth, John	256
Hildreth, Lorin	256
Hildreth, Margaret	256
Holmes, Bernice, AVII	66
Holmes, Harlan, AVII	66
Holmes, Helen, AVII	66
Holmes, Margaret, AVII	66
Hosier, Ellen N., AVII No. 84.....	167
Hosier, Florence Marshall	167
Hosier, Roy V.	167
Hosier, Robert B., AVII No. 85..	167
Howell, Della, AVI No. 189	214
Howell, Mary Sebring	214
Howell, William E., AVI No. 188	214
Humiston, Charles, AV No. 265..	277
Humiston, Edna, AV No. 269	278
Humiston, Ellen Marshall	276
Humiston, Emma, AV No 267	277
Humiston, Glenn, AVI	277
Humiston, Hattie, AVI	277
Humiston, Harold AVI	277
Humiston, John	276
Humiston, Lewis, AV No. 266.....	277
Humiston, Olive, AV No. 268.....	278
Humiston, Paul, AVI	277
Humiston, Walter, AVI No.	277
Humphrey, Anna Allen	245
Humphrey, James, AVI No. 264....	245
Humphrey, Olive, AVI No. 263....	245
Humphrey, S. A.	245
Humphrey, Steve Allen, AVII No. 149	245
Humphrey, William, AVI No. 265	245
Hunter, Leroy, AVI	276
Hunter, Lottie Mullin	276
Hunter, Ray, AVI	276

Hunter, William	276
Hunter, Wilma, AVI	276

J

Jeffery, Anita	265
Jeffery, Charles	265
Jeffery, Eddie McGraw	265
Jeffery, Leonard	265
Jenkins, Ora Lucile	267

K

Kegarice, Ada Jane, AV No. 223..	264
Kegarice, Catherine, AV No. 220	263
Kegarice, Ella, AV No. 221	263
Kegarice, Jeanette, AV No. 222..	264
Kegarice, Melissa Phares	263
Kegarice, Winnifred, AV No. 224	264
Kelly, Jeanette Kegarice	264
Kelly, Lincoln	264
Kelly, Riley	264
Kelly, Winnifred Phares	264

L

Laing, Robert	58
Lafferty, Alice E., AV No. 247....	270
Lafferty, Eliza Ellen AV No. 244	269
Lafferty, James	269
Lafferty, Juliet Phares	269
Lafferty, Kate, AV No. 246	270
Lafferty, Minnie L., AV No. 245	269
Lamb, Axom	41
Lamb, Lena, AVI No. 38	41
Landaker, Elizabeth Marshall	201
Landaker, Elizabeth, AV No. 130	201
Landaker, Gideon, AV No. 129	201
Landaker, Isaac	201
Landaker, Kenneth, AV No. 132..	201
Landaker, Sarah, AV No. 131.....	201
Lewis, Ella Stewart	70
Lewis, Harold, AVI	70
Lewis, Isaac W.	70
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth....	176
Lott, James	194
Lott, Sarah Negley Seaton, B- VIII No. 36	194
Lunbeck, Andrew, AIV No. 53....	207
Lunbeck, Delila, AIV No. 50	206
Lunbeck, Elizabeth Marshall	205
Lunbeck, Ellen, AIV No. 54	207
Lunbeck, Hannah, AIV No. 51....	207
Lunbeck, Isaac	205
Lunbeck, Isaac, AIV No. 52	207
Lunbeck, John, AIV No. 55.....	208
Lunbeck, Julia Ann. AIV No. 56..	208
Lunbeck, Joseph, AIV No. 49.....	206

Mc

McConaughey, Alvin, A VI No. 282	246
McConaughey, Bessie, AVI No. 281	246
McConaughey, E., AVI No. 279..	246

McConaughey, Linnie Marshall	246
McConaughey, W. S.	246
McConaughey, William, AVI No. 280	246
McArthur, Louise Harrison	270
McArthur, Mary	270
McArthur, William	270
McGill, Bud	283
McGill, Estella, AVI	283
McGill, Orpha Maddux	283
McGinitie, Edward D.	89
McGinitie, Florence Marshall, AV No. 96	89
McGinitie, William Marshall	89
McGraw, Amie Phares	264
McGraw, Eddie Lulu, AV No. 227	265
McGraw, Hattie, AV No. 228.....	266
McGraw, John J., AV No. 225.....	265
McGraw, Leander	264
McGraw, Samuel Phares, AV No. 226	265
McKinley, Albert, AVI No. 39....	41
McKinley, Emma, AVI No. 40....	41
McKinley, Irene Sellers	41
McKinley, Stephen	41
McLaughlin, Rev. Arthur	230
McLaughlin, Elsie Heyl	230
McLaughlin, Shirley Frances A- VII No. 146	230
McLaughlin, Venard Saylor, A- VII No. 145	230
McMillen, Effie	33

M

Maddux, Arthus Russell, AVI	282
Maddux, Edward, AV No. 288	282
Maddux, Flossie Russell, AVI	282
Maddux, Forest, AV No. 290	283
Maddux, George	282
Maddux, Lucy Marshall	282
Maddux, May, AV No. 289	282
Maddux, Orpha, A No. 291.....	283
Maddux, William, AVI	282
Marshall, Adlene Crothers	149
Marshall, Alfred L., AVI No. 148	107
Marshall, Alice, AVI No. 77	53
Marshall, Alice, AV No. 123	200
Marshall, Alice E.	130-131
Marshall, Alpha, AV No. 258	274
Marshall, Alvah, AV No. 33	43
Marshall, Amos Huffman, AIV No. 23	76
Marshall, Ann Eliza, AIV No. 19	69
Marshall, Ann Eliza, AIV No. 62	237
Marshall, Anna Gaudy	149
Marshall, Annie, AV No. 46	53
Marshall, Arming	273
Marshall, Arthur, AV No. 54	56
Marshall, Arthur, AV No. 146	107
Marshall, Austin, AV No. 257.....	274
Marshall, Beatrice, AVI	280

Marshall, Benjamin, AIII No. 9 ..	241	Marshall, Frank, AV No. 44.....	53
Marshall, Benjamin F., AV No.		Marshall, Fred, AV No. 282.....	281
280	281	Marshall, Freeman, AIII No. 8 ..	209
Marshall, Berenice Gillian	154	Marshall, Freeman, AIV No. 36 ..	200
Marshall, Bertha, AV No. 293	283	Marshall, George Linley, A B V	
Marshall, Betty J., AVII No. 86 ..	167	No. 105	117
Marshall, Beuna, AV No. 292	283	Marshall, George Oscar, AV No.	
Marshall, Caroline Sellers	241	143	204
Marshall, Carrie Barber	106	Marshall, George S., AV No.	
Marshall, Catherine Huffman, A		278	13-280
IV No. 26	77	Marshall, George W., AIV No.	
Marshall, Catherine Huffman	68	34	164
Marshall, Cecil, AVI	280	Marshall, Georgia Shocknessy	166
Marshall, Chalmers, AV No. 252..	273	Marshall, Gertrude, AVI No. 144..	106
Marshall, Chalmers, AVI	274	Marshall, Gladys Shannon	135
Marshall, Charles F., AV No. 102	105	Marshall, Goldie, AVI	281
Marshall, Charles Wm., AIV No.		Marshall, Hannah, AIII No. 1.....	28
43	204	Marshall, Hannah Bond	198
Marshall, Clara AVI	274	Marshall, Harold, AVI	274
Marshall, Clara Wade, AV No. 99	101	Marshall, Harry, AVI No. 145 ..	107
Marshall, Cora, AV No. 253	273	Marshall, Harry O., AVI	280
Marshall, Dale, AV	274	Marshall, Harry O	281
Marshall, Daniel, AVI No. 143....	106	Marshall, Hazel Blunt	280
Marshall, Daniel Huffman, AIV		Marshall, Helen Bromm	148
No. 30	102	Marshall, Henry Rakestraw, AIV	
Marshall, David L., AIV No. 35..	200	No. 58	216
Marshall, Delila Ann, AIV No.		Marshall, Henry Wright, ABV	
33	156	No. 109	137
Marshall, Della Hartman	280	Marshall, Henry W. Jr., ABVI	
Marshall, Donald, AVI No. 79.....	53	No. 160	148
Marshall, Dora Speck	280	Marshall, Howard, AV No. 42	53
Marshall, Dorothy, AVI	274	Marshall, Howard, AVI	274
Marshall, Dorothy, AVI No. 78..	53	Marshall, Ida, AV No. 55	56
Marshall, Earl, AV No. 127	200	Marshall, Isaac Walter, AV No.	
Marshall, Edgar H., AVI No. 172	167	142	204
Marshall, Edith Graham	217	Marshall, James. AIII No. 6	198
Marshall, Eleanor, AIII No. 3	58	Marshall, James Edgar, AV No.	
Marshall, Eleanor, AIV No. 15....	54	97	90
Marshall, Eliza Rakestraw	212	Marshall, James H., AIV No. 12..	43
Marshall, Eliza Todd	164	Marshall, Jane Van Brant	272
Marshall, Elizabeth, AIII No. 7..	205	Marshall, Jennie Westfall	94
Marshall, Elizabeth, AIV No. 39..	201	Marshall, Jesse, AV No. 43	53
Marshall, Elizabeth, AIV No. 59..	219	Marshall, Jesse AV No. 256.....	274
Marshall, Elizabeth, AIV No. 66..	243	Marshall, Jesse M. AV No. 121 ..	166
Marshall, Elizabeth, AIV No. 87..	278	Marshall, Jessie Wilson, AIV No.	
Marshall, Elizabeth, Negley, AIV		32	148
No. 24	77	Marshall, John, AI	17
Marshall, Elizabeth Smiley	118	Marshall, John, AIII No. 2.....	37
Marshall, Elmer, AVI	280	Marshall, John, AV No. 122	200
Marshall, Elmer E., AV No. 53....	56	Marshall, John, AIV No. 38	200
Marshall, Ellen, AIV No. 86.....	276	Marshall, John, Chief Justice	11
Marshall, Ellen J., AV No. 98 ..	101	Marshall, John Freeman, AIV	
Marshall, Emily, AIV No. 8	40	No. 88	279
Marshall, Emma A., ABV No. 104	114	Marshall, John Smith, AIV No.	
Marshall, Eugenia, AVI No. 142..	102	14	52
Marshall, Ervie M., AVI	280	Marshall, Joseph, AV No. 285	281
Marshall, Esther, AVI No. 98	56	Marshall, Josephine, AV 284	281
Marshall, Fannie B., AV No. 112	153	Marshall, Julia Ann, AIV No. 57..	213
Marshall, Flora, AV No. 125	200	Marshall, Kate, AV, No. 78	75
Marshall, Florence E., AVI No.		Marshall, Kate, AV No. 156.....	218
170	167	Marshall, Keith, AVII	280
Marshall, Floyd, AVI	280	Marshall, Laura, AV No. 35	43

Marshall, Laura Van Natta.....	137-146	Marshall, Rebecca, AIV No. 89..	281
Marshall, Laveta, AVI No. 75.....	53	Marshall, Rex E., AVI	280
Marshall, Lee, AVI No. 96	56	Marshall, Robert, AIII No. 5	82
Marshall, Lela, AVI	281	Marshall, Robert, AV No. 82	76
Marshall, Leonard, AV No. 126..	200	Marshall, Robert, AVI No. 97.....	56
Marshall, Leslie, AVI	281	Marshall, Robert D., AV No. 95....	89
Marshall, Levannah, AIV No. 85..	275	Marshall, Robert F., AIV No. 22	74
Marshall, Lila V., ABVI No. 153	120	Marshall, Robert F., AVI	76
Marshall, Lillian, AVI	274	Marshall, Robert L. AIV No. 16..	56
Marshall, Lillian Vollmer	280	Marshall, Robert W., AVII No.	
Marshall, Linley Earl, ABVI No.		171	167
152	119	Marshall, Roland AVI	281
Marshall, Linnie, AV No. 187	246	Marshall, Russell, AVI	280
Marshall, Lloyd, AV No. 34.....	43	Marshall, Ruth, AVI No. 76	53
Marshall, Lizzie, AV No. 111	150	Marshall, Ruth, AVI	274
Marshall, Lloyd, AVI	280	Marshall, Ruth E., AVI No. 173..	167
Marshall, Louis A., AV No. 279..	280	Marshall, Samuel Clark, AIV No.	
Marshall, Lucile	273	28	78
Marshall, Lucile, AVI	274	Marshall, Sarah, AIII No. 10	247
Marshall, Lucy, AIV No. 90	282	Marshall, Sarah, AIV No. 63	242
Marshall, Lucy Belle AV No. 100	102	Marshall, Sarah Ann Wright B-	
Marshall, Lunetta Littsey	279	VII No. 9	108-111
Marshall, Martha A., AVII No.		Marshall, Sarah Delila, ABV No.	
87	167	108	135
Marshall, Mary, AVI	274	Marshall, Sarah E., AIV No. 41 ..	201
Marshall, Mary, AVI No. 147.....	107	Marshall, Sarah Huffman	84
Marshall, Mary Ann, AIV No.....	69	Marshall, Seth Smith, AIII No.	
Marshall, Mary Elizabeth, AIV		11	272
No. 13	43	Marshall, Solomon Huffman, AIV	
Marshall, Mary J., AIV No. 42....	201	No. 31	107-170
Marshall, Mary Jane, ABV No.		Marshall, Susannah, AIV No. 40..	201
106	121	Marshall, Thomas Elder, AV No.	
Marshall, Mary Jeanette, AV No.		81	76
141	204	Marshall, Thomas Elder Jr. AVI..	76
Marshall, Mary Newcomb	198	Marshall, Thomas R., Vice-Presi-	
Marshall, Mary Severenes	217	dent	11
Marshall, Matae, AVI	274	Marshall, Verne H., AVI	280
Marshall, May, AV No. 79	75	Marshall, Viola Rice	280
Marshall, Mayne, AV No. 255	274	Marshall, Wallace, AB V No.	
Marshall, Merrit, AVI	280	107	130-171
Marshall, M. Estella, ABVI No.		Marshall, Wallace Leslie, ABVI	
157	131	No. 158	131-133
Marshall, Minnie, AV No. 45	53	Marshall, Walter, AVI	280
Marshall, Minnie L., AV No. 120	166	Marshall, William, AIII	22-26
Marshall, Mirian Kelly	167	Marshall, William AIII No. 4	68
Marshall, Morris, AVI	274	Marshall, William, AIV No. 29 ..	88
Marshall, Morton M., AV No.		Marshall, William, AIV No. 67....	246
101	88-102	Marshall, William, AV No. 254....	274
Marshall, Moses B., AIV No. 37	200	Marshall, William, AVI No. 358..	273
Marshall, Myrtle, AVI No. 59	43	Marshall, William C., AV No. 80..	76
Marshall, Myrtle Silverly	280	Marshall, William C., AVI.....	76
Marshall, Nancy Harper	103	Marshall, William Fleming, AV	
Marshall, Nora B., AV No. 281....	281	No. 114	154
Marshall, Normand W. AV No.		Marshall, William H., AIV No. 83	273
277	280	Marshall, William Haynes AIV	
Marshall, Ola Congrave	281	No. 61	236
Marshall, Ona L., AVI	280	Marshall, William Louis, AV No.	
Marshall, Rachel Fox	273	103	106
Marshall, Ralph, AVI	274	Marshall, William Sr., AII	20
Marshall, Ralph Fayette, AVI No.		Marshall, Winfred, AV No. 83....	76
163	154	Mather, Cotton	168
Marshall, Rebecca, AIV No. 60..	221		

Mather, Increase	168	Mullin, Ethel, AV No. 264	276
Martin, Della Creswell	202	Mullin, Jerome	275
Martin, James	202	Mullin, Levannah Marshall	275
Mattix, Brent	269	Mullin, Leander, AV No. 261	275
Mattix, Gay Fosnaugh	269	Mullin, Lottie, AV No. 262	276
Mattix, Ira	266	Mullin, William	169
Mattix, Margaret	266	N	
Mattix, Margery	269		
Mattix, Vance Vores	266	Negley, Henry	194
Mattix, Wills	269	Negley, John H., BVIII No. 34 ..	194
Meyers, Caroline Whiteley, BVIII		Negley, Mary Jane Wright, BVII	
No. 6	189	No. 8	194
Meyers, Harry Kirby, BIX No. 7	190	Nelson, Amos	170
Meyers, Louise Nelson, BIX No.		Nelson, Betty, AVII	62
8	190	Nelson, Dorothy, AVII	62
Merwin, Fannie Spaits, AV No.		Nelson, George, AVI	62
165	1-14	Nelson, Hazel, AVII	62
Miller, Alfred	61	Nelson, Homer, AVI	62
Miller, Amos J., AVI No. 101	65	Nelson, John	61
Miller, Charles, AVI	61	Nelson, Laura White	61
Miller, Floyd, AVI No. 91	55	Nelson, Pauline, AVII	62
Miller, Fred, AVII No. 43	65	Nelson, Robert, AVI	62
Miller, Helen, AVII No. 48	66	Nelson, Robert Carl, AVII.....	62
Miller, Julia, AVI No. 100	65	Nelson, Warren, AVII	62
Miller, Joseph	55	Neumann, Allie	264
Miller, Lizzie, AVI	61	Neumann, Almira	264
Miller, Lucy, AVII No. 47	66	Neumann, Lynn	264
Miller, Margaret Tindall	64	Neumann, Melissa	264
Miller, Marjir, AVIII	65	Neumann, Sylvia	264
Miller, Mary Anna, AVI No. 99..	65	Neumann, Winnifred Kegarice.....	264
Miller, Mary, AVII No. 46	66	Neuse, Alma A.	47
Miller, Nancy Sellers	55	Newhirter, Elizabeth, AVII No.	
Miller, Rachel, AVII No. 45.....	65	26	45
Miller, Robert, AVIII	65	Newhirter, Elizabeth Sellers	45
Miller, Ruth AVII No. 44	65	Newhirter, Harold, AVII No. 27..	45
Miller, Sara White	61	Nixon, Dean	269
Miller, Stella, AVI No. 102	66	Nixon, Eliza Lafferty	269
Miller, Thomas P.	64	Nixon, Henry L.	269
Mills, Ann Marshall	69	O	
Mills, William	69		
Mills, Delila Peterson, AIV No.		O'Banion, Carle	256
20	69	O'Banion, Clyde	256
Moore, Charles Freemont	135	O'Banion, Effie Phares	256
Moore, Delila Marshall	135	O'Banion, Jennie	256
Moore, Merle Marshall, AB VI		O'Banion, Samuel	256
No. 159	135-136	Ogier, Charles, AVI No. 258	243
Morton, Abram	170	Ogier, Ethel, AVI No. 257	243
Morton, Eugene J.	188	Ogier, Lyman	243
Morton, Eliza Whiteley, BVIII		Ogier, Sarah Tindall	243
No. 3	188	Ottenfeld, Dorothy N., AVII	166
Morton, Johnson	188	Ottenfeld, Walter E.	166
Mosher, Albert Neil, AVI No.		Owens, Elizabeth Townsley, AV	
224	221	No. 2	31
Mosher, Elizabeth Marshall	219	Owens, Ethel Mullin	276
Mosher, Horace C., AV No. 157....	219	Owens, Gladys, AVI	276
Mosher, Irving	221	Owens, John	31
Mosher, John	221	Owens, Lester, AVI	276
Mosher, Smith	219	Owens, Lulu M.	31
Mullin, Ada, AV No. 259.....	275	Owens, Miller	276
Mullin, Alice	169	Owens, Minnie	31
Mullin, Charlie, AV No. 260.....	275	P	
Mullin, Elsie, AV No. 263	276		
		Packham, Alice, BIX No. 82	194

Rankin, Jane, AVII No. 77	152
Rankin, Jesse David, AVI No. 161	151
Rankin, Lizzie Marshall	150
Rankin, Nellie Bragg	152
Rankin, William F.	150
Ray, Emma Phares	250
Ray, Helen, AVI No. 287	250
Ray, Howard	250
Razy, Abram W.	252
Razy, Cecile Phares, AVI No. 284	253
Razy, Edna, AVI No. 283	253
Razy, Ettie Phares	252
Reynolds, Helen Marie	267
Ritchey, Anita	256
Ritchey, Charles	256
Ritchey, Ella Phares	256
Rowe, Frank P.	115
Rowe, Jennie Bringham	115
Royal, Francis E.	36

S

Salmon, G. A.	51
Salmon, Henrietta	40-46
Sampson, Abraham	170
Sampson, Edward	170
Sampson, Henry	169-171
Sampson, James	170
Sampson, Jane	170
Sampson, Joseph	170
Sampson, Sarah	170
Sanders, Bert, AVI No. 253	243
Sanders, Nancy Tindall	243
Sanders, William, AVI No. 254.....	243
Sawyer, Roswell	101
Sawyer, Walter	101
Scanlon, Ruth M., AV	220
Seelye, Robert F., AV No. 197..	216
Sebring, Dolly B., AV No. 151 ..	215
Sebring, Fulcard	215
Sebring, Julia Marshall	213
Sebring, Lincoln A., AV No. 150 ..	215
Sebring, Lucy F., AV No. 149	215
Sebring, Mary E., AV No. 147....	214
Sebring, William H., AV No. 148 ..	215
Sellers, Bertha, AVI No. 93	56
Sellers, Bernice, AVI No. 52	42
Sellers, Bessie, AVI No. 92	56
Sellers, Blanche, AV No. 33.....	42
Sellers, Blanche, AVI No. 49	42
Sellers, Cecil, AVI No. 89.....	54
Sellers, Chauncey, AV No. 28.....	40-42
Sellers, Charles, AVII No. 24	45
Sellers, Charles, AVI No. 95	56
Sellers, Earl, AVI No. 48.....	42
Sellers, Edward, AV No. 48.....	54
Sellers, Eleanor, AVI No. 55	42
Sellers, Ellen, AV No. 32	42
Sellers, Elizabeth	45
Sellers, Eleanor Marshall	54
Sellers, Eleanor, AVI No. 90	55
Sellers, Elsie, AVI No. 43	41

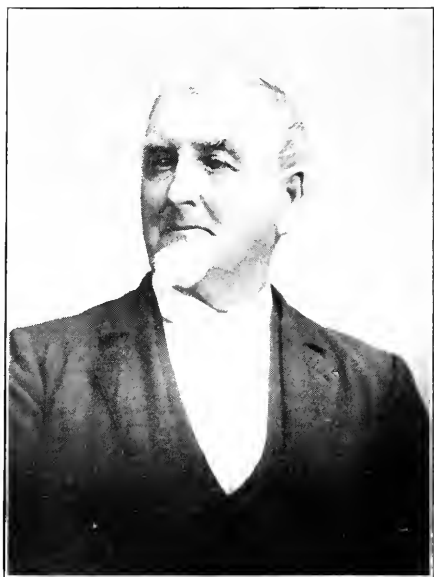
Sellers, Eva, AV No. 145	207
Sellers, Emily, AVI No. 56	42
Sellers, Evan, AV No. 29.....	42
Sellers, Flossie, AVI No. 86	54
Sellers, Frank, AVI No. 65	45
Sellers, George, AVI No. 66	45
Sellers, Gladys, AVI No. 50	42
Sellers, Glenn, AVI No. 54	42
Sellers, Hannah Lunbeck	207
Sellers, Herbert, AVI No. 53	42
Sellers, Homer AVI No. 44	42
Sellers, Irene, AV No. 25	41
Sellers, James Grant, AVI No. 52	56
Sellers, J, AVI No. 94	56
Sellers, John	40
Sellers, John, AV No. 30	42
Sellers, John A.	207
Sellers, June, AVI No. 88	54
Sellers, Lee, AVI No. 45	42
Sellers, Leona, AVI No. 67	45
Sellers, Loretta, AVI No. 47.....	42
Sellers, Mary, AVII No. 21.....	45
Sellers, Mary, AVI No. 42	41
Sellers, Max, AVII No. 25	45
Sellers, Minnie, AVI No. 46	42
Sellers, Morris, AVI No. 4.....	41
Sellers, Murray, AVII No. 23	45
Sellers, Nancy A., AV No. 51	55
Sellers, Nancy, AV No. 24	41
Sellers, Newton, AV No. 26.....	40-41-54
Sellers, Oscar, AV No. 47	54
Sellers, Reese	45
Sellers, Robert, AVI No. 85	54
Sellers, Robert, AV No. 49.....	55
Sellers, Thelma, AVI No. 87	54
Sellers, Wayne, AVI No. 51	42
Sellers, William, AV No. 50	55
Sellers, William, AVII No. 22.....	45
Sellers, William, AV No. 27	41
Sharow, Catherine	170
Shaum, James B.	153
Shaum, James B. Jr., AVII No. 80	153
Shaum, Helen Rankin	153
Shaum, Frances Elizabeth, AVII No. 79	153
Shell, Fred	264
Shell, Helen Davidson	264
Shumacher, Alene	269
Shumacher, Henry W.	269
Shumacher, Julia	269
Shumacher, Minnie Lafferty	269
Sigler, Beth, AVI No. 288.....	251
Sigler, Clarence	251
Sigler, Eliza Phares	251
Sigler, Phares, AVI No. 289	251
Smith, C. H.	281
Smith, Darwin, AVI	281
Smith, Freemont Marshall, AIV No. 91	283

Smith, Harold, AVI	281	Thompson, Steven, AVII No. 18	41
Smith, Merle, AVI	281	Thompson, Susan, AVII No. 19....	41
Smith, Nora Marshall	281	Thompson, Sylva D.	268
Smith, Raymond, AVI	281	Thompson, Will	41
Smith, Vera, AVI	281	Tilley, Edward	169
Snook, Bertha Stewart	164	Tindall, Benjamin, AV No. 173....	242
Snook, Charles G.	164	Tindall, Charles W., AVI	67
Spahr, Delila Townsley, AV No.		Tindall, Charles	63
3	31	Tindall, Eliza Jane, AV No. 172..	242
Spahr, Frank Mason	32	Tindall, Elton, AVI	67
Spahr, Fred Leon	32	Tindall, Elizabeth, AV	63
Spahr, James Leroy	32	Tindall, Frederick, AVI No. 250..	243
Spahr, Jennie Townsley, AV No.		Tindall, Florence, AVI	67
5	32	Tindall, Fred, AV	67
Spahr, Jacob	32	Tindall, Frank, AVII	66
Spahr, Osmond A.	32	Tindall, Fred, AVI	66
Spaits, Fannie, AV No. 165	234	Tindall, Franklin, AVI	66
Spaits, Jacob B.	232	Tindall, Gretchen, AVII	67
Spaits, Jessie, AV No. 167	236	Tindall, John	242
Spaits, Rebecca Marshall	233	Tindall, Josie, AVI No. 247	242
Standish, Alexander	170	Tindall, John Jr., AVI No. 251....	243
Standish, Miles	169-178	Tindall, John, AV	67
Standish, Sarah	170	Tindall, Julia White	63
Stewart, Anna May, AV No. 116	159	Tindall, Lee, AVI No. 255	243
Stewart, Bertha Belle, AV No.		Tindall, Louis, AVI	67
119	164	Tindall, Louis M., AVI	66
Stewart, Caroline Nelson, BVII		Tindall, Louise, AVII	66
No. 4	190	Tindall, Lucy, AVI	66
Stewart, Catherine, AV	74	Tindall, Mary, AVI No. 256	243
Stewart, Chase, AV No. 74	71	Tindall, Marjir, AVI	66
Stewart, Delila Marshall	156	Tindall, Margaret E., AVII	67
Stewart, Edwin Earl, AV No. 118	162	Tindall, Margaret A., AV No. 61..	64
Stewart, Elizabeth, AV No. 76	74	Tindall, Marshall, AVII	66
Stewart, Ella May, AV No. 73	70	Tindall, Nancy, AV No. 176.....	243
Stewart, Emma Gray	162	Tindall, Nancy, AV	64
Stewart, Frank, BVIII No. 7.....	190	Tindall, Nancy	61
Stewart, Lucy Marshall, AV No.		Tindall, Nellie, AVI	67
117	160	Tindall, Nellie, AVI No. 249	243
Stewart, Mary Marshall	70	Tindall, Paul H., AVI	67
Stewart, Marshall, AV No. 72	70	Tindall, Ralph, AVII	67
Stewart, Mary, AV No. 75	74	Tindall, Robert, AV No. 175.....	243
Stewart, Samuel	190	Tindall, Royal, AVI	66
Stewart, Sarah Ethel, AV No. 115	157	Tindall, Sarah Marshall	242
Stewart, Samuel	70	Tindall, Sarah, AV No. 178.....	243
Stewart, Thomas E.	156	Tindall, Thelma E., AVII	67
Stillwell, Catherine Whiteley, B-		Tindall, Thelma, AVII	66
VIII No. 5	188	Tindall, Thomas, AV	66
Stillwell, William T.	188	Tindall, Velma, AVI No. 248	242
T		Tindall, Velma, AVI No. 252	243
Thompson, Bernice, AVII No. 16	41	Tindall, William, AV No. 177.....	243
Thompson, Beulah	268	Tindall, William, AV	66
Thompson, Frederick	268	Tindall, William, AVI	66
Thompson, Freddie Lee	268	Todd, Edith, BIX No. 21 192-195-	196
Thompson, Forest Lee	268	Todd, Edwin S.	186-192
Thompson, Hallie, AVII No. 15	41	Todd, Marietta Wood, BVIII No.	
Thompson, Lee	268	12	191
Thompson, Martha, AVII No. 14	41	Todd, Samuel A.	191
Thompson, Nellie Woodard	268	Townsley, Caroline, AIV No. 6....	35
Thompson, Phares Gay	268	Townsley, Frank, AV No. 7	33
Thompson, Sarah, AVII No. 17....	41	Townsley, Edward, AV No. 133..	201
		Townsley, Fred	33

Townsley, George AIV No. 3	34	Wade, John	35
Townsley, George	34	Wade, Julia Townsley	35
Townsley, Hannah Marshall	28	Wagg, Henry	41
Townsley, Inis	201	Wait, Hannah	170
Townsley, James, AIV No. 1.....	30	Walker, Dee	34
Townsley, John AV No. 1	31	Walters, Alice Marshall ABVII	
Townsley, John	28	No. 73	133
Townsley, Julia, AIV No. 7	35	Walters, Amie Phares	260
Townsley, Mary Jane	34	Walters, Cecil Lloyd	260
Townsley, Robert, AV No. 6	33	Walters, Estella Marshall	133
Townsley, Robert, AIV No. 5	34	Walters, Florence Phares	257
Townsley, Sarah Marshall	201	Walters, Helen Leslie, ABVII	
Townsley, Smith, AIV No. 4	34	No. 74	133
Townsley, William, AIV No. 2....	34	Walters, H. A.	133
Travis, Fannie Marshall	153	Walters, Lela Maud	260
Travis, James E.	153	Walters, Lotus	257
Tribble, Birdie, AV No. 276	279	Walters, Louise Verdetta	260
Tribble, Bessie, Av No. 275	279	Walters, Stella May	260
Tribble, Beve, AV No. 274	279	Walters, Theron	257
Tribble, Zola, AV No. 273.....	279	Walters, Verneille Louise	260
Trummel, Lloyd	257	Walters, Virginia Louise, ABVII	
Trummel, Mabel	257	75	133
Trummel, Milzer	257	Walters, William Marcellus	260
Trummel, Nevada Phares	257	Watson, Jennie Stewart, BVIII	
Trummel, Theron	257	No. 8	190
Tuttle, Florence Wright, BVIII		Watts, Addie, AV No. 270	278
No. 29	193	Watts, Benjamin	278
Tuttle, Jacob	193	Watts, Elizabeth Marshall	278
Tweed, Allen	263	Watts, John, AV No. 271	278
Tweed, Catherine Kegarice	263	Weaver, Clara J., AV No. 39	46
Tweed, Fozie	263	Weaver, Elizabeth, AV No. 36....	45
Tweed, Jessie	263	Weaver, Emily Frances, AV No.	
V		37	45
VanHorn, Bailey	281	Weaver, Erastus	43
VanHorn, Bernice, AVI	277	Weaver, Harry Otis, AV No. 40	26-46
VanHorn, Bertha, AVI	277	Weaver, Henrietta, AV No. 41.....	51
VanHorn, Dorothy, AVI	277	Weaver, Lucy M., AV No. 38	45
VanHorn, Emma Humiston	277	Weaver, May Elizabeth	43
VanHorn, Floyd, AVI	277	Weaver, William O. AVI No. 74	47
VanHorn, Josephine Marshall	281	Wells, Christine, AVI No. 177....	203
VanHorn, Mirian, AVI	281	Wells, Eva Creswell	203
VanHorn, Verle AVI	277	Wells, J. R.	203
VanHorn, William	277	Wells, Mary Frances, AVI No.	
Venard, Ann Marshall	237	178	203
Venard, Charles Elroy, AVI No.		Westfall, Ellen Marshall	101
236	239	Westfall, Harvey	94-96
Venard, Etura, AV No. 163.....	226	Westfall, Leslie M.	101
Venard, Eleanor, AVI No. 238	240	Westfall, W. Paul	101
Venard, George B. McClelland		Westfall, William Mark	101
AV No. 164	266	White, Annie AV No. 60	62
Venard, George W.	237	White, Eleanor Marshall	58
Venard, Harrison	223-224	White, Jessie, AVI	62
Venard, Rebecca Marshall	223	White, John, AIV No. 17.....	61
Venard, William Freeman, AV		White, Julia, AIV No. 18	63
No. 168	238	White, Laura, AV No. 57	61
Venard, William Archibald, AVI		White, Pearl, AVI	62
No. 237	239	White, Ray, AVI	62
W		White, Robert, AV No. 58	62
Wade, Francis E.	36	White, Rosco, AVI	62
Wade, Isaac	35	White, Sarah Ellen, AV No. 56..	61
		White, William	58

White, William, AV No. 59	59	Wilson, Louise, AVII No. 59	80
Whiteley, Amos, BVIII No. 2	185	Wilson, Lucile, AVI No. 116.....	81
Whiteley, Andrew	183	Wilson, Lorena M. AVI No. 121	81
Whiteley, Bert, BIX No. 2	187	Wilson, Marshall, AVII No. 58....	80
Whiteley, Elmer BIX No. 3	187	Wilson, Marshall, AVI No. 118.....	81
Whiteley, James, BVIII No. 4....	187	Wilson, Mary A., AVI No. 120....	81
Whiteley, Nancy Nelson, BVII No. 2	183	Wilson, Raymond Marshall, AVII No. 60	80
Whiteley, William N., BVIII No. 1	183	Wilson, Rachel, AVII No. 55.....	80
Willmore, Arthur	268	Wilson, Sarah, AVII No. 53.....	80
Willmore, Belle, AV No. 239.....	34	Wilson, Wilbur Clark, AVI No. 112	80
Willmore, Charles Curtis	267	Wilson, William Marshall, AV No. 70	81
Willmore, Helen Woodward	268	Winslow, Hugh B. AVI No. 123..	81
Willmore, Kenneth Burdette	268	Wood, Rhoda Morton, BVII No. 5	191
Willmore, Ruth	268	Wood, Thomas Smith	191
Willmore, Ruby	268	Woodard, Arta, AVII No. 51.....	66
Willmore, Sarah Woodward	267	Woodard, Cora, AVII No. 41.....	65
Willmore, Tilford	268	Woodard, Florence, AVII No. 49	66
Willmore, Wanda	268	Woodard, Frank	65-66
Willmore, Velma	268	Woodard, Julia Miller	65
Willmore, Zelma	268	Woodard, Ralph, AVII No. 42	65
Williams, Blanche, AV No. 287..	282	Woodard, Sarah, AVII No. 50.....	66
Williams, Bernice, AVI	282	Woodard, Bernice	269
Williams, Doris	282	Woodard, Blye LaVerne	267
Williams, Everett, AV No. 286	282	Woodard, Fred Oliver	266
Williams, Rebecca Marshall	282	Woodard, Frances Free	266-267
Williams, Roy, AVI	282	Woodard, Helen Maud	266
Williams, W. W.	282	Woodard, Helen Audrey	267
Williamson, Clarence Frederick, AVIII	63	Woodard, Helen Maude, AV 240	268
Williamson, Frances Gene, A- VIII	63	Woodard, John P.	266
Williamson, Fred W	63	Woodard, John J.	266
Williamson, Marie Anderson A- VIII	63	Woodard, John J., AV No. 242..	268
Williamson, Una Cory	63	Woodard, Lloyd Esal	267
Wilson, Arthur, AVI No. 114	81	Woodard, Margaret Phares	266
Wilson, Charles K.	80	Woodard, Martha May	267
Wilson, David P.	77	Woodard, Nellie Blanche	266
Wilson, Delila Peterson	69	Woodard, Nellie Blanche, AV No. 241	268
Wilson, Della Elizabeth, AVI No. 111	80	Woodard, Oletta	269
Wilson, Della, AVI No. 119.....	81	Woodard, Olive Belle	267
Wilson, Emma W. AV No. 68....	80	Woodard, Opal Fern	267
Wilson, Elizabeth, AVII No. 52..	80	Woodard, Roberta	267
Wilson, Frances Gertrude, AVII No. 57	80	Woodard, Sarah Isabelle	266
Wilson, Frank E. AV No. 69.....	81	Woodard, Sarah Isabelle, AV No. 239	267
Wilson, Gertrude H., AVI No. 122	81	Wright, Benjamin F. BVII No. 7	193
Wilson, Hannah, AVII No. 54....	80	Wright, John	170
Wilson, Harold Marshall, AVI No. 113	80	Wright, Otho, BVIII No. 26	192
Wilson, Hannah P., AV No. 71....	81	Wright, Phoebe Negley	192
Wilson, Joseph E.	69	Wright, Sarah Ann, BVII No. 9	170-194
Wilson, Joseph Wright, AVI No. 117	81	Wright, Thomas, BVII No. 6	192
Wilson, Kate E., AVI No. 115.....	81	Wright, Thomas L., BVIII No. 31	193
		Wykert, Henry, AVI No. 64	43
		Wykert, John S.	43

FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS



JAMES TOWNSLEY
A IV No. 1
Cedarville, Ohio



JENNIE TOWNSLEY SPAHR
A V No. 5
Xenia, Ohio



OLIVE (WADE) FENTON
A V No. 18
Pine Village, Ind.



FRED LEON SPAHR
A VI No. 12
Xenia, Ohio



ISAAC S. WADE
A V No. 17
LaFayette, Ind.



MRS ISAAC S. WADE
LaFayette, Ind.



MRS GEORGE (WADE) PREMMER
A VI No. 22
Chicago, Illinois



JOHN BIDWELL WADE
A VI No. 23
LaFayette, Ind.



CLAUD R. WADE
A VI No. 21
Bakersfield, Cal.



MRS. MYRTLE WADE (SILLERS)
EDDIE
A VI No. 20
Los Angeles, Cal.



SAMUEL C. FENTON
A VI No. 24
Pine Village, Ind.



MAXINE EBERLE
A VII No. 10
Whiting, Ind.



JOHN MARSHALL
A III No. 2
Cairo, Iowa



NANCY (HAYS) MARSHALL
Cairo, Iowa



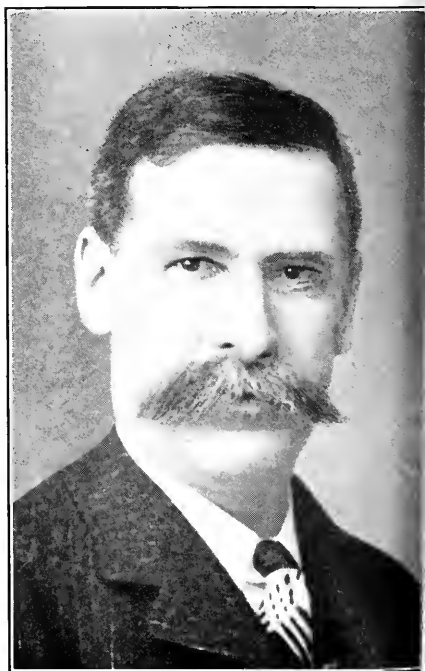
HARRY O. WEAVER
A V No. 40
Wapello, Iowa



CATHERINE (HUFFMAN)
MARSHALL
Wife of William Marshall
A III No. 4
Selma, Ohio



CHASE STEWART
A. V. No. 74
Springfield, Ohio



WILLIAM MARSHALL WILSON
A V No. 70
Airdrie, Alberta, Canada



SARAH (HUFFMAN) MARSHALL
 Clifton, Ohio
 Wife of Robert Marshall
 A III No. 5
 (Author's Grandparents)



WILLIAM MARSHALL AND WIFE
 A IV No. 29
 Montmorenci, Indiana



ROBERT D. MARSHALL
A V No. 95
Montmorenci, Ind.



FLORENCE (MARSHALL)
McGINITIE
A V No. 96
Seattle, Washington



EDWARD D. McGINITIE
A VI No. 136
Grand View, Washington



MARSHALL McGINITIE
A VI No. 135
Seattle, Washington



JAMES EDGAR MARSHALL
A V No. 97
Montmorency, Ind.



ELLEN (MARSHALL) WESTFALL
A V No. 98
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



WILLIAM MARK WESTFALL
Oklahoma City, Okla.



W. PAUL WESTFALL
A VI No. 137
Oklahoma City, Okla.



DR. LESLIE M. WESTFALL
A VI No. 138
Oklahoma City, Okla.



CLARA (MARSHALL) SAWYER
A V No. 99
Brooklyn, New York



LUCY (SAWYER) DITMARS
A VI No. 140
Brooklyn, New York



BELLE (MARSHALL) CARVER
A V No. 100
Greencastle, Ind.



ROSWELL K. SAWYER
A VI No. 139
Brooklyn, New York



EDGAR MARSHALL CARVER
A VI No. 141
South Bend, Ind.



MORRIS MORTON MARSHALL
A V No. 101
Greencastle, Ind.



MRS. MORRIS MORTON MARSHALL
Greencastle, Ind.



DANIEL HUFFMAN MARSHALL
A IV No. 30
Cedarville, Ohio



MRS. DANIEL H. MARSHALL
Cedarville, Ohio



CHARLES F. MARSHALL
A V No. 102
Cedarville, Ohio



WILLIAM L. MARSHALL
A V No. 103
Columbus, Ohio



MR. AND MRS. SOLOMON HUFFMAN MARSHALL
(Taken soon after their marriage in 1851)



SOLOMON HUFFMAN MARSHALL
A IV No. 31
Montmorenci, Ind.



SARAH ANN (WRIGHT) MARSHALL
B VII No. 9
Montmorenci, Ind.

(The Author's Parents)



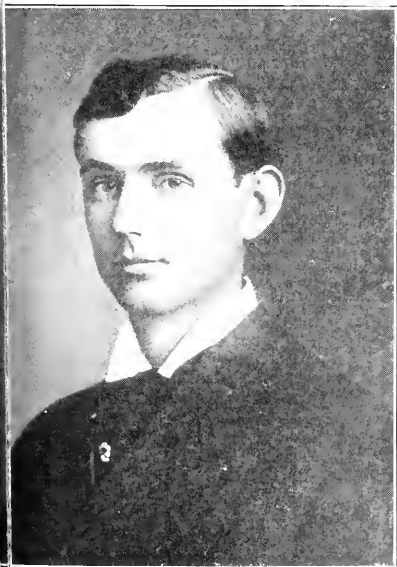
EDNA (BRINGHAM) BARNES
AB VI No. 152
Montmorenci, Ind.



GEORGE L. MARSHALL
AB V No. 105
LaFayette, Indiana



MRS. GEORGE L. MARSHALL
LaFayette, Indiana
LYLA V. (MARSHALL) HARCOFF
AB VI No. 153



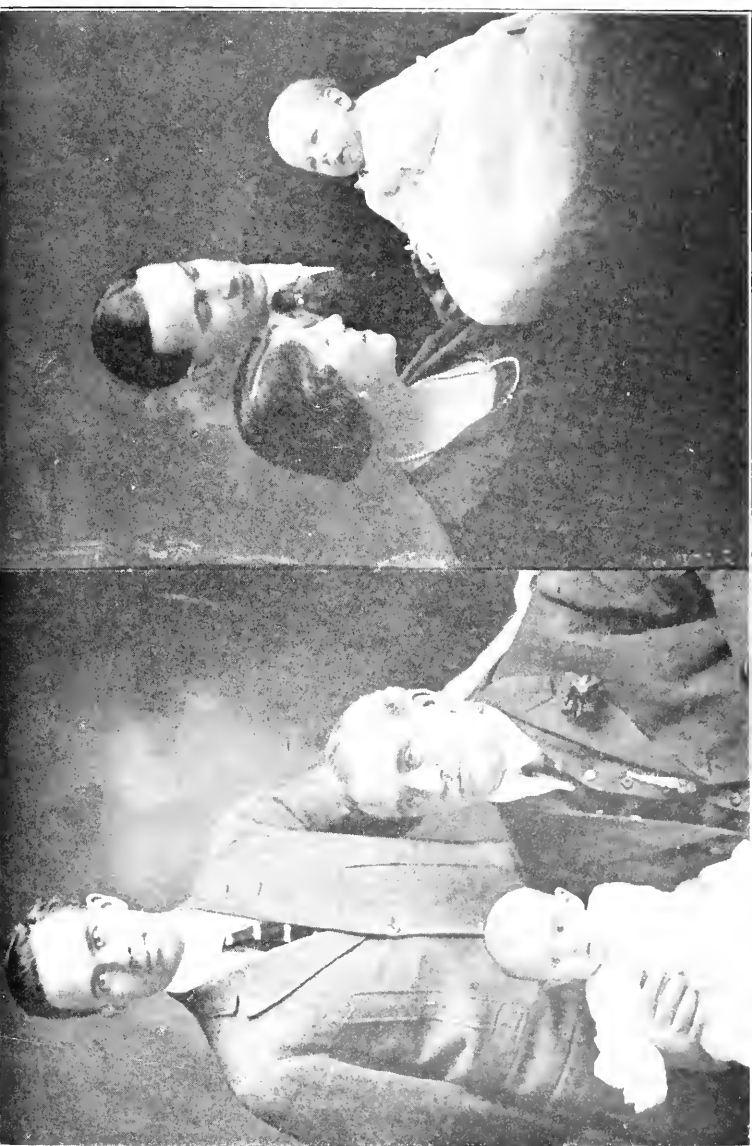
LINLEY EARL MARSHALL
AB V No. 152
LaFayette, Ind.



JANE HARCOFF
AB VII No. 67
Chicago, Ill.



MARY J. (MARSHALL) HAYWOOD
AB V No. 105
LaFayette, Ind.



George Price Haywood; Marshall E. Haywood, AB VI No. 155; Marshall Haywood, Jr.,
AB VII No. 70; George P. Haywood, Jr., AB VI No. 156; Mrs. George P.
Haywood, Jr.; George P. Haywood III, AB VII No. 71.
LaFayette, Indiana



LEONA (HAYWOOD) ADAMS
AB VI No. 154
JANET HAYWOOD ADAMS
AB VII No. 69
Indianapolis, Ind.



MRS. MARSHALL E. HAYWOOD AND
MARSHALL E. HAYWOOD, JR.
AB VII No. 70
LaFayette, Ind.



MARY ANNE ADAMS
AB VII No. 68
JANET HAYWOOD ADAMS
AB VII No. 69
Indianapolis, Ind.



This picture is of an alcove in the home of Mary Marhsall Haywood, furnished with thin inherited from Mother Sarah Ann Wright Marshall—the bureau and mirror with which s went to housekeeping in 1851, her sewing chair and straight chair, fifty years old. The bra candlestick was brought from England by Grandfather Wright in 1820. It had belonged to l grandfather. The “Rose of Sharon” quilt was made by Mother in 1851. The red, white a blue coverlet was woven by Grandmother Marshall Harper. The pictures are of five generation No. 1, a daguerreotype of Sarah Huffman Marshall; No. 2, Sarah Ann Wright Marsha No. 3, Mary Jane Marshall Haywood; No. 4, Leona Haywood Adams; No. 5, Janet Haywo Adams.



ESTELLE (MARSHALL) WALTERS
AB VI No. 157
LaFayette, Indiana



HARRY A. WALTERS
LaFayette, Indiana



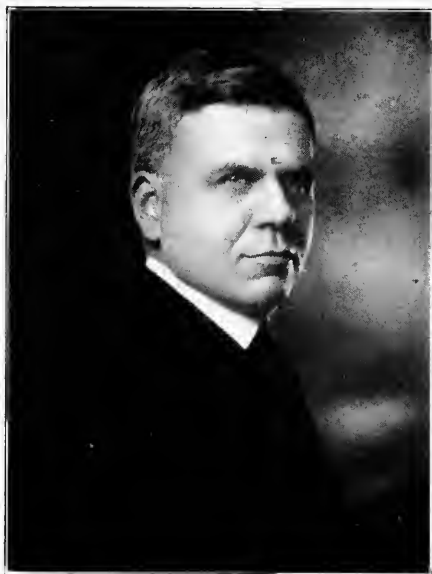
ALICE MARSHALL WALTERS
AB VII No. 73
HELEN LESLIE WALTERS
AB VII No. 74
LaFayette, Ind.



VIRGINIA LUCILE WALTERS
AB VII No. 75
LaFayette, Ind.



MERL MARSHALL MOORE
AB VI No. 159
Racine, Wisconsin



WALLACE LESLIE MARSHALL
AB VI No. 158
Washington, D. C.



MRS. W. LESLIE MARSHALL
Washington, D. C.



HENRY W. MARSHALL
ABA No. 109



MRS. HENRY W. MARSHALL

LaFayette, Ind.



HENRY W. MARSHALL, JR.
AB VI No. 160

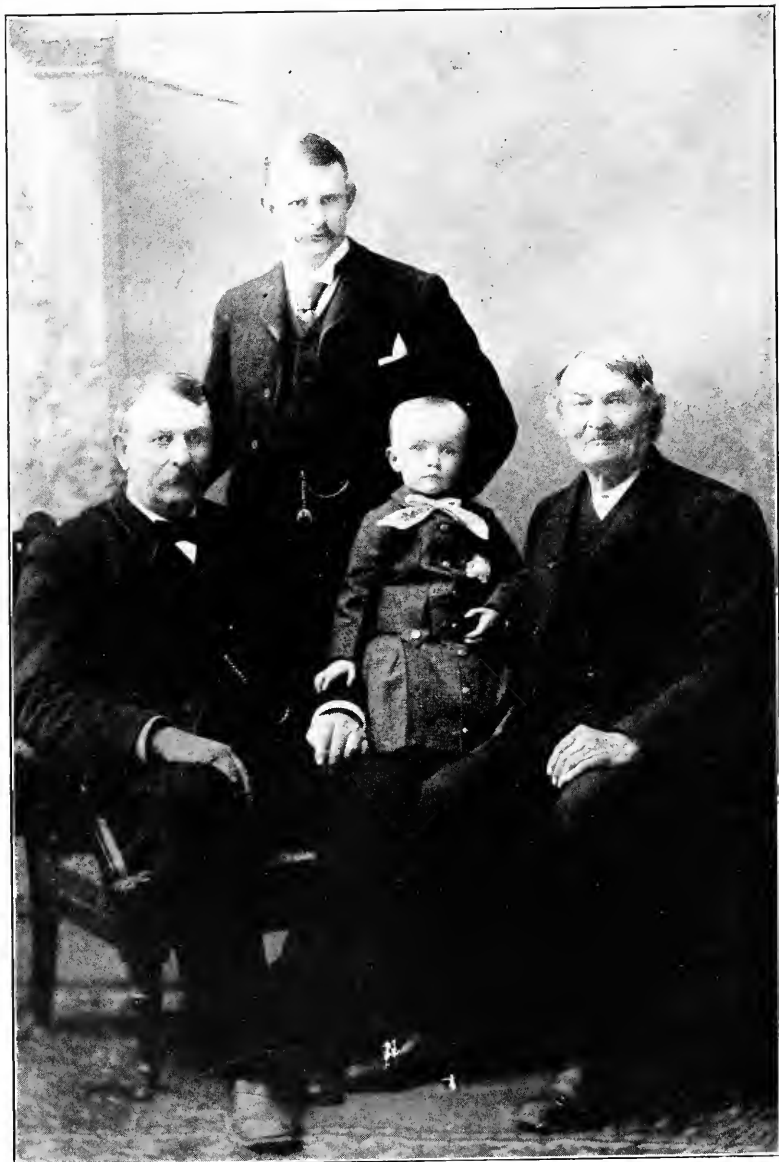


MRS. HENRY W. MARSHALL, JR.

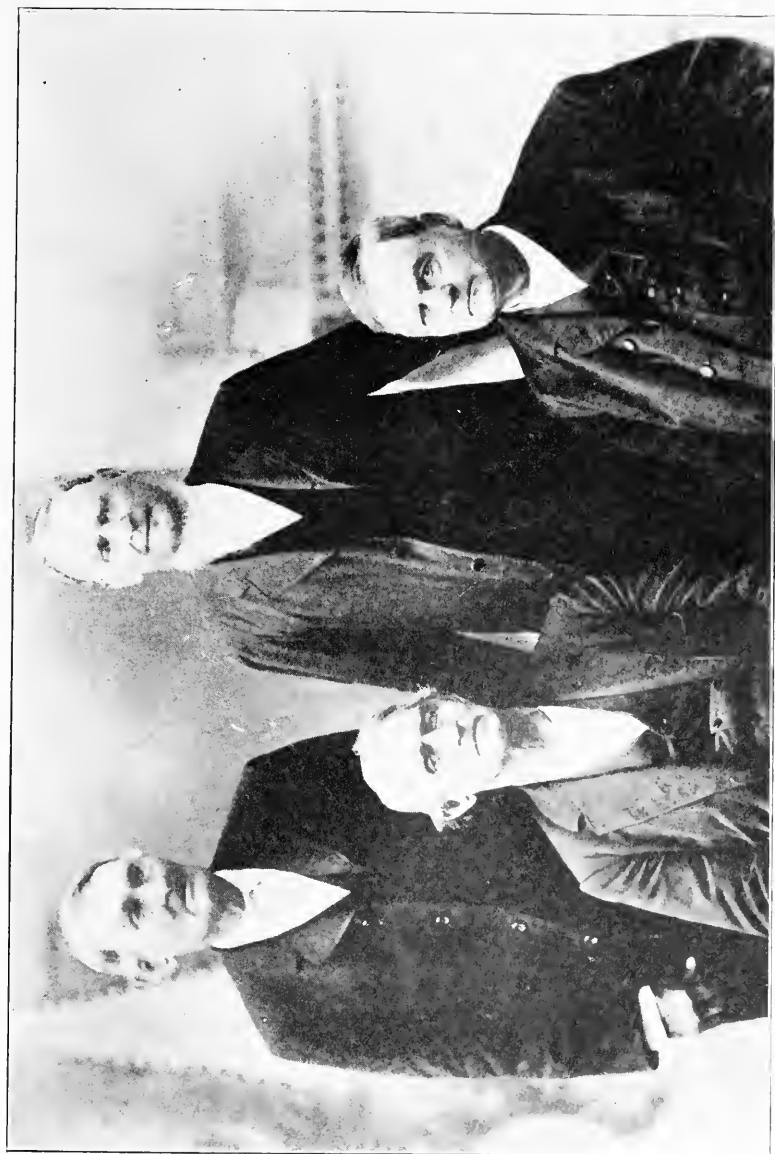
LaFayette, Ind.



NANCY CATHERINE (NELSON) WHITELEY
B VII No. 2
(The Author's Aunt Nancy)
Springfield, Ohio



Uncle Andrew Whiteley; Amos Whiteley, B VIII No. 2; Bert Whiteley,
B IX No. 2; Amos Whiteley, Jr., B X No. 1
Springfield, Ohio
Muncie, Indiana



The Whiteley Brothers—Including "Father" Andrew Whiteley, and his three brothers,
"Almer," "William," and "Joseph,"
Springfield, Ohio



WILLIAM N. WHITELEY
B VIII No. 1
Springfield, Ohio



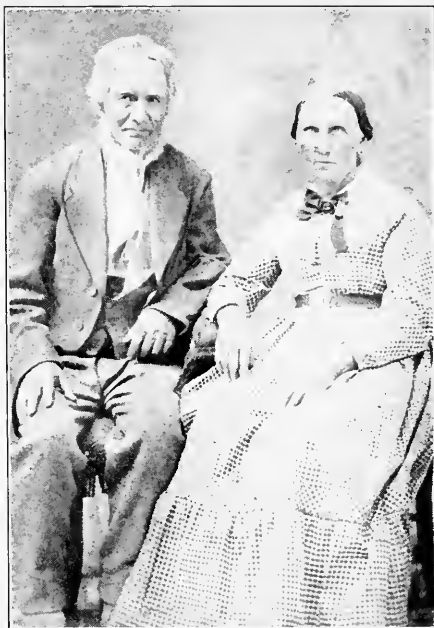
AMOS WHITELEY
B VII No. 2
Muncie, Ind.



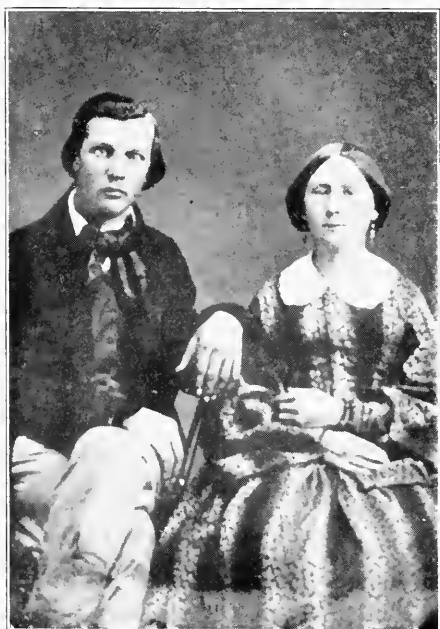
CARRIE WHITELEY MYERS
B VII No. 6
ROBERT K. AUSTIN (Grandson)
B X No. 2
Springfield, Ohio



LOUISE (MYERS) HATCH
B IX No. 8
Birmingham, Mich.



RHODA ANN (MORTON) WOOD
B VII No. 5
THOMAS SMITH WOOD
Springfield, Ohio



MARIETTA (WOOD) TODD
B VIII No. 12
SAMUEL A. TODD
Springfield, Ohio



EDWIN S. TODD
B IX No. 20
Oxford, Ohio



BENJAMIN F. WRIGHT
B VII No. 7
Springfield, Ohio



MARY J. (WRIGHT) NEGLEY
B VII No. 8
Springfield, Ohio



JOHN H. NEGLEY
B VIII No. 34
Detroit, Michigan



SARAH NEGLEY (SEATON) LOTT
B VIII No. 36
Springfield, Ohio



THOMAS L. WRIGHT
B VIII No. 31
Springfield, Ohio



MRS. THOMAS L. WRIGHT
Springfield, Ohio



JESSE WILSON MARSHALL
A IV No. 32
Tarkio, Missouri



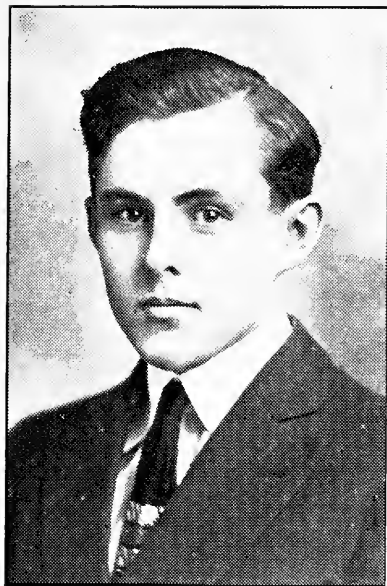
MRS. JESSE W. MARSHALL
Tarkio, Missouri



WILLIAM F. MARSHALL
A V No. 114
Tarkio, Missouri



MRS. WILLIAM F. MARSHALL
Tarkio, Missouri



RALPH G. MARSHALL
A VI No. 163
Tarkio, Missouri



HOMER C. CORY
A V No. 165
Springfield, Ohio



THOMAS E. STEWART
Clifton, Ohio



DELILA (MARSHALL) STEWART
A IV No. 33
Clifton, Ohio



ANNA MAY STEWART
A V No. 116
Xenia, Ohio



LUCY MARSHALL STEWART
A V No. 117
Akron, Ohio



EDWIN EARL STEWART
A V No. 118
Ironton, Ohio



MRS. EDWIN EARL STEWART
ELIZA ANN STEWART
A VI No. 167
Ironton, Ohio



Left to right—Edgar H. Marshall (A VI No. 172); Florence (Marshall) Hosier (A VI No. 170); Mrs. Jesse W. Marshall; Robert W. Marshall (A VI No. 171); Jesse W. Marshall (A V No. 121); Ellen Ruth Marshall (A VI No. 173);

Springfield, Ohio



JAMES MARSHALL
A III No. 6
Cedarville, Ohio



MARY (MARSHALL) CRESWELL
A IV No. 12
Cedarville, Ohio



BERTHA CRESWELL
A V No. 140
Mingo Junction, Ohio



JOHN HERMAN RANDALL
A VI No. 175
London, Ohio



ELIZABETH (MARSHALL)
LUNBECK
A III No. 7
Cairo, Iowa



FREEMAN MARSHALL
A III No. 8
Havana, Illinois



JULIA ANN (MARSHALL) SEBRING
A IV No. 57
Havana, Illinois



ELIZABETH (MARSHALL) MOSIER
A IV No. 59
Galesburg, Illinois



HENRY MARSHALL AND EDITH PAGE MARSHALL
A IV No. 58
Havana, Illinois



REBECCA MARSHALL (VEXARD)
SPATTS
A IV No. 60
Manito, Illinois



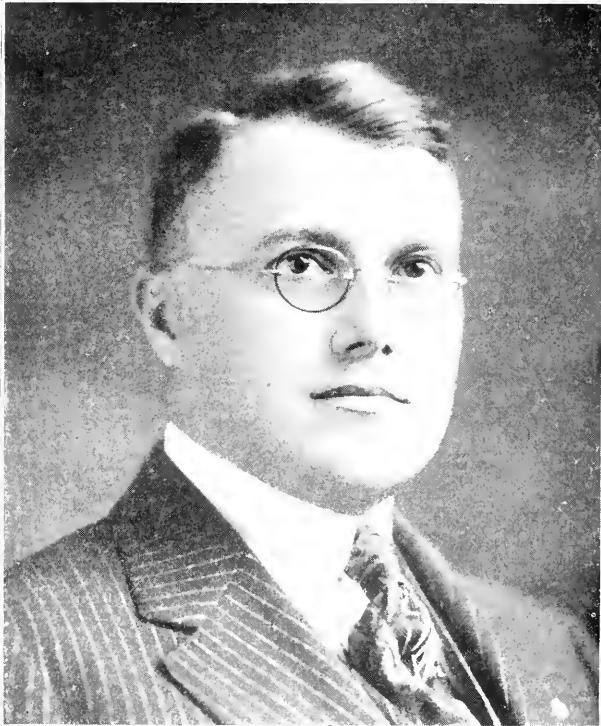
SHIRLEY FRANCES McLAUGHLIN
A VII No. 146
(Great granddaughter)
Peoria, Illinois



ETURA (VENARD) HEYL
A V No. 163
Peoria, Ill.



WILLIAM E. HEYL
(husband)
Peoria, Ill.



CLARENCE WALTER HEYL
A VI No. 233
Peoria, Illinois



MRS. CLARENCE WALTER HEYL
Peoria, Ill.



HELEN GRACE HEYL
A VII No. 113
Peoria, Ill.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEYL
A VII No. 114
Peoria, Ill.



ELSIE HEYL McLAUGHLIN
 A VI No. 234
 VENARD SAYLOR McLAUGHLIN
 A VII No. 145
 SHIRLEY FRANCIS McLAUGHLIN
 A VII No. 146

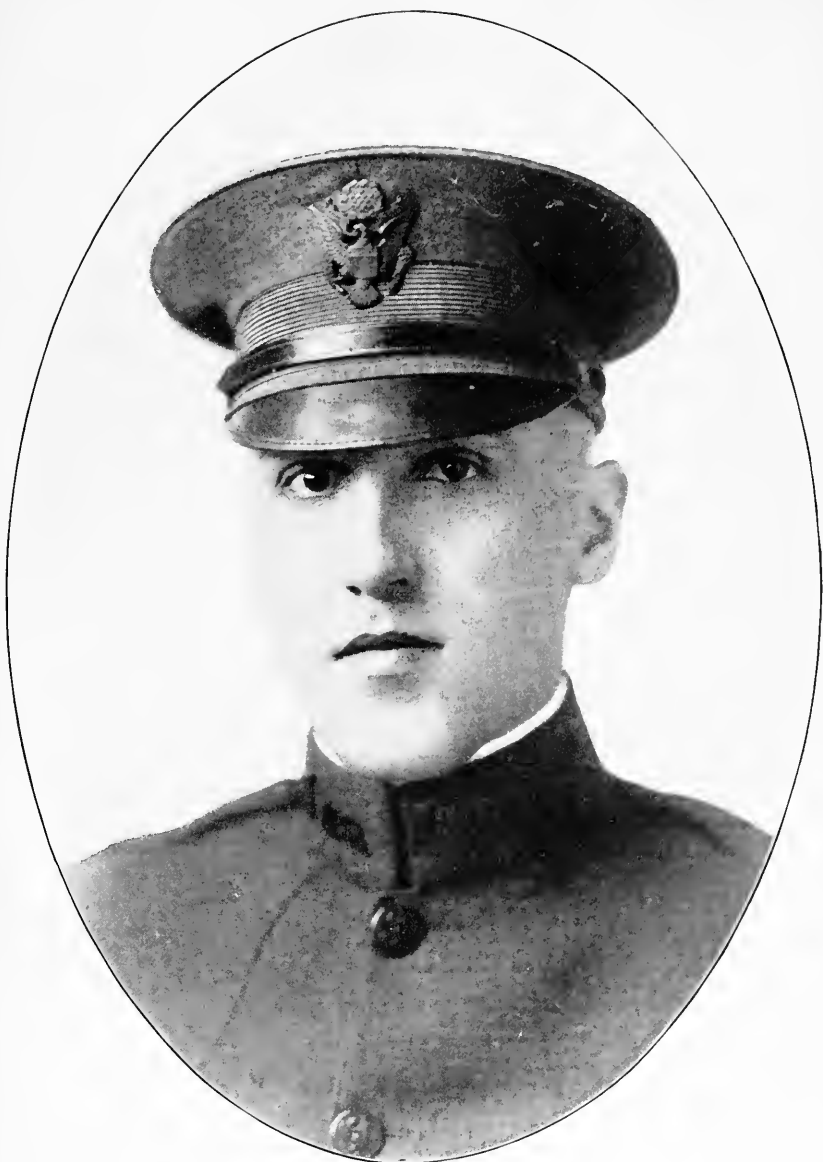


REV. ARTHUR R. McLAUGHLIN
 (Husband)

Peoria, Ill.



MRS. HARRY CHRISTIAN HEYL
 Peoria, Ill.



HARRY CHRISTIAN HEYL
A VI No. 205
Peoria, Ill.



ANNA ELIZA (MARSHALL) VENARD
A IV No. 62
Burlington, Kansas



GEORGE VENARD, SON, GRANDSON, AND GREAT GRANDSON
Husband of Anna Eliza Marshall
Burlington, Kansas



W. F. Venard

WILLIAM F. VENARD
A V No. 168
Oilfields, California

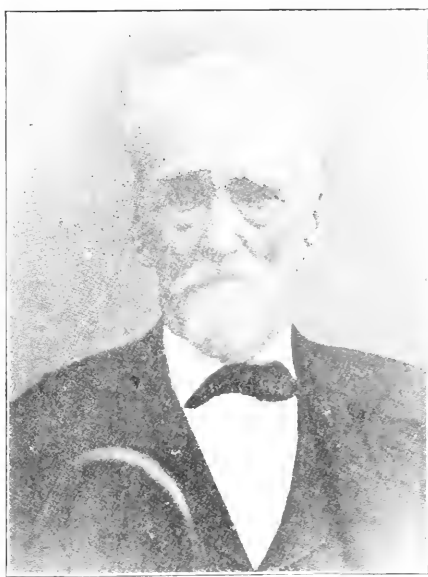


MRS. ETTA (VENARD) TULEY
A V No. 169
Burlington, Kansas



SARAH (MARSHALL) PHARES
A III No. 10

Clinton, Illinois

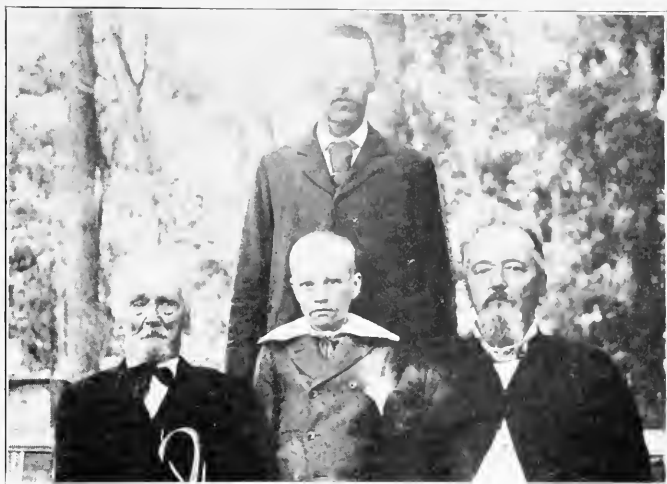


SAMUEL C. PHARES
Soldier, Patriot, Citizen



SAMUEL C. PHARES

WILLIAM PHARES	ELIZABETH (PHARES) HALL	JOHN A. PHARES
A IV No. 71	A IV No. 72	A IV No. 73
HENRY CLAY PHARES	MELESSA (PHARES)	AMY (PHARES) MCGRAW
A IV No. 74	KEGARICE	A IV No. 76
FRANCIS M. PHARES	A IV No. 75	MARGARET (PHARES
A IV No. 77	LOUISA (PHARES) PAYNE	WOODWARD) MATTIX
JULIA (PHARES) LAPPERTY	A IV No. 78	A IV No. 79
A IV No. 80	SAMUEL C. PHARES	A IV No. 81



Samuel C. Phares, age 90
 John A. Phares, age 67
 Charles Phares, age 42
 Elmer Phares, age 13
 Clinton, Illinois



MARGARET (WOODWARD) MATTIX
 Frank Woodward, son
 Mrs. Opal Reynolds, granddaughter
 Lane, Ill.



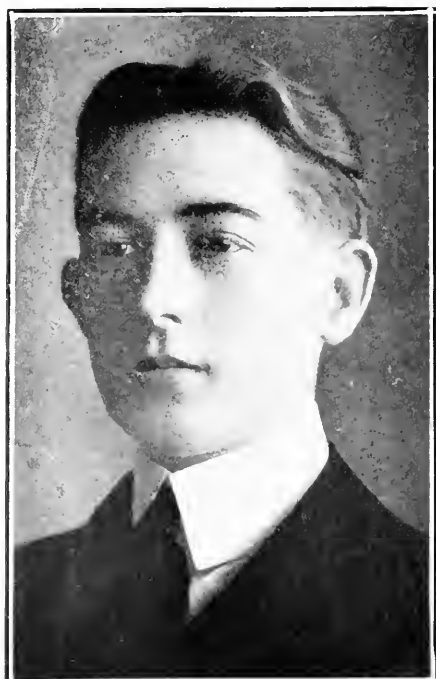
Left to right—*Top row*—Mrs. Belle Woodward Willmore, Mrs. Mand Woodward Willmore
Middle row—First, Velma; third, Zelma Willmore, twin daughters of Mand and T. A. Willmore;
 third in center, Wanda Willmore, also a twin, daughter of Belle
Lower row—Ruby and Ruth Willmore, twin daughters of Belle and C. C. Willmore
 These girls are double cousins
 Hebron, Nebraska



FRANCIS MARION PHARES
A IV No. 77
Clinton, Illinois



WILLIAM MARSHALL PHARES
A V No. 232
Muskogee, Okla.



HALE PHARES
A VI No. 325
Muskogee, Okla.



BENJAMIN MARSHALL	ELIZABETH (MARSHALL) ALLEN
A III No. 9	A IV No. 66
WILLIAM TINDALL	WILLIAM SAUNDERS
A V No. 177	A VI No. 251
	NELLIE SAUNDERS
	A VII

Louisa County, Iowa







